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MKV
Aubert

THE CANADIANS OF OLD

BY

PHILIPPE AUBERT DE GASPÉ

> Les hommes se réjouissent lorsque le soleil se lève, et, lorsque le soleil se couche, ce devrait être pour eux un avertissement que tout a son aurore et son couchant. Ils se réjouissent du printemps quand tout nous semble jeune et nouveau. Hélas ! à mesure que l'année entraîne les saisons, notre vie nous échappe............ Comme au sein du grand océan, un bois flottant en rencontre un autre, ainsi les êtres se rencontrent un moment sur la terre.
>
> RAMAYANA.

TRANSLATED BY GEORGIANA M. PENNÉE

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THE

CANADIANS OF OLD

CHAPTER I.

Ehue! fugaces, Posthume......
HORACE.

LEAVING COLLEGE.

This chapter must serve as a preface, for I have no intention of composing a work *secundùm artem*, and still less of assuming the position of a classic author. Those who know me will doubtless feel somewhat surprised at seeing me take up the trade of authorship at seventy-six years of age, and I owe them some explanation for so doing. At my age, although somewhat tired of constantly reading without deriving any great advantage either to myself or others, I should hardly have dared pass the Rubicon, had not a trivial incident made me decide on doing so.

A very witty friend of mine, whom I met last year in St. Louis street, here in this good city of Quebec, eagerly seizing my hand exclaimed, " I am fortunate in meeting with you, for I have already conversed with eleven persons this morning, and I declare to you that they were all regular non-entities without an idea in their heads !" And then he shook my arm nearly off.

" Do you know," I said to him, " that you make me feel quite proud, for I perceive by your warmth of manner that I am an exception, the one you were perhaps expecting to ——"

" Ah yes, my dear friend," he broke in, without allowing me to finish my sentence, " that is the only witty thing that I have heard this morning." And he crossed the street to speak to a client on his way to Court, who was doubtless a twelfth non-entity !

" Well," thought I to myself, " it seems to me that it cannot be a very difficult matter to be witty if there is really so much wit in what I have just said. I must certainly be well stored with that commodity, and yet I had never even suspected it."

Quite proud of my discovery, and repeating to myself that I was a far wittier man than any of my friend's eleven non-entities, I hurried to the stationer's shop, and buying a ream of foolscap paper, set to work.

I am writing for my own amusement, at the risk of wearying the reader who may have the patience to read this volume ; but as I am of a compassionate nature, I have one excellent piece of advice to give to the said reader, which is to throw aside this unlucky book without taking the trouble to criticise it. It would be giving it too much importance, and besides it would be a useless task for a *bonâ fide* critic, inasmuch as, unlike the old archbishop of Grenada that Gil Blas speaks of as so touchy about his homilies, I am a very easy-going person, and instead of saying to the said critic, " I wish you all sorts of good fortune and better taste," I should frankly admit that there were plenty of faults in my book, and that I was quite aware of the fact.

As to the ill-natured critic, it would be sheer loss of time for him to attack me, as he would be unable to provoke me to any discussion. I warn him before-hand that I regret being obliged to deprive him of this pleasant amusement, and to compel him to pare his claws. I glory in my age and idleness, like the Figaro of ironic memory, and besides, have not enough *amour-propre* to be the least tenacious about my literary productions. All my ambition is to note down some episodes of the good old times, some remembrances of a youth, now alas ! long passed away.

Many of the anecdotes which I relate, will probably appear worthless and childish to many of my readers; let them, however, throw the blame upon some of our most eminent literary men, who have begged me to omit nothing that might throw light on the manners and customs of the Canadians of old. "What may perhaps appear trivial in the eyes of strangers, cannot fail to be deeply interesting to true Canadians, particularly when chronicled by a septuagenarian, born only eight and twenty years after the conquest of *La Nouvelle France.*"

This book, then, shall be neither too foolish nor too witty. Too foolish! why an author should always have some self-respect: too witty! why then it would only be appreciated by very clever people; and under constitutional government, candidates generally prefer quantity to quality. This book will be perfectly Canadian in style; it would be somewhat more difficult for a septuagenarian to change that, than to change his old coat for one fashionable at the present day. I make known also that I must have elbow room, and must not be subjected to any of the prescribed rules (with which I am well acquainted) in a work like the one I now offer to the public. Let then the purists, the professional authors, shocked at its many defects, call it a romance, memoir, chronicle, salmigondis, *pot-pourri*, anything they like, it makes no difference to me.

My little preface finished, I begin this chapter in earnest by the following beautiful lines, as yet unpublished, and doubtless much surprised to find themselves in such bad company :—

Pois'd like an eaglet on the promontory bold,
 The while her rocky feet in giant stream she laves ;
Quebec may now her glory's symbol fair behold,
 Her ancient flag, which proud in dazzling splendor waves.

See ! where aloft to Heav'n the young cathedral rears
 Its tall and shining spire, beside the castle strong,
Whilst borne upon the breeze the distant Beaupré hears,
 And joyous echoes back the evening Angelus song.

From his canoe that soft the rippling river sways,
 The Iroquois beholds Quebec with fiery glance,
Dreaming and sorrowful, in silence doth he gaze
 Upon the true God's cross, and on the flag of France.

Let those who are acquainted with our good city of Quebec transport themselves, either bodily or in the spirit, to the Upper Town market place, so as to judge of the changes that have taken place in this locality since the year of grace 1757, the date when this story commences.

The cathedral was then the same as now with regard to the edifice, but minus the modern tower which seems as if seeking some charitable soul, either to raise it higher, or to cut off the head of its giant sister, who is so scornfully gazing on it from the height of her greatness.

The Jesuit College, now metamorphosed into a barrack, appeared much the same as it does at present ; but what has become of the church which formerly stood in the spot now occcupied by the butcher's market ? Where is the grove of venerable trees, behind the church, which then adorned the court now bare and desolate, of the house consecrated to the education of the Canadian youth ? The axe and time, alas ! have done their work of destruction. To the merry games, the witty sallies of the young students, to the grave step of the professors who walked there for relaxation from deep study, to the discourses on the highest philosophy, have succeeded the clang of arms, and the talk of the guard-room, too often free and senseless.

Instead of the present market place, a small market house containing at the most seven or eight stalls, occupied a part of the ground lying between the cathedral and the college. Between this market-house and the college flowed a rivulet, which descending from Louis street, went down the middle of Fabrique street, and crossed Couillard street and the garden of the Hôtel-Dieu on its way to the River St. Charles. Certainly our ancestors had very rural tastes. It was the end of April; the rivulet had overflowed, and children were amusing themselves by breaking off and throwing in icicles, which getting smaller and smaller, and surmounting many obstructions, finished by disappearing from sight, and losing themselves in the immense River St. Lawrence. A poet (who finds food for contemplation in everything), looking on dreamingly, with folded arms, and watching the course of the icicles, their stoppages, and their leaps over the obstacles they met with, might have compared them to ambitious men, who, after a troubled life, arrive at the end of their career, as light of pocket as of reputation, and finish by being swallowed up in the gulf of eternity.

The houses which bordered the market place, were mostly of one story, unlike our modern edifices, which seem to approach as nearly as possible to heaven, for fear of another deluge.

It was noon; the Angelus was sounding from the cathedral belfry, and all the bells in the town were announcing the salutation borne by an angel to the mother of Christ, the beloved protectress of Canada. The "*habitants*,"* whose carts surrounded the market-house, uncovered their heads and devoutly recited the Angelus. Every one being of the same faith, nobody laughed at this pious observance.

There are many Christians in this 19th century who appear to be ashamed to perform any act of religious observance before others; this is, at the least, proof either of a narrow mind or of cowardice. Mahometans are more courageous ; they pray seven times a day everywhere, and in the presence of *weak-minded* christians.

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* *Habitants* is the name of the Canadian farmers.

The students of the Jesuits' College, generally so noisy during recreation, came silently out of the church where they had been praying. Whence came this unwonted sadness ? It was because they were about to lose two beloved companions, two sincere friends of all without any exception. The younger of the two, and the nearer to their own age, was the one who oftener shared their boyish games, and protecting the weak against the strong, equitably decided their little differences.

The great entrance to the college was opened, and two young men, dressed for travelling, appeared in the midst of their schoolfellows. At their feet lay two leather portmanteaus, about five feet long, and furnished with rings, chains, and padlocks, apparently strong enough to moor a vessel. The younger of the two travellers, slight and of small stature, might be about eighteen. His dark complexion, large black eyes, and restless movements, showed his French origin ; it was Jules d'Haberville, the son of a seigneur, captain of a naval detachment in the colony.*

The second traveller, some two or three years older than the other, was of a larger and stronger build. His fine blue eyes, chestnut hair, light and slightly florid complexion, a few slight freckles on his face and hands, and a somewhat prominent chin, betrayed a foreign origin : it was Archibald Cameron of Locheill, commonly called Archy Locheill, a young Highlander, who had been completing his studies at the Jesuits' College at Quebec. But how came he, a foreigner, in a French colony ? The sequel will show.

The young men were both remarkably good-looking. Their dress was alike—a sort of great-coat with a hood (called a *capot*), scarlet cloth leggings bound with green, blue knitted garters, a large sash of bright and variegated colors, ornamented with beads, moccasins or shoes of cariboo skin, plaited in the Indian manner, and the tops worked with porcupine quills ; and lastly, caps of real beaver brought down over the ears, by means of a red silk handkerchief tied round the neck.

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* These detachments served also by land in the colony.

The younger one betrayed a feverish agitation, and kept looking down Buade street.

"You are then in a great hurry to leave us, Jules," said one of his friends, reproachfully.

"Ah no, Laronde," answered d'Haberville, "I assure you, no ; but since this painful parting must take place, I am in a hurry to have done with it ; it unnerves me ; besides it is but natural that I should be in haste to see my relations again."

"That is but right," replied Laronde, "and besides, you being a Canadian, we may live in hopes of seeing you again soon."

"It is not so with you, Archy," said another. "I much fear we part from you forever, if you return to your country. Promise us to come back," sounded on all sides.

During this conversation, Jules had darted like an arrow towards two men who were walking fast along by the side of the cathedral, each with an oar on his right shoulder. One of them wore the dress of a *habitant ; capot* of black home-made cloth, a grey woollen cap, leggings and garters of the same color, a belt of variegated colors, and large moccasins of untanned leather. The costume of the other one was much the same as that of the young travellers, but not so rich. The former, a tall rough-mannered man, was a Pointe-Levis boatman (*a*). The latter, of a middling height and powerful frame, was in the service of Captain d'Haberville, Jules' father ; a soldier during the war, he had taken up his quarters with the captain during peace. He was of the same age as his captain, and was also his foster brother. He

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(*a*) These letters refer to the notes placed at the end of the volume.

was the family's confidential servant, had rocked the cradle of Jules, and often put him to sleep in his arms, singing the lively airs sung by travellers in the upper country.

" How are you, José ? and how have you left them all at home ?" said Jules, throwing himself into his arms.

" All well, thank God," replied José ; " they send you many messages, and are in great haste to see you. But how you have grown since I saw you last, eight months ago ! ma frine (foi) Monsieur Jules, it is a pleasure to see you."* José, although treated with the most familiar kindness by all the d'Haberville family, never failed in respect to them.

Question followed question ; Jules asked about the servants, the neighbors, the old dog which, when in the lower class, he had named *Niger*, to show his knowledge of Latin. He did not even bear a spite to the greedy cat who, the year before, had munched up alive a young pet nightingale, for which he had a great affection, and which he intended taking with him to college. It is true that in his first transport of rage, he had chased the cat with a thick stick under tables, sheds, and even to the roof of the house, where the wicked animal took refuge as in an impregnable fortress. But now he had forgiven her her misdeeds, and even asked about her.

" Now then," said Baron, the boatman, who was not much interested in the scene, " Now then !" said he in a rough tone, " when you have done talking of the dogs and cats, perhaps you will be kind enough to start. Tide waits for nobody (*b*)."

Notwithstanding Baron's impatience and crustiness, the farewells of the young men were long and sad. The masters embraced them affectionately.

" Each of you is going to follow the career of arms," said the superior to them, " and will be perpetually exposed to losing your life on the battlefield; therefore should you doubly love and serve God. If Providence decrees that you should fall, be ready at any moment to present yourself with a pure conscience before his tribunal. Let your war-cry be, 'For my God, my king, and my country.' "

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* The author has put into José's mouth the language of the old Canadian country habitants, without, however, always confining himself to it. He will also frequently make use of expressions peculiar to the country people without italicising them.

Archy's last words were, "Farewell, you who have opened your arms and your hearts to an outlawed child; farewell, my noble-hearted friends, whose constant efforts have been to make the poor exile forget that he came of a race alien to your own! Farewell, farewell! perhaps forever."

Jules was much affected.

"This separation would be a very painful one to me," said he, "were it not that I have hopes of soon seeing Canada again, with the regiment in which I am going to serve in France." Then addressing himself to the masters of the college, he said:

"I have abused your kindness, gentlemen, but you all know that my heart has always been worth more than my head; so excuse the one for the sake of the other, I beg of you. As for you, my dear fellow-students," he added in a voice that he vainly endeavored to make gay, "I acknowledge that though I have tormented you terribly with my tricks during my ten years of college life, I have made you ample amends by causing many a hearty laugh." And taking Archy's arm, he hurried him away to conceal his emotion.

Let us leave our travellers to cross the St. Lawrence, certain of soon rejoining them at Pointe-Levis.

CHAPTER II.

Give me, oh! give me back the days
When I—I too—was young,
And felt, as they now feel, each coming hour
New consciousness of power.

. . . .

The fields, the grove, the air was haunted,
And all that age has disenchanted.

. . . .

Give me, oh! give youth's passions unconfined,
The rush of joy that felt almost like pain.

GOETHE.

ARCHIBALD CAMERON OF LOCHEILL—JULES D'HABERVILLE.

Archibald Cameron of Locheill, the son of a Highland Chieftain and of a French lady, was but four years old when he had the misfortune of losing his mother. Brought up by his father, a true son of Nimrod, who, according to the beautiful Scripture expression, "was a mighty hunter before God," he, from ten years of age, followed him in his adventurous expeditions in pursuit of the roebuck and other wild animals, climbing the steepest mountains, often swimming across the icy torrents, and sleeping frequently on the damp ground with no other covering than his plaid, no other shelter than the vault of heaven. The child, thus brought up like a Spartan, seemed to delight in this wild and roving life.

Archy was but twelve years old in the year 1745, when his father joined the standard of the young and unfortunate Prince, who came like a hero of romance, to throw himself into the arms of his Scotch fellow countrymen, hoping, with their assistance, to regain the crown which he ought to have renounced for ever after the disastrous battle of Culloden. In spite of the rashness of the entreprise, in spite of the numberless difficulties they met with in their unequal struggle against the powerful army of England, none of these brave mountaineers failed him in his hour of need; on the contrary, all responded to his appeal with the enthusiasm of noble, generous, and devoted men, whose hearts were touched by Charles Edward's confidence in their loyalty, and at the sight of the unfortunate Prince as a suppliant.

At the beginning of this sanguinary struggle, courage triumphed over numbers and discipline; and the mountains echoed from afar, songs of triumph and victory. Enthusiasm was then at its height; success no longer seemed doubtful. Alas! it was a vain hope; they had to yield, even after the most brilliant feats of arms. Archibald Cameron of Locheill, the father, shared the fate of so many other brave soldiers who crimsoned the battle field of Culloden with their blood.

One long groan of rage and despair was heard from the mountains and valleys of old Caledonia. Her children were forced to renounce for ever all hopes of obtaining that liberty for which they had desperately and bravely fought for so many centuries. It was the last sob of agony from a heroic nation which is obliged to succumb. Scotland, now an integral portion of one of the most powerful empires in the world, has had no reason to regret her defeat. Her former enemies take pride in the works of her literary men, and her statesmen have been as renowned in the cabinet of their Sovereign as her warriors have been in fighting for their new country. Whilst their brothers of green Erin, the warm-hearted and generous Irish, still writhe under and gnaw their chains, they (the Scotch) peacefully enjoy prosperity. Why is there this difference? Ireland has certainly furnished more than her contingent of glory to proud Albion. The powerful voice of her orators has electrified the English Parliament and courts of justice; her soldiers, the bravest of the brave, have conquered kingdoms, her poets and writers charm the leisure of the men of letters in Great Britain. No share of glory has been denied her. Why then does her death-cry still resound in the fields, the valleys, the mountains, and even in the land of exile? One would think that the soil of Erin, watered by so many tears would only produce wormwood, briars, and thorns; and yet her meadows are always green and her fields bring forth abundant harvests. Why does this low muttering precursor of the storm bust forth from the hearts of the generous Irish? History replies to this question.

An uncle of Archy's who had also followed the standard and the fortunes of the unhappy Prince, succeeded, after the disastrous battle of Culloden, in saving his head from the scaffold, and in spite of a thousand obstacles and dangers, contrived to take refuge in France, taking with him the young orphan.

The old gentleman, proscribed and ruined, was with much difficulty providing for his own and his nephew's necessities, when a Jesuit, a maternal uncle of the young man's, relieved him of one part of the heavy burden. Archy having been received into the Jesuit's College at Quebec, was just leaving it after completing his studies, when the reader is introduced to him.

Archibald Cameron of Locheill, precociously matured by the heavy hand of misfortune, did not know, on first entering college, what opinion to form of a roguish, wild boy, an endless lover of practical jokes, who seemed to be the torment of both masters and boys. It is true that this child often got more than he wanted; out of twenty canings or impositions administered to the class by the teacher, at least nineteen were pocketed by Jules d'Haberville as his share.

It must also be confessed that the big boys, often quite out of patience, gave him more than his share of cuffs; but one would have thought he rather liked them than otherwise, to judge from his readiness to recommence his tricks. Without being spiteful, he never forgave an injury, always revenging himself in some way or other. His sarcasms, keen darts which just wounded skin-deep, always struck home either to the masters themselves, or the bigger boys whom he could not reach in any other way.

His maxim was never to allow that he was beaten, and for the sake of peace and quietness, they had at last to beg for peace.

One would certainly think that this child would be universally detested; but on the contrary, every one was fond of him, and he was the pet of the college. It was because he had such a heart as rarely beats in man's breast. To say that he was generous even to prodigality, that he was always ready to defend the absent, to sacrifice himself that he might shield others, would hardly give so true an idea of his disposition, as the following anecdote. When he was about twelve years of age, a big boy, losing patience, gave him a good kick, without, however, having any intention of doing him harm. Jules, on principle, never told tales of his school-fellows to the masters, as he thought it ungentlemanly to do so; he therefore only said to him, "You are too thick-headed, you ferocious animal, for me to pay you out with sarcasms; you would not understand them, but that hide of yours must be drilled through, and don't be alarmed, you shall lose nothing by waiting."

Jules, after having rejected several means of revenge which were tolerably ingenious, fixed upon that of shaving off the boy's eye-brows whilst he was asleep,—a punishment the more easily inflicted, from the fact that Dubuc slept so heavily as to be obliged, even of a morning, to be roughly shaken to awaken him. Besides it was attacking him at the vulnerable point, as he was a good-looking boy, and took pride in his appearance.

Jules had then decided on this punishment, when he heard Dubuc say to one of his friends who taxed him with being out of spirits:

"I have good reason to be so, for I expect my father to-morrow. In spite of his prohibition, I have run in debt at several stores, and with my tailor, hoping that my mother would come to Quebec and would get me out of trouble unknown to him. My father is stingy, quick-tempered, and violent, and on the impulse of the moment might strike me; I do not know what to do for the best. I feel almost inclined to run away till the storm is over,"

"But why on earth," said Jules, who had overheard this, "did you not have recourse to me?"

"Well, I don't know," said Dubuc, shaking his head.

"Do you think," said Jules, "that for the sake of a kick or so, I would let a school-fellow be in trouble and at the mercy of his amiable father? You certainly nearly broke my back, but that is an affair to be settled in the proper time and place. How much do you want?"

"Ah! my dear Jules," replied Dubuc, "it would be abusing your generosity. It is a good large sum, that I am in need of, and I know that just at present you are not in funds, for you emptied your purse to relieve that poor widow whose husband met with an accident, and was killed."

"Did you ever hear such a fellow!" answered Jules, "as if one could not always find money to save one's friend from a cross, stingy father, who might break his neck for him! How much do you want?"

"Fifty francs!"

"You shall have them this evening," said the child.

Jules, the only son of a rich family, spoilt by every body, had always his pockets full of money; father, mother, uncles, aunts, and god-parents, even whilst proclaiming aloud the maxim, "that it is very dangerous to let children have too much money at their disposal," vied with one another in giving it to him unknown to each other. Nevertheless Dubuc had said what was true: at that moment his purse was empty. Besides, fifty francs was a good round sum. The French King only paid his Indian allies 50 francs for each English scalp; the English monarch, richer or more generous, gave 100 for a French one.

Jules had too much delicacy to apply to his uncles and aunts, the only relations he had in Quebec. His first idea was to borrow fifty francs on his gold watch, which was worth twenty-five pounds. But on reconsidering the matter he thought of an old woman, formerly a servant in his family, to whom his father had given a mariage portion, and to whom he had afterwards advanced a small sum to enable her to commence a little business, which had since prospered in her hands. She was well off, and a widow without children.

There were many difficulties in the way; the old lady was stingy and cross, and besides she and Jules had not parted on the best of terms at his last visit to her; indeed she had chased him into the street with her broomstick. However the little rogue was only guilty of a peccadillo; he had made her favorite spaniel take a pinch of snuff, and whilst the old lady was flying to the rescue of her dog, he had emptied the rest of her snuff into a dandelion salad which she had been carefully preparing for her supper, and called out to her, "See, mammy, here is the seasoning." No matter; Jules thought it urgent to make peace with the old lady, and so now for the preliminaries. He took her round the neck on entering, notwithstanding the old lady's efforts to extricate herself from demonstrations that were far too tender, after the insults he had offered her.

"Come Madeline," exclaimed he, "'faluron dondaine,' as the old song says, I have come to forgive you your offences, as you ought to forgive all who have offended you. Every one says you are stingy and revengeful, but that is nothing to me. You will have to atone for it by broiling in the next world, but I wash my hands of all that."

Madeline did not know whether to laugh or be vexed at this beautiful preamble; but as she had a weakness for the child, in spite of his tricks, she took the wisest course and began to laugh.

" Now we are in a good humor again," pursued Jules, " I want to have a serious conversation with you. I have been playing the fool you see, and have got into debt; I am afraid of being blamed by my father, and still more so of annoying him. I want fifty francs to hush up this business, can you lend them to me?"

" But my gracious Mons. d'Haberville," said the old woman, " if that was all I had in the world, I would give it with my whole heart to save your good father the slightest annoyance, I am under so many obligations to your family."

" Oh nonsense!" said Jules, " I will have nothing to say to you if you begin to talk of that; but listen, my good Madeline, as I may break my neck just at the moment it is least or most to be expected, whilst climbing on the college roof and the various spires in Quebec city, I am going to give you a little word in writing, by way of acknowledgment; however, I hope to discharge my debt to you in a week's time, at the latest."

Madeline became downright angry, refused the acknowledgment, and counted him out the fifty francs. Jules nearly strangled her whilst embracing her, and jumping out of the window started off towards the college.

At the evening hour of recreation Dubuc was freed from all uneasiness as regarded his amiable father. " But remember," said d'Haberville, " I still owe you one for that trick."

" Stop, my dear friend," said Dubuc, quite overcome, " pay me out at once; break my head or my back with the poker if you will, but put an end to the matter; it would be too painful to me to think you owed me a grudge, after the service you have just rendered me."

"There you are again," answered the child, "the idea of my bearing a grudge against any fellow, just because I owe him one of my little rewards! Is that your way? Come, give me your hand and think no more of the matter. At all events you can boast of being the only one who ever scratched me without my drawing blood in return."

So saying, he sprang on his shoulders like a monkey, pulled his hair a little, just as a relief to his conscience, and ran to rejoin the merry band who were waiting for him.

Archibald Locheill, matured by severe trials, and starting with a colder and more reserved disposition than is usual with children of his age, did not quite know on first entering college whether to laugh at or resent the tricks of the little imp, who seemed to have selected him as his butt, and to give him no peace. He did not know that this was Jules' manner of showing his affection for those he liked best. At last Archy, quite out of patience, said one day to him, "You really are enough to provoke a saint; I am quite in despair about you."

"The remedy for your woes is in your own hands, however," said Jules; "just give me a good thrashing and I will leave you alone. It would be casy for you, who are as strong as Hercules."

In fact Locheill, accustomed from childhood to the boisterous games of his Highland countrymen, was at fourteen remarkably strong for his age.

"Do you think me cowardly enough to strike a boy younger and smaller than myself?"

"Why! you are like me then," said Jules, "never even a fillip to a little fellow, but a good wrestle with those of my own age, or even older, and then shake hands and think no more about the matter. You know that fellow Chavigny," continued Jules, "he is older than I am, but he is so weak and sickly that I have never had the heart to strike him, although he played me one of those tricks that one can hardly forgive, if one is not a second St. Francis de Sales. Only imagine his running up to me once quite out of breath, saying.—

"I have just filched an egg from that greedy fellow Letourneau, who had stolen it in the large dining room. Quick! hide it, for he is after me.

"And where shall I hide it? said I to him.

"'In your hat,' he answered, 'he'll never think of looking there for it.'

"I was fool enough to believe him; I ought to have distrusted him, because he entreated me so. Letourneau came running up, and without warning, hit me a blow on the head. The devil of an egg nearly blinded me, and I assure you there was a perfume by no means like that of the rose: it was an addled egg, taken from the nest of a hen who must have left it at least a month. I escaped with the spoiling of my hat, waistcoat and other clothes.* Well, my first feeling of anger over, I ended by laughing at it; and if I have a little spite against him, it is because he forestalled me with the trick, which I should have enjoyed playing off on Derome, on account of his powdered head. As for Letourneau, he being far too much of a fool to have invented the trick, I only said to him, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit,' and he went away quite proud of the compliment, and well pleased to be quit of me at so little cost."

"Now, my dear Archy," continued Jules, "let us come to an agreement; I am a merciful potentate, and my terms shall be liberal. I undertake on my honor as a gentleman to retrench one-third of the jokes and tricks that you have the bad taste not to appreciate. Come, you ought to be satisfied, if you are not excessively unreasonable! For you see, Archy, I like you; to no one but yourself would I grant such advantageous terms."

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* Alas! of all those who made the halls, corridors and courts of the Quebec Seminary resound with their laughter, when a similar trick was played to the author on his first entrance into that excellent house of education, not one is still in the land of the living.

Locheill could not help laughing, whilst he gave the incorrigible young rascal a shaking.

It was after this conversation that the two boys began their frienship; Archy, at first, with true Scotch cautiousness, but Jules with all the warmth of his French temperament.

A short time afterwards, about a month before the holidays, which then began the twelfth of August, Jules, taking his friend's arm, said to him: "Come into my room; I have a letter from father which concerns you."

"Concerns me!" said the other, much surprised.

"What are you astonished at?" replied d'Haberville; "do you think you are not a sufficiently important personage for any one to trouble their heads about? All over New France, every one speaks of the handsome Scotchman. It is said that the mothers fearing you may quickly set their daughters' hearts on fire, are intending to present a petition to the superior of the College, in order that you may only go out in the streets when covered with a veil, like the Eastern women."

"A truce to your nonsense, and let me go on reading."

"But I am quite in earnest," said Jules. And dragging away his friend, he read him a passage from his father Capt. d'Haberville's letter, which ran thus:

"What you write to me about your young friend Mons. Locheill, interests me exceedingly. It is with the greatest pleasure that I grant your request. Present my compliments to him and beg him to come and pass with us, not only his approaching holidays, but all his others, during his stay at college. If this unceremonious invitation is not sufficient from a man of my age, I will write more formally to him. His father lies low on a nobly-contested field of battle; honor to the grave of a brave soldier. All soldiers are brothers; their children should be so also. Let him come under my roof, and we will receive him with open arms, as one of our own family."

Archy was so affected by this pressing invitation, that he was some time without answering.

" Well, you proud Scotchman," continued his friend, " will you do us the honor of accepting ? Or, must my father send his major-domo José Dubé, as ambassador, with a bagpipe across his shoulder,—as I believe is the custom among the chiefs of the mountain clans,—and bearing an epistle in due form ?"

" As, happily for me, I am no longer among the Scotch mountains," said Archy, laughing, " we may dispense with that formality. I will immediately write to Capt. d'Haberville, thanking him for his invitation, which is so noble, so handsome, so gratifying to me, an orphan and in a strange land."

" Then let us talk sensibly," said Jules, " were it only for the novelty of the thing as regards myself. You think me very frivolous, very foolish, and very hare-brained. I confess I am somewhat of all three ; however, that does not prevent my sometimes reflecting more deeply than you give me credit for. For a long time I have been seeking a friend, a real friend, a friend with a noble and generous heart ! I have watched you narrowly ; you possess all these qualities. Now, Archy Locheill, will you be that friend ?"

" Certainly, my dear Jules, for I have always felt myself attracted to you."

" Then," exclaimed Jules, pressing his hand with much emotion, " it is in life and until death with us two, Locheill !"

Thus, between a child of twelve and another of fourteen, was sealed a friendship which was afterwards exposed to severe trials.

" Here is a letter from my mother," said Jules, " in which there is a word for you."

" I hope your friend, Mons. de Locheill, will do us the pleasure of accepting your father's invitation. We are all looking forward to the pleasure of making his acquaintance. His room is ready, next to yours. In the box that José will give you there is a little package addressed to him, which he would pain me much by refusing. Whilst doing it up, I was thinking of the mother he has lost !"

The box contained a similar provision for each child, of cakes, sweetmeats, preserves, and other eatables.

The friendship between the two boys increased daily. The new friends became inseparable, and were commonly called at college, Damon and Pythias, Orestes and Pylades, Nysus and Euryale, they ended by calling themselves brothers. All the time that Locheill was at college he passed his holidays in the country, at the d'Habervilles, who seemed to make no difference between the two boys, except that they showed more marked attention to the young Scotchman, who had now become one of the family; it was therefore quite natural that Archy before leaving for England, should accompany Jules in the farewell visit he was to pay his relations.

The friendship of the young men was afterwards to be put to cruel tests, when that code of honor, which civilization substituted for the more truthful impulses of nature, forced on them the inexorable duties of men who are fighting under hostile banners. But what avails the dark future. For the ten years that their studies lasted, did they not enjoy that friendship of early manhood, which, like the love of woman, has its passing griefs, its bitter jealousies, its delirious joys, its quarrels and delicious reconciliations ?

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CHAPTER III.

Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damned,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blast from hell?
—HAMLET.

Ecoute comme les bois crient. Les hiboux fuient épouvantés......Entends-tu ces voix dans les hauteurs, dans le lointain, ou près de nous?......Eh! oui! la montagne retentit, dans toute sa longueur, d'un furieux chant magique.
—FAUST.

Lest bogles catch him unawares;
. . . .
Where ghaists and howlets nightly cry.
. . . .
When out the hellish legion sallied.—BURNS.

A NIGHT WITH THE GOBLINS.

As soon as the young travellers had arrived at Pointe Levis, after crossing the St. Lawrence, opposite the city of Quebec, José hastened to harness a handsome and powerful horse to a sleigh without runners, the only means of transport at that time of year, when there was as much bare ground as snow and ice, and when numerous rivulets had overflown their banks, thus intercepting the road by which our travellers had to pass. Whenever they met with one of these obstacles, José took the horse out, and all three mounting it, they soon got across. Jules, who held on to José, could not refrain from occasionally making vigorous efforts to unseat him, at the risk of sharing with him the exquisite luxury of a cold bath; however, it was labor in vain, he might as well have tried to throw Cape Tourmente into the St. Lawrence. José, who, though only middle-sized, was as strong as an elephant, laughed to himself and pretended not to notice it. When clear of the impediment, José returned alone for the sleigh, and putting the horse to again, mounted it with the baggage in front of him, for fear of its getting wet, and soon overtook his travelling companions who had not slackened their pace for a moment. Thanks to Jules, conversation did not flag during the journey. Archy was perpetually laughing at his own expense, but to this he had long been accustomed.

"Let us make haste," said d'Haberville, "we have twelve leagues to travel from here to St. Thomas.* My uncle de Beaumont sups at seven o'clock, and if we arrive there too late, we run the risk of making but a poor meal, the best will have been gobbled up; you know the proverb, 'tardè venientibus ossa.'"

"Scotch hospitality is proverbial," replied Archy, "with us there is the same welcome by night as by day. It is the cook's business."

"*Credo*," answered Jules; "I believe it as firmly as if I had seen it with my own eyes; otherwise, you see, your man-cooks in petticoats would be wanting in skillfulness and good will. Scotch cooking is delightfully primitive! With a few handfuls of oatmeal mixed in the icy water of a brook in winter-time—for in your country there is neither coal nor wood—one can, at small cost, and without needing any great culinary skill, make an excellent ragout, and feast all comers by day and by night. It is true that when some noble personage claims your hospitality—and this frequently happens, as every Scotchman has a load of armorial bearings, enough to break down a camel,—it is true, I say, that then you add to the usual dish a sheep's head, feet, and nice juicy tail dressed with salt; the rest of the animal is wanting in Scotland."

Lochiell only looked over his shoulders at Jules, saying:

Quis talia fando Myrmidonum, Dolopumve........

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* Now the village of Montmagny.

"Now, then," broke in the latter, pretending to be angry, "do you call me Myrmidon and Dolope*—I who am a great philosopher! And besides, you great pedant, you insult me in Latin, a language whose quantities you murder so cruelly with your Scotch accent, that the shade of Virgil must tremble in its tomb! You call me Myrmidon, I, the best geometrician of my class!—in proof of which my mathematical tutor predicted I should be a Vauban, or perhaps even—"

"Yes!" interrupted Archy, "on purpose to laugh at you on account of that famous perpendicular line of yours which leaned to the left, so much that the rest of the class trembled for the fate of the base it threatened to overwhelm; our tutor perceiving this, tried to console you by predicting that if ever the tower of Pisa should be re-built, the rule and compass would be entrusted to you."

Jules assumed a mock tragic attitude, and exclaimed:

Tu t'en souviens, Cinna! et veux m'assassiner.

You want to assassinate me here on the high-road by the side of the river St. Lawrence, without being touched with the beauties of nature which surround us on all sides; in sight to the north, of that beautiful Montmorency fall, which the habitants call 'la vache,'† (the cow) a name, not too poetical, perhaps, but describing well the whiteness of the stream which it continually pours down, like a milch-cow giving forth the milk in which consists the riches of the husbandman. You would assassinate me here before the Isle of Orleans, which, as we advance, is beginning partly to obscure the view of that beautiful fall, which I have described in such glowing colors. Ungrateful man! can nothing soften your heart? not even the sight of poor José who is highly edified at hearing so much wisdom and eloquence from the lips of such tender youth, as Fenelon would have said, had he written my life and adventures."

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* Myrmidom, Dolopes.—Slighting names given by the boys in the upper classes, to those not yet in the fourth.

† The habitants still call the Montmorency falls "la vache."

"Do you know," interrupted Archy, "that you are at least as great a poet as a geometrician?"

"Who doubts it?" said Jules. "No matter, my perpendicular line made you all laugh, and me the first of all. Besides you knew it was a trick of that fellow Chavigny, who had stolen my exercise and substituted one of his own, which I presented to the tutor. You all pretended not to believe me, as you were too glad to see me hoaxed who am always hoaxing others."

José, who generally took but little part in the conversation of the young men, and who, besides, had understood nothing at all of the last part of it, muttered to himself 'that must be a funny kind of a country anyhow, where the sheep have only heads, tails, and feet, and no more body than my hand! After all, it is no business of mine, the men being the masters, can always manage to live well, but the poor horses!" José, who was a great judge of horse-flesh, had a tender regard for the noble quadruped. Addressing himself to Archy, and touching his hat to him, he said. "With all respect to you, Sir, as all the nobles even eat oats in your country, which I suppose must be for want of something better, what becomes of the poor horses? They must suffer a good deal if they work hard."

The two young men burst out laughing at this original idea of José's. A little put out by their mirth at his expense, he resumed. "You must excuse me if I have said anything foolish; one may make a mistake without drinking, like Mr. Jules, who has just told us that the habitants call the Montmorency falls 'la vache,' because its foam is white as milk; now I believe it is because during certain winds it roars like a cow bellowing; that is what the old people say when they are talking of it."*

"Dont distress yourself, my good man," said Jules;

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* There are two versions of this important matter.

you are probably right. What made us laugh was your inquiring if there were horses in Scotland; it is an animal quite unknown in that country."

"No horses, sir! How do the poor folks manage to travel?"

"When I say *no* horses," said d'Haberville, "you must not take it quite literally. There is certainly an animal which resembles our horses, an animal a little larger than my big dog Niger, and which lives wild among the mountains like our cariboo, to which indeed it also bears a slight resemblance. When a mountaineer wishes to travel, he blows the bagpipe till all the village being assembled, he imparts his project to them. The people start off into the woods or rather amongst the heather, and after a day or two's trouble and unheard of efforts, they generally succeed in catching one of these charming animals. Then after another day's work, or even longer, if the animal is not too headstrong and the mountaineer has sufficient patience, he starts on his journey and sometimes arrives safely at the end of it."

"Well," said Lochiell, "it is fine for you to laugh at our Highlanders! You ought to be proud indeed of your princely equipage! Posterity will find it difficult of belief that the high and powerful Seigneur d'Haberville has sent a sleigh used for carting manure, to fetch home the presumptive heir of his vast domains! Of course he will send outriders to meet us, that nothing may be wanting to our triumphal entry into the manor of St. Jean-Port-Joli!"

"Well done, Lochiell!" said Jules, "well answered; you have got out of that well! Tit for tat, as a saint of your country or somewhere thereabouts said, when he came to blows with his satanic majesty."

During this coloquy, José was scratching his head with a piteous look. Like Caleb Balderstone in Sir Walter Scott's "Bride of Lamermoor," he was very sensitive about everything affecting the honor of his master's family. He therefore exclaimed in a doleful voice.

"What a fool I was, it is all my fault! The master has four carriages in the coach-house, and two of them, bran new, are varnished as bright as fiddles; so bright that Sunday last having broken my looking-glass, I shaved myself in the panels of the brightest of them. So when the master said to me the day before yesterday morning, 'make yourself smart José, for you are going to Quebec to fetch my son and his friend Mr. Lochiell, mind you take care and have a suitable carriage for them.' I, fool that I was, said to myself, seeing the state of the roads, the only suitable carriage is a sleigh without runners. Ah, indeed I shall catch it finely! I shall be well out of it if I have only my allowance of brandy stopped for a month. At three glasses a day," added José, shaking his head, "that would make ninety glasses stopped without counting the 'a-dons," (occasional extra glasses) but it is all right, I shall have well deserved the punishment."

The young men were much amused at José's ingenious lie, to shield his master's honor.

"Now," said Archy "that you seem to have emptied your budget of all the nonsense that a French head, destitute of brains, is able to contain, will you please speak rationally, if you possibly can, and tell me the reason why the Island of Orleans is called the Sorcerer's Island."

"Why, for the simplest of all reasons," said Jules d'Haberville; "it is because it is inhabited by a great number of sorcerers."

"Now there you are again at your nonsense," said Lochiell.

"Indeed I am in earnest," answered Jules. "Really the pride of you Scotch, is unbearable! You will allow nothing to any other nation! Do you really think you have a monopoly in sorcerers? What pretention! Know, my dear fellow, that we, too, have sorcerers; and two hours ago only, between Pointe-Levis and Beaumont I could easily have introduced you to a very presentable sorceress (*a*). Know, further, that at my honored father's seigniory, you will see a sorceress of the highest order. My dear fellow, the great difference is that in Scotland you burn them, but here we treat them with all the respect due to their high social position. Now just ask José, if I am telling you lies."

José was not backward in confirming his statement; the witch of Beaumont and that of St. Jean-Port-Joli, being in his eyes ***bonâ fide*** sorceresses.

"But," said Jules, "to speak seriously, since you insist on making a reasonable creature of me, ***nolens volens*** (as my old master of the sixth form used to say when he administered a decoction of ferules to me) I really believe what has given rise to this superstition is that the habitants of the north and the south shores of the river seeing the people on the island setting out on their fishing excursions with torches during the dark nights, generally mistook these lights for an ***ignis fatuus***, (*b*) now you must know that our country Canadians believe ***ignes fatui*** to be caused by sorcerers, or evil spirits who seek to attract poor people to dangerous places in order that they may be lost; thus according to their tradition, you can hear the spirits laugh when the unhappy traveller thus misled is engulfed in the morass. What must have given rise to this belief is that these gases are always escaping in low, swampy lands; and from that to sorcerers there is but one step." *

"Impossible!" said Archy. "You break down in your logic, as our master of philosophy often used to tell you. You must see that the habitants on the north and south shores opposite to the Island of Orleans, also go out fishing with torches, and then the inhabitants of the island would have bestowed upon them likewise the name of sorcerers. That will not do."

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* This discussion on the sorcerers of the Island of Orleans was written before Dr. Larue had published his charming legends, "Les Soirées Canadiennes." The author was inclined like him to the solution that Jules offered, and notwithstanding Locheill's arguments to the contrary, when, alas! our friend José comes to confound the disciple ot Cujas and the son of Esculapius.

Whilst Jules was shaking his head, without answering, José commenced speaking.

" If you would allow me, young gentlemen, I could easily put you right by telling you what happened to my defunct father, who is dead."

" Oh ! do tell us, José ; do tell us what happened to your defunct father who is dead," exclaimed Jules, laying particular stress on the last three words.

" Oh, my good José," said Lochiell, " I beg of you to do us the pleasure."

" Well, it is a little hard for me," said José, " for you see I have not the fine accent nor the fine organ (voice) of the dear defunct. Of an evening when he used to tell us his tribulations, we used to shake all over, as if we had the ague, it was a pleasure to see us ; but, however, I will do my best to satisfy you."

" Well, one day my defunct father who is dead, had left town a little latish to return home ; he had even stopped at Pointe-Levis a little while to amuse himself—in fact to be pretty jolly with his friends ; the good man liked a drop of comfort, and that was why, when he travelled, he always carried a small bottle of brandy in his seal-skin bag ; he used to say it was old men's milk."

" *Lac dulce*," said Lochiell, drily.

" With all due respect, Master Archy," replied Jose, a little put out, " it was not *soft* (douce) water ; nor *lake* water, but good wholesome brandy, that my defunct father carried in the bag."

" Upon my word, that is excellent !" exclaimed Jules. " You were paid out there for your eternal latin quotations."

" Forgive me, José," said Lochiell, quite seriously ; " I had no intention of treating the memory of your defunct father with disrespect."

" You are excused," said José, his wrath suddenly appeased. " It happened that when my father wanted to set out, it was quite dark. His friends did all they could to keep him all night, telling him he would have to pass alone before the iron cage where La

Corriveau underwent her punishment for having killed her husband. You have seen her yourselves, gentlemen, when we left Pointe-Levis at one o'clock ; the wicked thing was then quiet enough in her cage, with her skull without eyes ; but don't trust her, she is sly enough, and if she can't see by day, she knows well enough how to find her way about at night and torment people. Well, my defunct father, who was as brave as his Captain's sword, told them he cared nothing about it and that he owed nothing to La Corriveau, and a heap of other things which I have forgotten. He touched his horse with the whip and away went the swift beast like the wind.

" When he came near the skeleton, he thought he heard a noise like some one groaning ; but as a strong southwester was blowing, he thought it must be the wind among the bones of the corpse. Still it bothered him, and he took a good drop to cheer himself up. All things considered, he said to himself, Christians should help one another : perhaps the poor creature (woman) wants some prayers. So he took off his cap and devoutly said a *de prefundi* in her behalf, thinking if it did not do her any good, it could not do her any harm, and besides, any way, he himself would be the better of it.

" Then he went on quite fast, but this did not prevent his hearing behind him ' tic, tac ; tic, tac ;' like a piece of iron striking on stones. He therefore got out, but found everything in its place. He thought it was the tire of his wheel, or some of the iron of his cabriolet which had become unnailed. He whipped his horse to make up for lost time, but he soon again heard the ' tic, tac ; tic, tac,' on the stones ; still, as he was a brave man, he did not pay much attention to it.

" Arrived at the top of St. Michael's hill, which we passed just now, he felt very sleepy. After all, said my defunct father to himself, a man is not a dog ! we will take a nap, both my horse and me will be the better for it. So he unharnessed his horse, and tying its forelegs with the reins, said to it: there, pet, there is good grass, and you can hear the brook flow, good night.

" As my defunct father was going to get into his cabriolet to shelter himself from the dew, he took a notion to find out the hour, so he looked at the three kings to the south, and the wain to the north, and concluded it must be midnight. It is the hour when all honest people should be in bed.

" All at once, it appeared to him that the Isle of Orleans was all on fire. He jumped over the ditch and climbing on a fence, looked and looked with all his eyes. At last he saw that the flames were running along the shore, as if all the feux-follets in Canada, the cursed goblins, had come there by appointment to hold their Sabbath. By dint of looking steadily, his sight which had been confused, became quite clear, and he saw a strange sight. There were a number of things shaped like men, but of some extraordinary species, for they had heads as big as a half-bushel measure, dressed up in sugar-loaf caps a yard long; then they had arms, legs, feet, and hands armed with claws, but no *body* worth speaking of; in fact, their stride was up to their ears. They had hardly any flesh, just all bones like skeletons. All these handsome fellows had their upper lip cloven like a hare's, and there stuck out a *rhinosferos* tooth a good foot long, like what we see, Mr. Archy, in your book of supernatural history. Their nose was hardly worth speaking of; it was neither more nor less than a long, pig-like snout, which they worked round and round at their will, sometimes to the right and sometimes to the left of the big tooth. I suppose it was to whet it. I was nearly forgetting a long tail, twice as long as a cow's, which hung down their back, and I think they used it to whisk off the mosquitos.

The funniest thing was that they had but three eyes between every two phantoms. Those who had only one eye in the middle of their forehead, like the Cyroclops (Cyclops) which your uncle the chevalier, M.

Jules, who is a learned man, read about to us in a big book all latin, like a priest's breviary, which he called his *Vigil* (Virgil) ; well, those who had but one eye, held tight on to two acolytes, who, the cursed things, had all their eyes. From all these eyes there came out flames of fire which lighted the Isle of Orleans like day. These last seemed to have great consideration for their neighbors, who were, as one might say, one-eyed ; they saluted them by approaching them and flourishing their arms and legs about like Christians dancing the minuet. The eyes of my defunct father were starting out of his head. It was much worst when they began to skip and dance about, without, however, moving from their places, and to sing in a voice as gruff as that of a choking ox, the following song :—

Come, be gay, gossip goblin !
Come, be gay, my neighbor dear.
Come, be gay ! gossip pokenose—
Gossip, little idiot, foolish frog.
Of those Christians, of those Christians.
We will make a glorious feast.

'Oh, the miserable carnivals' (cannibals), said my defunct father, ' only see : an honest fellow cannot be a moment sure of his own property. Not content with stealing my very best song, which I always keep for the last at weddings and junketings, see how they have altered it ! it can hardly be recognized. It is on Christians instead of good wine that they want to feast, the wretches ! ' And then after that, the bogies went on with their infernal song, and looking straight at my defunct father and pointing at him with their great rhinoferoce teeth.

Ah ! come hither gossip François ;
Ah ! come hither, gossip piggy ;
Come, make haste, gossip sausage—
Come, hither, gossip pumpkin pie.
Of the Frenchman, of the Frenchman,
We will make a salting-tub.*

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* Though the reader may not be very susceptible to the charms of poetry yet he will hardly appreciate the song of José's defunct father, which the goblins of the Isle of Orleans have parodied : the author must lay the responsibility on them.

'All I can tell you, my darlings,' cried out my defunct father, 'is, that if you eat no other salt pork than what I shall carry for you, you will not need to skim your soup.'

"However, the bogies seemed in the meantime to be waiting for something, and as they often turned their heads round to look behind, my defunct father looked also. What did he perceive on the hill! A great devil shaped like the others, but as tall as St. Michael's steeple, which we passed just now. Instead of a sugar-loaf cap, he wore a cocked hat, surmonted by a spruce-tree by way of a plume of feathers. He had but one eye, the blackguard, but it was worth a dozen; he must have been drum-major to the regiment, for he held in one hand a big pot, twice as large as our sugar caldrons, which hold twenty gallons each; and in the other hand the clapper of a bell, which he had stolen, I believe, (the dog of a heretic) from some church before the ceremony of baptising the bell had been performed. He struck one blow on the pot, and all the insecrable (execrable) creatures began to laugh, to jump, and to brandish themselves about, nodding their heads towards my defunct father, as if they were inviting him to come and dance with them.

"'You will have a long time to wait, my sweet creatures,' thought my defunct father to himself, whilst his teeth chattered in his head as if he had the ague; 'you may have a long time to wait, my darlings, before you catch me leaving God's earth for the land of bogies.' All at once the giant devil struck up an infernal song and dance tune, accompanying himself on the pot, which he kept thumping harder and faster, whilst all the other devils started off like lightning, so that they were not a minute in making a complete tour of the island. My poor defunct father was so bewildered by the uproar, that he could only catch three verses of this fine song; here they are:—

Of Orleans this is our domain,
The country where fine fellows reign.
    Tour loure,
    Dance around;

Tour loure,
Dance around.

All who come we welcome make,—
Witches, lizard, toad, or snake.
Tour loure, &c.

Hasten hither all who list.
Infidel or atheist.
Tour loure, &c.

My defunct father was in a bath of perspiration! and yet he was not at the worst of his adventures."

"But," added José, "I have a longing to smoke, and with your permission, gentlemen, I will strike a light."

"All right, José," said d'Haberville; "but for my part, I have a different longing. By my appetite it must be four o'clock, the time for collation at college. We must eat a morsel."

Jules, in right of his noble race, enjoyed at all times a voracious appetite; and besides that day it was quite excusable, for he had dined before noon and taken a good deal of exercise.

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CHAPTER IV.

SGANARELLE. Seigneur commandeur, mon maître Don Juan, vous demande si vous voulez lui faire l'honneur de venir souper avec lui.

LE MÊME.—La statue m'a fait signe.

LE FESTIN DE PIERRE.

What! the ghosts are growing ruder,
How they beard me....................
....
To night—Why, this is Goblin Hall,
Spirits and spectres all in all.

FAUSTUS.

LA CORRIVEAU.

José, having taken the bridle from the horse, and given him what he called a mouthful of hay, made haste to open a box which, with his usual busy ingenuity, he had fastened on the sleigh so as to serve at need, as either a seat or a larder. He drew out a table-cloth in which were wrapped a couple of chickens, a tongue, some ham, a litle flask of brandy, and a good bottle of wine. He was withdrawing to a distance when Jules said to him : " Come and eat with us, my good man."

" Yes, yes," said Archy, "come and sit down near me."

"Oh! gentlemen, I know too well the respect I owe you."

" Come, no ceremony," said Jules ; " we are bivouacking, all three being soldiers or very nearly so. Will you come, you obstinate animal."

"It is with your permission, gentlemen, and to obey you, my superior officers, that I do so."

The two young men seated themselves on the box, which also served as table; José seated himself very comfortably on a heap of hay that was still remaining, and all three began to eat and drink with good appetite.

Archy, who was naturally abstemious, had soon finished his collation. Having nothing better to do, he began to philosophize; Locheill, on the days he felt gay, liked to advance paradoxes, for the pleasure of provoking discussion.

"Do you know what interested me most in our friend's legend?"

"No," said Jules, attacking another leg of a chicken, "and I shan't much care for the next quarter of an hour; a hungry stomach has no ears."

"No matter," replied Archy, "it was these devils, imps, goblins, whatever you like to call them, who had only one eye. I would like that fashion to increase among human beings, there would be fewer hypocrites, fewer rogues, and consequently fewer dupes. It is certainly consoling to find that virtue is honored even among goblins! Did you notice the high consideration in which the Cyclops were held by the other bogles? With what respect they saluted them before approaching them?"

"Oh yes!" said Jules, "but what does that prove?"

"That proves," replied Locheill, "that these Cyclops deserve the consideration they meet with, they are the very cream of the goblins. In the first place, they are not hypocrites."

"Stuff," said Jules, "I am beginning to fear for your brain"

"I am not such a fool as you think," replied Archy. "Here is the proof of it. Look at a hypocrite with some one he wants to take in; he has always one eye half shut on himself, whilst his other is wide open noticing the effect which his discourse produces on his interlocutor. If he had but one eye, he would lose this immense advantage, and be obliged to give up playing the hypocrite which he finds so profitable. There would be one bad man less. Probably my goblin Cyclops has many other vices, but he is certainly exempt from that of hypocrisy; hence arises the respect which is felt for him by a class of beings sullied with all the vices that are attributed to them."

"Your health! Scotch philosopher," said Jules, swallowing a glass of wine: "hang me if I understand one word of your arguments."

"Nevertheless, it is as clear as day," answered Archy. "It must be that those savory, heavy, indigestible aliments with which you clog your stomach, make your brain dull! If you only ate oatmeal, like our mountaineers, you would have clearer ideas and a more fertile imagination."

"It appears that that oatmeal sticks in your throat, my dear fellow," said Jules; "however, it is easy enough to digest, even without the help of spices."

"Another example;" said Archy, "a knave who wishes to dupe an honest man in any transaction whatever, has always one eye winking or half-shut, whilst the other is noticing how much ground he is gaining or losing in the bargain, the one is the eye which thinks, the other the eye which makes observations. This is a great advantage for the knave, as his antagonist, on the contrary, only seeing the one clear, limpid, honest eye of his interlocutor, cannot possibly guess what is passing under the winking eye which is planning and calculating, whilst its neighbor is as unmoved and impenetrable as destiny."

"Let us now consider the reverse of the medal," continued Archy; "let us suppose the same knave under the same circumstances, but only one-eyed. The honest man looking at him always full in the face, would read his most secret thoughts in his eye, for my one-eyed friend, always distrustful, would be obliged to keep it always open."

"Partly," said Jules, with fits of laughter, "to prevent breaking his neck."

"Granted," said Locheill, "but still more to read the mind of his dupe. Besides he would be obliged to throw an expression of candor and openness into his eye in order to avert suspicion, and this would absorb part of his faculties. Now as fery few men can follow two different trains of thought at once, without the help of both eyes, our knave would find he lost half his advantage. He would therefore renounce his hateful trade and we should see one more honest man gained to society."

"My poor Archy," said Jules, "I see we have changed characters, that I am the demure Scotchman which I have so courteously proclaimed you to be, and that you are the hare-brained Frenchman, as you have so often had the irreverence to call me. For do you not see, that nothing would prevent the one-eyed race of men which, like another Prometheus, you wish to substitute for our present race, who will be truly grateful to you," continued Jules, laughing heartily. "Nothing, I say, will prevent them from sometimes winking, since it is an infallible receipt for making dupes, and from sometimes keeping their eye open, to make observations."

"Oh Frenchmen! light-minded Frenchmen—blind Frenchmen! It is no wonder that in politics the English make game of you behind your back!"

"It seems to me," answered Jules, "that the Scotch must hnow something about English policy."

Archy's contenance at once assumed a sad expression, and a pallid hue spread itself over his noble features; is was a sensitive chord that his friend had touched on. Jules soon perceived it and said:

"Forgive me if I have caused you pain; I know that this subject calls up painful remembrances to you. I spoke without thinking, as I always do. One often, without wishing it, wounds those one loves best by some repartee one thinks witty. But come, old fellow, go on talking nonsense, it will be more amusing for both of us."

"The cloud has passed away," said Locheill, making an effort to repress his feelings, "and I resume my argument. You must see that my rascal could not shut his eye for a single moment without running the risk of letting his prey escape. Do you remember that pretty squirrel which we saved last year from the enormous adder which was curled up at the foot of the maple tree in your father's park, at St. Jean-Port-Joli? How constantly she kept her fiery eyes fixed on the poor little animal in order to fascinate it. How the nimble little creature hopped from branch to branch, uttering a plaintive cry, without being able to turn her eyes away from those of the horrible reptile for a minute! Had the adder ceased gazing, the squirrel would have been saved. Do you remember how pleased the poor creature was at the death of its terrible enemy? Well, let my rascal shut his eye, and his prey would escape him."

"Do you know," said Jules, "that you are a terrible logician, and bid fair to eclipse some day, even if that day has not already come, such twaddlers as Socrates, Zenon, Montaigne, and other logicians of the same stamp. The only fear is that the logic may carry the logician up to the moon."

"You think you may laugh!" said Archy. "Well! let only one pedant, with his pen behind his ear, take the trouble of seriously refuting my theory, and you will see a hundred scribblers rush to the rescue, who will take part for and against, till oceans of ink flow. Oceans of blood have often flowed on account of arguments about as sensible as mine, and that is how many a great man's reputation has been made!"

"In the meantime," answered Jules "your theory may serve as a pendant to the tale that Sancho related to put Don Quixote to sleep. As for me, I very much prefer our friend José's legend."

"You shew your good taste!" answered the latter, who had taken a nap during the scientific discussion.

"Let us hear it," said Archy.

"*Conticuêre omnes, intentique ora tenebant.*"

"*Conticuêre!* incorrigible pedant!" exclaimed d'Haberville.

"It is not the conte (tale) of a curé" (curate) answered José quickly, "but it is as true as when he speaks to us from the pulpit, for my defunct father never told lies."

"We believe you, my dear José," said Locheill, but please go on with your charming story."

"Well, then," said José, "brave as my defunct father was, he still could not help feeling so decidedly frightened, that the perspiration trickled from the end of his nose, in a stream as thick as an oat-straw. There he was, the poor dear man, his eyes starting out of his head, and not daring to budge an inch. He fancied, indeed, that he heard behind him the same tic, tac; tic, tac; which he had before heard several times on the road, but he had too much going on before him, to be able to trouble himself about what was passing behind him. All at once just when he least expected it, he felt two great hands as lean as a bear's paws, laying hold of his shoulders. He turned round quite scared, and found himself face to face with La Corriveau, who was scrambling up on to him *(a)*. She had slipped her hands through the bars of her iron cage, and was trying to climb on to his back, but the cage being heavy, at each spring that she took, she fell back to the ground under a clanging sound, but still without letting go of my poor defunct father's shoulder, who bent under the burden. If he had not held tight on to the fence with both his hands, he would have been crushed with the weight. My poor defunct father was so struck with horror, that you might have heard the perspiration drop from his face on to the fence like duckshot!

"'My dear François,' said La Corriveau, 'do me the pleasure of conducting me to dance with my friends on the Isle of Orleans.' 'Ah, you limb of the old boy,' exclaimed my father—this was the only oath the saintly man ever made use of, and that only on great occasions."

"Oh the devil!" said Jules, "it seems to me the occasion was pretty favorable! As for me, I should have sworn like a Pagan."

"And I," said Archy, "like an Englishman."

"I thought I had expressed myself as strongly as possible," replied d'Haberville.

"You are wrong there, my dear Jules, I must acknowledge that the Pagans acquitted themselves tolerably well; but oh! the English! the English! Le Roux, who, after leaving College, read all the bad books he came across, told us, you may remember, that that blackguard Voltaire, as my Jesuit uncle used to call him, had written in a work which treats of events that happened in France, during the reign of Charles the Seventh when that Prince drove out the island-masters from the greater part of his kingdom; Le Roux told us that Voltaire said; "Every Englishman swears." Well, these events happened in 1445, there have elapsed, let us say, three hundred years since that memorable epoch, and just think for yourself what formidable oaths, a nation of so morose a disposition, must have invented in the course of three centuries."

"I knock under," said Jules, "but do go on José."

"'You limb of the old boy,' said my defunct father; 'is it by way of thanking me for my *deprefundi* and other good prayers that you want me to take you across to the witches' sabbath? I was thinking you must be having at least three or four thousand years of purgatory for your pranks. You had only killed two husbands; that was a trifle! so that it pained me to think of it, and I who have always a tender heart for *the creature*, (woman) said to myself; I must give her a helping hand. And all the thanks I get is, that you want to jump on my shoulders, and drag me to hell like a heretic."

"'My dear François,' said La Corriveau, 'do please take me to dance with my dear friends,' and she knocked her head against my defunct father's, till his skull rattled like a bladder full of flint-stones.'

"'That is a fine idea of yours,' said my defunct father, 'you limb of Judas Iscariot, that I am going to make a beast of burden of myself, to carry you across to dance at the witches' sabbath with your beloved cronies.'

"'My dear François,' answered the witch, 'it is impossible for me to cross the St. Lawrence without the help of a Christian, for the river is blessed.'

"'Get across as you can, you confounded gallows' bird,' said my defunct father to her; 'every one must look after their own affairs. Oh, yes! indeed, a fine idea that I am to carry you across, to dance with your crew; but you may just travel as you have been doing already, though *how*, I can't make out, and drag after you that fine cage, which must have rooted up all the stones and pebbles on the high road, which will make a fine row some of these days when the Overseer comes, and sees the wretched state of the roads! Of course it will be the poor habitant who will have to suffer for your pranks, by paying a fine for not having kept the road in proper order.'

"Just then the drum-major left off thumping time on his big pot. All the goblins left off dancing and uttered three cries, or rather three yells, like those given by the Indians when they perform their 'war dance,' that terrible dance and song with which they prelude their martial expeditions. The isle trembled to its very foundations. The wolves, the bears, all the wild beasts and the goblins of the northern mountains took up the cry, and the echoes repeated it till it died away in the forests, on the shores of the Saguenay."

"My poor defunct father thought that, at the very least, it was the end of the world and the day of judgment. The giant with the spruce-plume struck three loud blows, and the deepest silence succeeded to the infernal din. He raised his arm towards my defunct father, and called out to him in a voice of thunder, 'will you make haste, you idle dog, will you make haste, you dog of a Christian, and bring our friend across? We have only fourteen thousand four hundred times more to dance round the island, before cock-crow; would you have her lose the best of the fund?'

'Go to the devil, whence you came, you and yours!' exclaimed my defunct father, at last losing all patience.

'Come, my dear François,' said La Corriveau, 'be more polite! you are carrying on at a mere trifle, and yet you see time presses; come, my son, just one attempt.'

'No, no, you hag!' said my defunct father; 'I wish you had still that fine necklace which the hangman put about your neck two years ago; you would not then be quite so ready with your tongue.'

During this dialogue the gobblins on the island had recommenced their chorus :

Dance around.
Toure-loure.

'My dear François,' said the witch, 'if you refuse to take me in flesh and blood, I will strangle you, and fly across to the sabbath mounted on your soul.'

So saying, she seized him by the throat, and strangled him.

"What!" exclaimed the young men, "she strangled your poor defunct father?"

"When I say strangled, it was hardly any better for the poor dear man," replied José, "for he quite lost his consciousness. When he came to himself, he heard a little bird calling out, who are you? (qué-tu)."*

'Ah, well,' said my defunct father, 'I cannot be in hell, since I hear one of God's birds. So first he opened one eye, and then the other, and saw it was broad daylight; the sun was shining in his face; the little bird perched on a neighboring tree still kept on calling, who are you?

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* The author has to acknowledge his ignorance in ornithology. Our excellent ornithologist, M. Lemoine, will perhaps come to our assistance in rightly classifying the little bird whose cry sounds like the two syllables, *qué-tu* (*qui-es-tu;* who are you). This recalls the anecdote of an old man who was "non compos mentis," and who lived about sixty years ago. Thinking the question addressed to himself when he heard these denizens of the woods, he did not fail to answer, at first very politely, "Pere Chamberland, my little children," but at length losing patience, "Pere Chamberland, you little pests."

'My dear child,' said my defunct father, 'it is rather hard for me to answer that question, for I really do not know very well myself this morning who I am; yesterday I was a good respectable man who feared God, but I have had so many adventures through the night, that I can hardly be sure it is myself, François Dubé, that is here present in the flesh,' and then the dear man began to sing:

Dance around.
Toure-loure.

He was still half bewitched. However, at last he found that he was lying at full length in a ditch, where, fortunately, there was more mud than water, for otherwise my poor defunct father, who died like a saint, surrounded by all his relations and friends, and furnished with all the sacraments of the Church, without missing one, would have died without confession, like a brute beast, in the midst of the woods, with all respect to him and to you, young gentlemen. When he had dragged himself out of the ditch, in which he was squeezed like a vice, the first thing he saw was his flask on the edge of the ditch, which brought back his courage a little. He stretched out his hand to take a drink of it, but not a bit of it!—it was empty! The witch had drunk it all!

"My dear José," said Locheill, "I am not particularly cowardly, but if such an adventure had happened to me, I should never have travelled alone again at night."

"Nor I either," put in d'Haberville.

"To tell you the truth, gentlemen, since you understand so well, I will tell you in confidence, that my defunct father, who, before this adventure, would have gone into a graveyard at midnight, was never so courageous afterwards, for he did not dare go alone into the stable to do his work after sunset."

"He was very right," said Jules, "but finish your story."

"It is done already," answered José. "My defunct father put to the horse, which appeared to have had no knowledge of anything, the poor beast, and got home as quick as he could. It was only a fortnight afterwards that he related his adventure to us."

"What do you say now, you unbelieving egotist, who would not allow Canada the luxury of witches?" said d'Haberville.

"I say," answered Archy, "that our Scotch witches are fools compared to your New France ones, and if I should ever return to my Scotch mountains, I will have some put in bottles, as LeSage did with his 'diable boiteux' Asmodeus.

"Well! well!" said José, "I should not pity them, the *insecrable* blackguards! but where will you find bottles big enough, that is the worst of it."

CHAPTER V.

> On entendit du côté de la mer des bruits épouvantables comme si des torrents d'eau, mêlés à des tonnerres, eussent roulés du haut des montagnes; tout le monde s'écria: voilà l'ouragan!
>
> BERNARDIN DE SAINT-PIERRE.
>
> Though aged, he was so iron of limb
> Few of your youths could cope with him.
>
> BYRON.
>
> Que j'aille à son secours, s'écria-t-il, ou que je meure?
>
> BERNARDIN DE SAINT-PIERRE.
>
> Les vents et les vagues sont toujours du côté du plus habile nageur.
>
> GIBBON.

THE BREAKING UP OF THE ICE.

The travellers went merrily on their way till the daylight fading, they proceeded for a time by the light of the stars. Soon, however, the moon rose, throwing her beams far on the calm beauty of the majestic St.

Lawrence. At this sight, Jules could not refrain from giving expression to a poetical ebullition, and exclaimed:

"I feel myself inspired, not by the waters of *Hippocrene* (of which, indeed, I have never drank, nor have I any wish to drink) but by the juice of Bacchus, which is far more agreeable than all the fountains in the world, even than the limpid wave of Parnassus. All hail to thee, then, oh beautiful moon! all hail to thee, thou silvery lamp, that now lightest the steps of two mortals who are as free as the denizens of our boundless forests, two mortals but recently escaped from the trammels of college life! How often, oh moon, at the sight of thy pale rays, penetrating to my solitary couch: how often, oh moon, have I not longed to break my chains asunder, and join the joyful throngs which were hastening to balls and parties, at the very moment that cruel and barbarous regulations were condemning me to the slumber, which I was doing my utmost to banish! Ah! how many times, oh moon, have I not wished to mount on thy disk, and thus even at the risk of breaking my neck, travel over the regions which thou lightest in thy majestic career, even if I had been obliged to pay a visit to another hemisphere. Ah, how many times——"

"Ah, how many times hast thou talk nonsense in thy life," said Archy; "for folly is contagious. Listen to a true poet, and let your pride be humbled: Oh, moon! thou triple essence that the poets formerly hailed as Diana the huntress, how must thou not delight to leave the gloomy domain of Pluto, as well as the forests, where preceded by thy barking pack, thou makest row enough to stun all the goblins in Canada; dost thou not delight, oh moon! to sail majestically like a peaceful queen, through the ethereal regions of the sky, in the stillness of a lovely night. Have pity, I pray thee, on thy own work; give back his senses to a poor afflicted mortal, my dearest friend, who——"

"Oh, Phœbe! patroness of madmen!" interrupted

Jules, "I address thee no prayer for my friend; thou art innocent of his infirmity; the harm was done——"

"Now then, you gentlemen," said José, "when you have finished gossiping with the lady moon, who I did not know one could talk such a lot to, would you be so good as to listen a little to the noise that is going on at the village of St. Thomas."

All listened attentively; the church-bell was indeed ringing loud.

"It is the *Angelus*," said Jules d'Haberville.

"Of course!" replied José, "the *Angelus* at half-past eight o'clock in the evening!"

"Then it must be fire," said Archy.

"Still one cannot see any flames," replied José; "but any way, let us make haste: something uncommon must be going on down there."

By means of urging on the horse full speed, they entered the village of St. Thomas in about half an hour. The deepest silence reigned there; the place appeared deserted, except by several dogs that were shut up in some of the houses, and were barking furiously. Except for the noise of these curs, one might have imagined one-self transported to the town spoken of in the "Arabian Nights," where all the inhabitants were turned into marble.

Our travellers were about to enter the church, whose bell was still ringing, when they perceived a light, and distinctly heard noises in the direction of the falls, near the seignorial manor. To hasten thither was the work of a few minutes only. The pen of a Cooper, or a Chateaubriand, could alone do justice to the sight which they beheld on the banks of the South River.

Captain Marcheterre, an old sea captain of athletic form, still hale and hearty in spite of his age, had been returning home to the village towards dusk, when he heard a sound from the river, like some heavy body falling into the water; and immediately afterwards, the groans, and piteous cries of a man who was calling for help.

They came from a foolhardy habitant, Dumais by name, who, thinking the ice which he had passed the evening before (and even then found somewhat bad) was still safe, had again ventured on it with a horse and sleigh, a few hundred yards to the south-east of the village. The ice had given way so suddenly, that the horse and sleigh had disappeared completely under the water. The unfortunate Dumais, who was a man of unusual agility, had just time to spring from the sleigh on to stronger ice ; but the tremendous leap which he took to escape from inevitable death, and also the weight of his body, was fatal to him. Having entangled his foot in a crack of the ice, he had the misfortune of breaking his leg, which snapped like a glass tube just above the ancle.

Marcheterre, knowing the dangerous state of the ice, which was cracked in many places, called out to him not to stir, even if he had the strength to do so, and that he would soon come back with help. He ran immediately to the sexton, begging him to ring an alarm-bell, whilst he himself summoned his nearest neighbors.

Soon all was hurry and confusion. Men were running to and fro, without any order, or definite object ; women and children, were crying and lamenting ; dogs were barking and howling, on every note of the canine gamut ; so that the captain, whose experience pointed him out as the fittest person to direct the means of rescue, had much difficulty in making himself heard.

In the meantime, under Marcheterre's directions, some ran for cables, ropes, planks, and piecs of timber ; whilst others robbed the fences and wood piles, of cedar and birch-bark to make torches of. The scene became more and more animated, and by the light of fifty torches, throwing afar their bright and sparkling refulgence, the crowd spread itself along the shore of the river as far as the spot indicated by the old captain.

Dumais, who had patiently enough awaited the arrival of help, called out to them as soon as he was able to make himself heard, that they must make haste, as he heard dull sounds which seemed to come from towards the mouth of the river.

"There is not a moment to lose, my friends," said the old captain, "for everything looks as if the ice would soon break up."

Men less experienced than he was, wanted at once to push the materials they had brought on to the ice, without fastening them together; but to this, Marcheterre would not consent, as the river was full of cracks, and, besides, the piece of ice on which Dumais was seated, was on the one side separated by the fragments which the horse had broken off in its struggle before disappearing, and on the other by a large pool of water which prevented all approach to it. Marcheterre knowing that the breaking up of the ice was not only inevitable, but also that it threatened them every moment, did not wish to exposed the lives of so many people, without taking every precaution that his long experience dictated to him.

Some therefore began to hammer together the planks and pieces of timber, with their axes; others bound them fast together; others again, with the captain at their head, hauled them on to the ice, whilst the rest thrust them from the shore. This impromptu bridge hardly reached fifty feet from the bank, when the old sailor called out to them: "Now boys, let the quickest and strongest of you follow me at the distance of ten feet apart, and then let all push the bridge forward."

Marcheterre was closely followed by his son, a young man in the vigor of his age, who, knowing his father's rashness, held himself in readiness to give him help in case of need; for from under the water were heard lugubrious sounds, the sinister harbingers of an inundation. Still, every one remained at their post, and all was going on well, those who got out of their depth, hung on to the raft, and when once more upon the solid ice, set to work again with fresh energy. A few minutes more and Dumais would have been saved.

The two Marcheterres, the father in front, had arrived within a hundred fect of the unhappy victim of his own imprudence, when a subterraneous rumbling, similar to the dull sound which precedes a strong shock of earthquake, seemed to run along the whole extent of the South River, from its mouth, to the fall by which it discharges itself into the St. Lawrence. To this rumbling there immediately succeeded an explosion like a distant clap of thunder, or the discharge of a piece of artillery of the largest calibre. There arose a terrible cry: "The ice is breaking up! run! save yourselves!" from the spectators on the shore. In fact, the ice was giving way in every direction under the pressure of the water, which rushing onwards in torrents, already overflowed both banks. Then ensued a terriffic scene of commotion; large pieces of ice driven against one another with an awful noise, heaped themselves up, till after reaching a certain height, they floated on the surface or disappeared under the waters. The planks and timber were tossed about like the playthings of an ocean stirred by the tempest. The cables and ropes threatened to break every moment.

The spectators, struck with fear at the sight of their relations and friends exposed to certain death, kept continually calling from the shore: "run! run: save yourselves!" It was, in fact, tempting Providence to continue any longer the rash, and unequal combat, with the terrible element against whose fury they had to contend.

Marcheterre, however, whom this overpowering spectacle seemed to excite rather than to daunt, kept calling out: "Forward boys, forward, for God's sake."

This old sea-dog, who had been always cool and collected on the deck of his vessel, when during a hurricane, he gave orders for a manœuvre on which the safety of his ship depended, was still the same in the face of a danger which struck with horror, even the most intrepid men. He perceived, on looking back, that with the exception of his son and Joncas, one of his sailors, all were seeking safety in precipitate flight. "Ah, cowards!" he exclaimed; "pack of cowards!"

These exclamations were interrupted by his son, who, seeing him about to rush to inevitable death, darted on him, and seizing him in his arms, threw him down on a plank, where he kept him for some moments in spite of the formidable grasp of the old man. Then ensued a terrible struggle between the father and son! It was filial love opposed to that sublime impulse, the love of humanity!

The old man, by a violent effort, managed to get himself off the only safe place that remained, and he and his son rolled over on to the ice, where the obstinate strugle continued. It was at this critical moment for life or death that Joncas, springing from plank to plank, from timber to timber, came to help the young man in getting his father on to the floatingbridge again. The spectators, who, from the shore, lost nothing of this heartrending scene, made haste in spite of the water, which already overran the banks of the river, to haul in the cables; and the efforts of a hundred strong arms were successful in saving three generous noble-hearted men from impending death. In fact, they were hardly in a place of safety, before the immense sheet of ice, which had till then remained stationary in spite of the furious attacks of the enemy which assailed it from all quarters, began, with a groaning sound, to move majestically downwards towards the falls, in order from there to disperse itself in the large river.

All eyes were fixed on Dumais. He was naturally a brave man: of this he had given proof on many occasions against the enemies of his country: he had even faced death, and that a frightful and cruel death, when tied to a stake and about to be burnt alive by the Iroquois Indians, he was rescued by his friends. He remained seated in the same spot, on his precarious resting place, but calm and immoveable as the statue of death, only that he made some signs towards the shore, that they understood to be his last adieu to his friends. Then, with his arms sometimes folded, sometimes raised towards heaven, he appeared to be perfectly detached from all wordly ties, and ready to cross the fearful gulf which separates time from eternity.

Once on the bank of the river, the captain showed no sign of resentment; on the contrary, resuming his usual *sang froid*, he issued his orders with calmness and precision.

"Let us follow the ice down," said he, "carrying with us the means of escape."

"But what good will it be," exclaimed those who appeared the most experienced; "the poor unhappy man is irretrievably lost."

"There is still one chance left, just one little chance of safety for him," said the old sailor, listening attentively to a certain noise which he heard far away to the south; "and we must be prepared for it. The ice may break up any moment on the St. Nicholas[*] branch of the river, which, as you know, runs very rapidly. This sudden rush may perhaps drive back the ice on to our coast: besides, we shall not then have to blame ourselves for any thing that happens."

What Capt. Marcheterre predicted, came to pass. A report like a clap of thunder was heard, and the waters from the St. Nicolas, rushing furiously from the bed of that river, rushed against the enormous mass of ice which, not having as yet met with any obstacle, was pursuing its triumphant course. For a moment they thought that this sudden, rapid check, and unexpected pressure, would drive a large portion of the ice to the north, as the captain had hoped. There was even a momentary change which sent it across towards the spectators, but this state of things, apparently so favorable to the deliverance of Dumais, lasted but a short time. The bed of the river being too narrow to allow free passage to the torrent, it came to a stand-still, and the ice, heaping itself up, formed an embankment of prodigious height. The large body of water which for a time had been arrested by the impassable barrier of ice, now spread itself far over both shores of the river, and inundated even the greater part of the village. This unexpected inundation forced the spectators to seek a place of refuge on the steep heights of the river, and thus extinguished the last hope of helping the unfortunate Dumais.

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[*] A river which runs into the South River, at right angles with it, near the village.

It was a long and obstinate struggle between the powerful element, and the obstacle which impeded its course ; but at length this immense lake, which was continually being fed by the principal river and its affluents, rose to the level of the bank of ice whose foundations it undermined at the same time. Under the pressure of this enormous weight, the embankment gave way with a crash that shook both shores. As the South River suddenly widens below the St. Nicholas, this compact mass of ice, now freed from all hindrance, moved down as swiftly as an arrow, hurrying headlong towards the falls that it had to pass over before falling into the basin of the St. Lawrence. Dumais had accepted his death with resignation; calm amidst the turmoil, his eyes raised to heaven and his hands folded on his breast, he appeared to be absorbed in deep meditation, as if he had already broken every tie that bound him to the material world.

The spectators rushed in crowds to the falls, to see the end of this wonderful drama. A great number of people on the other side of the river, hearing the alarm bell, had run to the shore, and had also stripped their fences of cedar-bark, in order to make torches. All these lights crossing one another, shed a vivid brightness on the sad scene. At a little distance was seen the seignorial manor, a long and imposing edifice to the south-east of the river, standing on the highest point of a promontory which overlooked the basin and ran parallel with the cataract. About two hundred feet from the manor rose the roof of a saw-mill, whose causeway adjoined the fall itself. Two hundred feet from the mill, on the summit of the falls, there were visible the remains of an islet on which, from time immemorial, the passage of the ice each spring had done its work of destruction (*a*). Fallen from its primitive grandeur, (for probably, of old, there had been a penisula on the continent, of which this island had formed the extremity), it now only presented a surface of about a dozen square feet.

Of all the trees that had formerly given it so picturesque an air, there now only remained one venerable cedar. This veteran, which for so many years had braved the fury of the winds and attacks of the ice from the South River, had ended by at last half succumbing in the formidable struggle. Broken high up, the top of the tree swung mournfully over the abyss, towards which the trunk also leaned, threatening to disappear completely into it, and thus deprive the islet of its only ornament. Several hundred feet separated this islet from a saw-mill situated to the north-east of the cataract.

Through an irregularity in the ground, this prodigious mass of ice, which, attracted by the fall, descended the river with the speed of an arrow, jammed itself almost all between the islet and the mill, of which it demolished the dam in a few seconds; then heaping itself up at the foot of the heights, as high as the top of the mill, it finished by demolishing the mill itself. The ice having taken this direction, the channel between the islet and the saw-mill found itself comparatively unencumbered.

The crowd were still running along the shore, watching with anxiety, mixed with horror, the man whom a miracle alone could save from a horrible and premature death. In fact, when he had arrived at about thirty feet from the islet, the piece of ice on which was Dumais, was evidently bearing him away from the only chance of escape that Providence seemed to offer him, when an iceberg that was descending with a rapidity which its enormous bulk increased, coming in contact with one of its corners, gave it a contrary direction. Thus hurled forward with a fresh impetus, it cleared that part of the islet which was already encroached on by the water, and attacked the old cedar, which was the only obstacle it met with on the summit of the cataract. The tree, shaken by the unforeseen collision, quivered in every limb; its top, which was already broken, separated itself from the trunk and disappeared in waves of foam. Relieved from this weight, the old tree suddenly straightened itself, and like a still formidable wrestler, prepared to sustain a fresh combat with the old enemies it had so often triumphed over.

In the meantime, Dumais, jerked forward by the unexpected collision, laid hold of the trunk of the old cedar, which he clasped in his arms with a convulsive embrace; and raising himself on one leg, the only support that remained to him, he clung to it with the tenacity of a dying man, whilst the piece of ice on which his only foot rested, whirled about by the water which was increasing every moment, and attracted by two contrary currents, oscillated from right to left, threatening every moment to deprive him of even that frail support.

Nothing was wanting to complete this imposing scene of horror. The flickering torches, on both shores, threw a sinister light on the ghostly features, and fixed and straining eyes of this unhappy victim, thus suspended on the verge of death. Dumais was certainly a brave man! He had already, on different occasions, given proofs of his heroic courage, but in this exceptional and unheard of position, he may be pardoned if his presence of mine failed him.

In the meantime, Marcheterre and his friends had still some hopes of saving him.

On the shore near the saw-mill they perceived two large square pieces of wood. With these they hastened to a rock which advanced into the river about two hundred feet above the fall. By tying each of these to a rope, and launching them one after another, they hoped the stream might carry them on to the islet! Alas! vain hope! useless effort! The impetus they gave them was not sufficient, and the pieces of wood being besides encumbered with the weight of the rope, always drifted between the shore and the island.

It would seem impossible to add one darker shade to the appalling sublimity of this scene, or to increase the sorrowful emotion of the lookers-on, who were struck with horror at the sight of a fellow-being, who, any moment, might disappear in the yawning gulf of the cataract.

Nevertheless a scene equally sublime and imposing was passing on the shore! It was religion reassuring the christian, who was preparing to appear before the tribunal of his Supreme Judge! It was religion offering its consolations to the christian who was about to cross the terrible gulf which divides life from death!

The old curé of the parish, whose sacred office had, just before the accident, called him to the bedside of a sick man, had run to the scene of distress. He was an old man of ninety, of immense stature; the weight of years had not bent the form of this modern Nestor, who had baptised and married all his parishioners, and buried three generations of them. His long hair, white as snow, stirred by the night-breeze, gave him the inspired look of a prophet. He stood there, on the shore, his two hands stretched out towards the unhappy Dumais. He loved him; it was he who had baptised him, it was he who had made him perform that touching act of Catholic worship which suddenly changes the nature of the child and makes it partake of the nature af angels. He loved Dumais also, because he had married him to a young orplan that he himself had tenderly reared, and who was made happy by this union; he loved him, too, because he had baptised his two children who were the joy of his old age. There he stood, on the shore, like an angel of mercy, exhorting him to death and giving him not only all the consolations that his sacred office dictated, but also addressing him in that touching language which can only be inspired by a tender and compassionate heart. He reassured him as to the fate of his little family of whom the Seigneur de Beaumont would take charge, when he, an old man, on the brink of the grave, should be no more. But seeing that the danger became more and more imminent every moment, as each new shock to the tree seemed to paralyse the strength of the unhappy Dumais, he controlled himself by a powerful effort, and called to him in a voice that he tried to steady, but which was broken by his sobs: "My son, make an act of contrition; I am going to give you absolution from all your sins."

The pious pastor, having paid this tribute to natural feeling, resumed in a firm voice that was heard vibrating above the deafening noise of the cataract: "My son, in the name of Almighty God, in that of Jesus-Christ his Son, who has given unto me the power of binding and loosing on earth, and in the name of the Holy Ghost, I absolve thee from all thy sins, Amen." And the crowd, weeping and sobbing, repeated "Amen."

Nature again tried to assert herself over the duties of the man of God, and again sobs drowned his voice; but in this second struggle, the imperious duty of the minister of the altar again vanquished the feelings of the man and the aged friend.

"On your knees, my brothers," said he, "I am about to say the prayers of the dying." And again the voice of the old pastor rose triumphant over that of the tempest, as, with his hands extended towards the holocaust, he uttered—

"Go forth, oh Christian soul, in the name of God the Father Almighty, who created thee; in the name of Jesus-Christ, the Son of the living God, who suffered for thee; in the name of the Holy Ghost, who was poured out on thee; in the name of the Angels and

Archangels ; in the names of the Thrones and Dominations ; in the name of the Principalities and Powers ; in the name of the Cherubin and Seraphin ; in the name of the Patriarchs and Prophets ; in the name of the holy Apostles and Evangelists ; in the name of the holy Martyrs and Confessors ; in the name of the holy Monks and Hermits ; in the name of the holy Virgins and of all the Saints of God ; may thy place be this day in peace, and thine abode in holy Sion. Through Christ our Lord, Amen."*

And the people, sobbing, repeated " Amen."

A death-like silence had succeeded to this mournful scene, when all at once plaintive cries were heard from behind the crowd which thronged the shore : they proceeded from a woman who, with disordered clothes and dishevelled hair, was running towards the scene of the accident, carrying one child in her arms, and leading another by the hand. She was the wife of Dumais, and some officious person had, without previous preparation, announced to her the accident which had happened to her husband, whose return she had been momentarily expecting.

Living at about half a league's distance from the village, she had heard the tocsin, but being alone with her children, whom she could not leave, she had anxiously awaited her husband's arrival to be informed of the cause of the alarm. The poor woman, at the sight of the one she held dearest in the world, suspended above the abyss, uttered but one cry ; but that cry was so harrowing, that it went to the heart of the hearers like a dagger ; and then losing all consciousness, she fell an inert mass on the shore. They at once carried her to the seignorial manor, where every attention was lavished on her by Madame de Beaumont and her family.

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* The author is not afraid to quote this incomparable exhortation at full length. The prayers of the Catholic liturgy are unfortunately but too little known and appreciated. What can be more sublime than this prayer, which the priest addresses to the soul of the dying christian at the very moment when, separating itself from its earthly habitation, it is about to appear at the awful tribunal of God.

As for Dumais, at the sight of his wife and children, a sort of roar like that of a tiger, so hoarse, so unearthly, so indescribable was it, escaped from his laboring breast, and struck horror to the listeners; then he seemed to fall into a state of unconsciousness which almost resembled death.

It was precisely at the moment when the old pastor was administering the sacrament of penance, that Jules d'Haberville, Archy Locheill, and their companion, arrived on the spot. Jules made his way through the crowd to where the curé and his uncle de Beaumont were standing. Archy, on the contrary, advanced to the edge of the shore, and folding his arms, took in at a glance the whole scene of desolation, and calculated the chances of escape.

After a minute's consideration, Archy bounded rather than ran towards the group amongst whom was Marcheterre, and whilst throwing off his clothes, gave his instructions. His words were brief, clear and concise: " Captain, I swim like a fish, and have the wind of an amphibious animal; there is no danger for me, but there is for the poor man, if I strike against the ice when I come up to it. Stop me first at about a dozen feet from the islet, so as to deaden the shock; your experience will guide you afterwards. Now for a strong but light rope, and a good sailor's knot."

He spoke, and whilst the old captain was adjusting the cord under his arms, he was girding himself with another cord, of which also he made a coil which he took in his right hand; thus prepared, he darted into the river, in which he disappeared for a moment, but on rising to the surface, the current drove him rapidly towards the shore. He then made every effort possible to a skilful swimmer in order to reach the island, but it was in vain. Marcheterre, perceiving this, hastened along the strand and drew him towards the shore before his strength was exhausted. Once on land, Locheill again run to the rock.

The spectators hardly drew their breath when they saw Archy spring into the waves, in order to rescue

Dumais, whom they had lost all hope of saving. Every one knew Locheill's herculean strength and had frequently witnessed his aquatic exploits, during the visits he had made with Jules to the Seigneur de Beaumont during their college vacations. Anxiety was therefore at its height during the terrible struggle of the young man who in spite of efforts which appeared almost superhuman was so repeatedly driven towards the shore; and a cry of grief escaped from every breast at witnessing his defeat.

Jules d'Haberville had not known of this attempt at rescue on the part of his friend, Locheill. Being of a very sensitive nature, he had not been able, on arriving at the shore, to bear the harrowing sight; and after one look of unutterable pity, he had cast down his eyes, and had not since raised them. The man suspended as it were by a thread over the yawning gulf; the pious and venerable priest administering the sacrament of penitence aloud, and beneath the vault of heaven, the prayers for the dying addressed to God for a man in the prime of his manhood, this sublime invocation, telling the soul in the name of all the celestial powers, to detach itself from a body in the full vigor of manhood ; all seemed to him to be the delusion of a frightful dream ! Jules d'Haberville absorbed in these heart-rending emotions, had no knowledge of the efforts his friend had made to save Dumais. He had indeed heard the mournful cry of the crowd after Locheill's ineffectual effort, but he had attributed it to some new catastrophe in the scene of desolation, from which he turned away.

It was no ordinary tie of friendship that bound him to his brother by adoption ; it was like the love of David and Jonathan, according to the emphatic language of Scripture, " passing the love of women" ! Jules did not spare his jokes at Archy's expense, (who only laughed at them,) but he looked on him as his own property that no one else was to touch. Woe to whoever might offend Locheill when the impetuous Jules was present.

Whence arose this great affection? There did not appear to be any resemblance in their dispositions. Archy was rather cold than demonstrative, whilst a superabundance of enthusiastic feelings gushed from Jules' heart. Nevertheless there was one very precious point of resemblance: a warm and generous heart beat in the breast of both young men!

José, upon whom none of Locheill's preparations on his first arrival had been lost, and who knew how violent d'Haberville, his young master, was, had slipped behind him, in readiness to control that fiery and indomitable nature by physical force.

The anxiety of the spectators was at its height when Archy made a second attempt to rescue Dumais, whom they had thought irretrievably lost. All eyes were turned with ever-increasing interest towards the unhappy man, whose convulsive trembling announced that he was losing strength at each successive shock to the old cedar, and at each oscillation of the ice which was moving under his feet. The inarticulate voice of the old pastor, praying to the God of mercy, alone interrupted the death-like silence.

Locheill's first useless efforts had only incited him the more to this work of philanthropic devotedness; with rare self-abnegation, he had made the sacrifice of his life. The rope, his only chance of safety, might easily break when burthened with a double load, besides being exposed, as it would be incessantly, to the action of the impetuous torrent. He was also too skilful a swimmer to be ignorant of the imminent danger to which he exposed himself in dragging a man to shore who was quite incapable of assisting himself in any way. He also knew that he would have to remain under water without breathing until he reached the shore.

Still retaining his self-possession, he said to Marcheterre: "We must change our tactics; it was holding the coil of rope in my right hand which paralysed my strength, when I first sprang into the river, and again when I tried to get near the islet."

He then enlarged the diameter of the coil of rope which he passed over his right shoulder, and under his left arm, so as to leave himself free use of both his arms. Having taken these precautions, he made a bound like a tiger, and immediately disappearing under the waters which bore him away as swiftly as a horse at full speed, did not reappear till within about twelve feet from the islet, when he was checked by the rope that Marcheterre hauled tight, as had been arranged between them. This manœuvre was nearly being fatal to him; for losing his equilibrium, he turned with his head under water, whilst the rest of his body floated horizontally on the river. His presence of mind fortunately did not desert him for an instant in this critical position, trusting as he did in the experience of the old sailor. The latter suddenly letting out two fathoms of the rope, with a slight jerk, Locheill resorted to one of those feats of strength known to good swimmers: and suddenly bringing his heels against his loins, and then straightening his legs to strike the water perpendicularly, he helped himself by swimming alternately with his two hands, till he at length recovered his equilibrium. Then putting his left shoulder forward to preserve his breast from a shock that would be fatal to him and Dumais, he came up to the place of the disaster, with the speed of lightning.

Dumais, notwithstanding his apparent state of torpor and notwithstanding his immobility, had nevertheless lost nothing of what was passing. At the sight of the first attempt of his deliverer, a ray of hope that had quickly vanished had shone on the depths of his soul, and this hope had revived within him on seeing the superhuman bound which Locheill made when darting from the summit of the rock. The latter had hardly reached the ice to which he clung with one hand, whilst with the other he unwound the rope coiled around him, when Dumais, letting go his hold of the fostering tree, sprang so far with his only leg that he fell into Archy's arms.

The impetuous torrent immediately rushed over the extremity of the ice, which, loaded with a double weight, reared itself up like a fiery horse; and this heavy mass, which the waters urged on with irresistible force, falling back on the old cedar, the veteran tree, after a useless effort to resist, was swallowed up in the abyss, dragging after it a part of the domain where it had reigned supreme for several centuries.

There were then great acclamations from both shores of South River; acclamations of triumph from the more distant spectators, and a cry of horror from those on the bank which was the nearest to the scene of this drama of life and death.

In fact everything had disappeared as completely as if the wand of a powerful enchanter had been waved over the scene and actors, who had inspired such fearful interest. Along the whole breadth of the top of the cataract nothing could be seen between the two shores but the sad spectacle of the hurrying waters, which were precipitating themselves into the basin with formidable noise, and the curtain of white foam which was rising to the upper level.

Jules d'Haberville had only recognised his friend at the moment when he the second time sprang into the water. Having frequently witnessed his exploits in swimming, and knowing his prodigious strength, he had at first shown only half stupefied astonishment, but when he saw him disappear under the water, he uttered a frenzied cry, like that of a tender mother who sees the bleeding corpse of her only child; a prey to his wild grief, he was about to throw himself into the torrent, when he felt the iron arms of José thrown around him.

Entreaties, threats, exclamations of rage and mortification, wild blows, bites,—all were ineffectual to make the faithful servant relax his grasp.

"It is all very fine, my dear Mons. Jules," José said, "hit me and bite me, if it relieves you, but for God's sake keep quiet! Your friend will soon come up again, you know he dives like a porpoise, and that once he is under water, there is no knowing where he will re-appear! Keep quiet, do, dear Mons. Jules; you would not kill poor José, would you, who loves you so much and used to carry you about in his arms? Your father sent me to fetch you from Quebec; I am answerable for your soul and body, and it shall not be my fault if I do not take you back alive. If I do not, you see, Monsieur Jules, there will be a ball put through the head of poor old José. But look, the captain is hauling in the rope as quick as he can, and you may be sure Mr. Archy is at the end of it full of life.

Marcheterre, with the help of his friends, was, even whilst descending along the strand, hauling in the rope with long and powerful pulls, as he felt a double weight at the end of it.

Once in safety on the shore, great efforts were necessary to disengage Locheill from the tight embrace of Dumais, who gave no signs of life. Archy, on the contrary, once freed from the embrace which nearly stifled him, threw up a few mouthfuls of water, breathed loudly and then said: "He is not dead, he can be only fainting, for hardly a moment ago he was alive."

They quickly carried Dumais to the seignorial manor, where assiduous and skilful care was taken of him. At the end of half an hour, drops of salutary sweat rolled from his brow, and at the end of another half hour, he opened his haggard eyes, which, after wandering round for some time, were at last fixed on the old curé. The latter approached his ear to the lips of Dumais, and the first words he could catch were: "My wife! my children! Mons. Archy!"

"Do not be uneasy, my dear Dumais," said the old man; "your wife has recovered her fainting fit, but as she believes you to be dead, great caution will be necessary in announcing your deliverance to her; so many conflicting emotions might kill her. As soon as it will be prudent to do so, I will bring her to see you; I am going to prepare her for it. In the meantime, here is Mr. Locheill, to whom, under God, you owe your life." At the sight of his deliverer, whom he had not before distinguished from the others present, there was a reaction in the whole system of the sick man. He put his arms round Archy, and pressing his lips to his cheek, tears streamed abundantly from his eyes.

" How can I repay you," said he " for what you have done for me and for my poor wife and children ?"

" By quickly regaining your health," said Archy, cheerfully. " Monsieur de Beaumont has sent a messenger full speed to Quebec for the most skilful surgeon, and another messenger to prepare relays of carriages along the road, so that by midday to-morrow, at the latest, your broken leg will be so well set, that in two months you will easily be able to fire off a gun with your old friends the Iroquois."

When the old pastor entered the room to which they had taken his adopted daughter, he found her half-lying on the bed, holding her younger child in her arms, while the other was sleeping at her feet. Pale as death, and taking no heed of what Madame de Beaumont and the other ladies of the village were saying to her to console her, she kept on repeating : " My husband ! my poor husband ! I shall not even have the sad consolation of kissing the corpse of my dear husband, the father of my children !"

On perceiving the old curé, she exclaimed, holding out her arms to him : " Is it you, my father, who have given me so many proofs of affection from my childhood, who are now coming to tell me that all is over ! Ah ! no ; I know you too well ; you would not bring such a message to the orphan you have brought up ! I beg of you speak, you, whose lips only utter words of consolation !"

" Your husband," said the old man, " will receive christian burial."

" Then he his dead," exclaimed the poor woman ; and for the first time sobs burst from her heaving breast. It was this reaction that the old pastor was awaiting.

" My dear daughter," he replied, " a moment ago, the only boon you asked was to embrace the dead body of your husband, and God as heard your prayer. Trust in Him, for His powerful hand which has withdrawn him from the abyss, is able also to give him back life."

The young woman only answered by fresh sobs.

" He is the same God of boundless mercy," continued the pastor, " who said to Lazarus, ' come forth.' All hope is not lost, for your husband in his state of horrible suffering——"

The poor young woman, who had, up till then, listened to her old friend without quite understanding him, seemed to wake from a horrible nightmare, and gathering her two sleeping children in her arms, she darted to the door.

To describe the interview between Dumais and his family would be impossible. The imagination of such as are gifted with feeling hearts can alone picture it. It is easy to be pathetic when describing terrible sufferings, or great misfortunes, but the artist's pencil refuses to depict happiness, and only traces faint lines on the canvas.

" Now, let us go and sup," said Mons. de Beaumont to his old and venerable friend, " we have all great need of it, more especially this noble and courageous young man," he added, pointing to Archy.

" Gently, gently, my dear Sir," said the old curé. " There is a more pressing duty for us to fulfil, which is that of thanking God, whose protection has been manifested in so striking a manner !"

All present knelt down, and the old curé, in a short but touching prayer, returned thanks to Him who commands the sea in its wrath, to Him who holds in His powerful hands, the life and death of his feeble creatures.

CHAPTER VI.

> " Half cut down, a pasty, costly made
> Where quail and pigeon, lark and loriot, lay
> Like fossils of the rock, with golden yokes
> Imbedded and enjellied."
>
> TENNYSON.

A SUPPER AT A CANADIAN SEIGNIOR'S.

The table was laid in a low but spacious room, whose furniture without being luxurious, left nothing to be desired as regards *comfort.* A thick, woollen, checked carpet, of Canadian manufacture, covered three quarters of the floor of the dining-room. The bright-colored woollen stuff with which it was hung, and which also covered the backs of the sofa, the armchairs, and the mahogany chairs with feet like quadrupeds' (much the same as those now in fashion), was figured with gigantic birds, an attempt to classify which would have driven the imprudent ornithologist to despair.

An immense cupboard, reaching nearly to the ceiling, displayed upon the many shelves with which it was furnished, a willow-pattern dinner-service, which seemed by its thickness to defy the awkwardness of servants who might let any of it fall. Above the lower part of the cupboard (which served for a press, and might be called the ground floor of the edifice) there projected a shelf at least eighteen inches wide, on which stood a sort of casket, higher than it was wide, and whose compartments, lined with green baize, were filled with silver-handled dessert knives and forks. On this shelf there was also a large silver jug, full of water for such as wished to dilute their wine, and some bottles of the divine juice of the grape.

A pile of real china plates, two decanters of white wine,[*] two tarts, a dish of eggs *à la neige*,[†] some wafers, a bowl of preserves, on a little table covered with a white cloth, near the cupboard, composed the dessert for the supper of a Canadian seignior of those days.

In one corner of the room, there was a cistern of blue and white china, shaped like a barrel, with a tap and basin, which served for the ablutions of the family. At the opposite corner, a large cellaret filled with square bottles containing brandy, absinthe, and noyau, as well as raspberry, black currant, and aniseed cordials, &c., for daily use, completed the furniture of the room.

The table was laid for eight people. A silver fork and spoon wrapped in a table napkin, were placed on the left of each plate, and a bottle of light wine on the right. There were no knives on the table during the first course [‡]; every one was already provided with this useful implement which Orientals only can dispense with. If it were a spring knife, it was carried in the pocket; but if, on the contrary, it was a dagger-knife, it was suspended from the neck, in a sheath of morocco, silk, or even of birch bark, artistically worked and embroidered by the aborigines. The handles were generally of ivory riveted with silver, and were even of mother-o'pearl for the ladies.

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[*] The Canadians used generally to drink only white wine at dessert.

[†] The mistress of the house would sometimes amuse herself and mistify her friends, in the winter-time, by substituting some real snow for this excellent dish; and, still further to heighten the illusion, she would pour over the snow a few spoonfuls of the yellow sauce: of course, after every one had laughed at the trick, the real dish of eggs *à la neige* would be brought forth; the first one proving far too cold for the taste of the guests.

[‡] The author himself has always seen the present fashion of table knives used during the first course; nevertheless, the tradition is as has been mentioned above: the following anecdote confirms it:

An old Canadian gentleman dining at St. Louis Castle, after the conquest, at table made use of a splendid case knife, which he wore suspended from his neck. His son, who was present, and who, according to his father's expression, had adopted the fashion of using table-knives before the dessert, in order to ape the English, told the author that he thought he should have died of shame at seeing the young people of both sexes, laughing and sneering at his father. . . . . Fifty years ago, the habitants always made use of their pocket-knives during meals; the men, of knives loaded with lead; a blacksmith made the blade of it, and the wooden handle was ornamented

There was also to the right of each cover, silver cups or goblets, of various forms and sizes;* some, very plain, with or without handles, some chalice-shaped, with or without feet, and some embossed; many were also gilt inside.

A servant-maid, by handing on a waiter the usual *coup d'appétit*, that is to say, brandy for the gentlemen, and cordials for the ladies, announced that supper was served. Eight persons placed themselves at table. Mons. de Beaumont and his wife, Mme. Descarrières their sister, the curé, Captain Marcheterre, his son Henry, and lastly Jules and Archy. The mistress of the house gave the place of honor to the venerable curé, by placing him on her right, and the second place, that on her left, to the old sailor.

The bill of fare consisted of some excellent soup, (in those days soup was a matter of course, for dinner as well as for supper) a cold pie, called an Easter pie, and served, on account of its immense size, on a board covered with a napkin or small white cloth, according to its proportions. This pie, that *Brillat-Savarin* might have envied, was composed of a turkey, two chickens, two partridges, two pigeons, the back and thighs of two hares, the whole covered with slices of fat bacon. The force-meat, on a soft thick bed, on which these gastronomic treasures lay, and which also covered the upper part, was made from the two hams of that animal which the Jew despises, but which the Christian treats with more respect. Large onions interspersed, and spices, completed the dish. But a very important part was the

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with tin chasing. As this instrument had no spring, the person using it was obliged to keep the blade straight with his thumb; the ingenious artificer who had made it, having facilitated the operation by placing a small button on the blade just where it joined the handle. The habitants made use of this weapon very skilfully; but novices generally pinched their thumbs terribly: a slight apprenticeship was necessary.

The women made use of ordinary pocket knives, which they bought in the shops.

* Nearly seventy years ago, many families had still the custom of making use of the silver goblets ot table. At dessert-time wine glasses were added, and the guests made use of either indifferently, according to their greater or less thirst; besides, at that time, drunkenness was an unknown vice in the best canadian society.

cooking, which was the more difficult as, if the monster burst, it lost fifty per cent of its attractions. To prevent so deplorable an event, the under-crust, which also covered about three inches in depth of the culinary monster's sides, was not less than an inch thick. This very crust, impregnated with the gravy from all these meats, was a delicious part of this *unique* dish.*

Roast fowls and partridges, covered with double slices of bacon, pigs' feet, a stew, very different from that with which a Spanish hotel-keeper treated Gil Blas, were the other dishes which appeared at the hospitable board of Monsieur de Beaumont. For some time they ate in silence, and with good appetite; but during the dessert, the old sailor, who, even whilst eating like a famished wolf and drinking in proportion, had been incessantly looking at Archy with increasing interest, was the first to break the silence.

"It seems to me, young man," said he in a jeering tone, "that you are not much afraid of colds in the head! It also seems to me that you are in no great hurry to breathe the air of heaven; and that, like two others of your race, the beaver and the otter, you only put your nose out of water every half hour or so, just for form's sake, and to see what is going on in the upper world. You are devilish like the salmon, too; for when one lets him have plenty of line, he takes advantage of it. Gudgeons of your sort are not caught in every stream, I'm thinking!"

"All of which does not prevent that without your presence of mind, and admirable care not to let out more line than was exactly necessary, I should have hurt my head and chest, against the ice, and the body of poor Dumais, instead of lying in a warm bed, would be now tossing about in the icy bed of the St. Lawrence."

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* The author thought he would be conferring a favor on lovers of good-living, by giving them so minute a description of this old, canadian pie; and he strongly advises them to make a trial of it if they will not take his word as to its merits. Large families would often make two of them at once, attacking the second, soon after demolishing the first.

" Listen to that fellow ! " replied Marcheterre, " to hear him talk, you would think it was I who had done the deed ! I might well give you out more line, when I saw your heels going nearly over your head ; a position you would have found awkward enough in the very middle of the rushing water. May the dev—, I beg your pardon, Monsieur le curé : I was going to swear, it is an old sailor's habit of mine."

" Ah ! " said the curé (*a*) laughing, " it is just one more or less, for, you old sinner, you have long been indulging in them ; your tally-stick is full of notches, and now you keep no account of your oaths."

" When my tally is full of notches, my dear curé," said Marcheterre, " you shall pass a plane over it to efface the notches, as you have already done ; and we will begin them over again. Besides, I shall not escape you, for you will know how to hook me in the right time and place, and tow me to a safe port along with the other sinners."

" You are too severe, Mons. l'abbé," said Jules ; " why should you wish the captain to deprive himself of the consolation of swearing just a little ? were it only against his nigger cook, who makes fricassees for him as black as his own face ! "

" What, you mad little devil ! " exclaimed the captain, pretending to be angry, " you dare to speak that way, after the trick you played me ! "

" I ! " said Jules, meekly ; " I play you a trick ? I am quite incapable of it, captain ; you calumniate me sadly."

" Ah, look at that meek saint ! " said Marcheterre ; " I have calumniated him ! but never mind, I must now attend to what is more urgent. Lie to, for the present, boy, just for a short quarter of an hour ; I will be at you again presently."

" I was about to say," continued the captain, " when Monsieur le curé thrust my unlucky oath into the hold and shut down the hatchway on it, that even, young man, if you had descended the falls, through curiosity, so as to be able to tell your friends what goes on there, you would, like your relative the salmon, have also found out the way to scale them."

The conversation having turned to joking, witticisms and bon mots for a long time succeeded to the painful emotions of the earlier part of the evening.

"Fill your goblets, all of you," exclaimed Monsieur de Beaumont, "I am about to propose a toast which I am sure will be well received."

"You can easily talk about filling," said the old curé, to whom they had given a richly chased cup, nearly double the size of those of the other guests, to do him honor; "but I now am more than ninety years of age, and have not the strong Breton head that I had at twenty-five."

"But my dear friend," said Monsieur de Beaumont, "you will not have far to go, as of course you will sleep here. And then if your legs fail you a little, your great age will pass for being the cause of it, and nobody will be scandalized."

"You forget, Sir," said the curé, "that I accepted your amiable invitation in order to be at hand to attend to poor Dumais; my intention is to pass the night with him. If you take away my strength," he added laughingly, "of what use can I be to him?"

"Still, you must go to bed," said Monsieur de Beaumont, "for such are the orders of the master of the house. You shall be awakened if you are wanted. Be under no uneasiness as to poor Dumais and his wife; Madame Couture, their intimate friend, is with them. I will even after supper (for I have ordered refreshments for all who are here) send up a number of gossips who will ask no better than to encumber the sick room all the night, and vitiate the pure air of which he has so much need. We shall all be forthcoming if we are wanted." *

"You speak so wisely," replied the curé, "that I am obliged to yield." Saying which he poured a reasonable quantity of wine into the formidable cup.

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* It was then the custom in country places, to crowd the sick room: it is to be regretted that it is still the case.

Then the Seignior de Beaumont addressed Archy in a slightly trembling but impressive voice :

"Your conduct is above all praise. One can hardly tell which is most to be admired, the self-devotion which made you risk your life for the sake of a perfect stranger, or the courage and presence of mind which enabled you to succeed ! I know that your are about to embrace the profession of arms, you possess all the requisite qualities for your new profession. A soldier myself, I predict a successful career for you. Let us drink to the health of Mr. Locheill, the hero of the day !"

The young Scotchman's health was drunk with enthusiasm. Archy, after having replied to it, added with much modesty :

"I am really ashamed of receiving so much praise for so simple an act. I was probably the only person present who knew how to swim, for any of the others would have done as much. It is said," he added, smiling, "that your Indian women throw their new-born children into the lake or the river, leaving them to find their own way to shore, and that this is their first lesson in the art of swimming. I am inclined to think that our Highland mothers have the same excellent custom, for it seems to me I have always known how to swim."

"Mr. Archy is at his jokes again" said the Captain. "As for me, although I have sailed for fifty years, I have never been able to learn to swim, (*b*) not, however, for want of having fallen into the water oftener than it was at all necessary, but because I had always the luck to catch hold somewhere. If there was nothing within my reach, I just threw my limbs about as the dogs and cats do, and sooner or later some one must have fished me out, since I am here now. This recalls to my mind an incident of my sailor's life. My ship was at anchor on the banks of the Mississippi. It might have been nine o'clock in the evening of one of those days of suffocating heat which can only be *enjoyed* near the tropics. I had lain down on the bowsprit of my vessel to breathe the evening breeze. With the exception of the gnats, sandflies and mosquitoes, and the infernal noise made by the aligators, which I do believe had assembled from all parts of the 'Father of Rivers' to give me a serenade, an Eastern Prince might have envied me my couch. I am not of a very timid nature, I must say, but I have a natural aversion to all sorts of reptiles, whether they creep on the earth or live in the water."

"Captain," said Jules, "you certainly have delicate, refined, aristocratic tastes, and I honor you for it."

"Do you dare put a word again, you good-for-nothing fellow, you?" exclaimed Marcheterre, laughingly, shaking his enormous fist at him. "I was nearly forgetting you, but your turn shall soon come now! In the meantime I will proceed with my story: I was feeling very comfortable, safely up there on my mast, listening to the hungry monsters, snapping their jaws; I was even defying my enemies, saying to them: My fine fellows, you would like to eat my carcass by way of a delicate tit-bit for supper, would you not? There is but one impediment, you see, which is, that even if you would be obliged to fast like anchorets all your lives, I would not be the one to make you break your fast; I have too scrupulous a conscience for that.

"I cannot exactly tell you how it happened," continued Marcheterre, "but somehow I finished by falling asleep, and when I awoke I was plump in the midst of the fine fellows. It is impossible to describe my horror to you, notwithstanding my habitual coolness. I did not, however, lose all presence of mind; whilst under water, I remembered that there was a rope hanging from the bowsprit, and in rising to the surface I had the good luck to catch hold of it, but in spite of my monkey-like agility and my youth, I only got clear by leaving one of my boots and a precious morsel of one of my calves, as hostages in the throat of an uncivilized alligator.*

"Now for your turn, you devil's imp," continued the captain. "Sooner or later I must pay you out for the trick you played me. Last year, I was just arriving from Martinique, when one morning in the Lower Town of Quebec, I met my young gentleman just as he was preparing to cross the river to go home to his father's, at the commencement of the holidays. After a volley of hugs, from which I could only get free by pulling off to larboard, I begged him to announce my arrival to my family, and to tell them I could not go down to St. Thomas for three or four days. What did the saint do? He arrived at my place at about eight o'clock in the evening, screaming out like a madman: 'Joy! joy! shout for joy!'

"'My husband is arrived,' said Madame Marcheterre. 'My father is arrived,' cried my two daughters. 'Of course,' said he, I should not be so jolly otherwise. First, he kissed my old woman, there was no great harm in that. He tried to kiss my daughters, who fired a double broadside of boxes on the ear, and then shot off full sail. What do you say, Monsieur le curé, to this fine beginning, before going farther?"

"Ah! Monsieur Jules," exclaimed the old pastor, "I am hearing fine things of you! it was certainly very edifying conduct for a pupil of the reverend Jesuit fathers!"

"You see, Monsieur l'abbé," said Jules, "that all that was only for fun, just to take part in the joy of this amicable family. I knew too well the ferocious virtue, (with a basis as firm as that of Cape Tempest) of these sailors' daughters, to be in earnest. I knew that after having fired their double broadside of boxes on the ear, they would shoot off at full sail."

"I am beginning to believe, after all," said the old curé, "that you are telling the truth, that it was more tricks than bad intention on your part, for I know Jules d'Haberville, perfectly."

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* Fifty years ago, Captain Demeule, of the Island of Orleans, who frequented the Southern Seas, related to me a similar adventure which had happened to him.

"That is right," said the captain; "now take his part, that is all that is wanting; but we shall see whether you will be equally indulgent as to the rest:" When my gentleman had finished making a noise, he said to my wife: 'the captain begged me to tell you that he would be here to-morrow, towards ten o'clock in the evening; and as he has made a good thing of his voyage (which after all was true) he wishes all his friends to partake of his happiness. He would like there to be a ball and supper on his arrival at home, which would be at about the hour for sitting down to table. Therefore get everything ready for this fete, to which he has invited me and my brother Locheill. It puts me out a little,' added the hypocrite, 'for I am in a hurry to see my dear parents; still, dear ladies, there is nothing I would not do for you.'

"'But what is my husband about, to give me so little time!' said Madame Marcheterre; 'we have no market here! my cook is too old to be able to do so much work in one day! It seems hopeless; but we must try and perform impossibilities to please him.'

"'Can I not be of some service to you?' said the hypocrite, pretending to be very sorry for my old woman. 'I will undertake the invitations with the greatest pleasure.'

"'You will really be doing me good service,' said my wife; you know every one, and I give you *carte blanche*."

"My wife then sent all over the parish to procure the meats she required. She and my daughters passed the greater part of the night, helping the old cook to make pastry, whipped creams, blanc-mange, wafers, and a lot of trifles which are not to be compared to the good *tiaudes* we get on the banks of

Newfoundland.[*] Besides Monsieur Jules did the thing in grand style. During the night, he despatched two messengers on horseback, one to the north-east, the other to the south-west, bearing invitations to the fête ; so that at six o'clock the next evening, thanks to his kind consideration, my house was full of guests, who were ducking like sea gulls whilst I was anchored at Quebec, and to whom Madame Marcheterre, in spite of a dreadful sick headache, was doing the honors of the house with the best grace possible. What do you say, gentlemen, to such a trick, and what have you to say for yourself, you young crocodile ? "

" I wished," said Jules, " that every one should take part in the joy of the family at the success of a friend who was so dear ! so generous ! so splendid ! I can assure you that if you had witnessed the regrets, the general consternation, when they were obliged to sit down to table towards eleven o'clock, without waiting any longer for you (the next day being a day of abstinence,) you would have been melted into tears. As for your wife, she is an ungrateful, yes, a very ungrateful woman. Seeing, a little before eleven o'clock, that she was in no hurry to give us supper, and that she was even beginning to be a little uneasy about her dear husband, I just whispered a word in her ear, and by way of thanks, she broke her fan across my face."

Every one burst out laughing, and the captain partook heartily of the general hilarity.

" How comes it, Marcheterre," said Monsieur de Beaumont, " that you never before told us of this excellent trick ? "

" There was no use," replied the captain, " telling every one how we had been taken in by this young rascal ; besides, it would hardly have been very gracious of us to make known to you all, that you owed the fête to Monsieur Jules d'Haberville: we preferred getting the credit of it ourselves. I only tell it now because I found it such a droll trick, that I thought it would amuse you to hear of it."

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[*] An old habitant, on being offered some chicken at dinner exclaimed " That is only *trash !* there is more sense in a piece of pork or a good *tiaude !* This latter dish is composed of layers of fresh cod-fish and pork, place alternately, and then stewed. It is of Dutch origin.

"It seems to me, Mr. Diver," continued Marcheterre, addressing himself to Archy, "that notwithstanding your quiet, philosophical manner, you were an accomplice of your dear fellow-traveller."

"I give you my word," said Locheill, "that I knew nothing at all about it; it was only the next day Jules told me in confidence of his exploit, and I scolded him well for it."

"And of course you did not profit by it, flinging your great Scotch legs about to the imminent danger of the more civilized shins of your neighbors. Perhaps you have forgotten, that not content with dancing French cotillions, which are danced in all polite circles, to please you we were obliged to dance your *Scotch reels** to a tune which our fiddler soon caught by ear; not a very difficult matter. All that it requires is, to grasp the strings of the violin, and imitate the noise that cats might make if you thrust them into your pocket, and pulled them out again by the tail."

"Come, you sad fellow, you," said the captain to Jules, "and eat your soup with me to-morrow, and your friend also; at the same time you can make your peace with my family."

"That is what may be called speaking to the purpose," said Jules.

"There he is at his jokes again," said Marcheterre.

As it was very late, they had to separate after drinking to the health of Marcheterre and his son, giving them the meed of praise which both had so well earned.

The young men were obliged to pass several days at St. Thomas. The ice continued to descend the river, the roads were flooded, the nearest bridge, even supposing that it had not been destroyed, was some leagues to the south-west of the village, and the rain was falling in torrents (c). They were obliged to wait till the river should be sufficiently free of ice to allow of their crossing in a boat at the foot of the falls. They divided their time between the de Beaumont family, their other friends, and poor Dumais, who had a long illness at the Seignior's house, for the latter would not allow him to be moved before he was perfectly cured. The sick man related to them his fights with the English and their savage allies, and told them a great deal about the manners and customs of the aborigines, with whom he had associated a good deal.

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* Scotch reels, which the habitants called *cos-reels*, were, to my own knowledge, danced in the country places, seventy years ago. Most likely the Highlanders, who were as passionately fond of dancing as the Canadians, introduced them soon after the conquest.

" Although a native of St. Thomas, I was brought up," he said to them one day, " in the parish of Sorel. I was ten years old and my brother nine, when a party of Iroquois surprised us in the woods where we were gathering strawberries, and took us prisoners. After a somewhat long march, we came to their canoe, which had been hidden in the brushwood near the shore, and they took us across to one of the numerous islands which border the river St. Lawrence.* Some one gave the alarm to my family, and my father, with his three brothers, all armed to the teeth, started in pursuit of them. They were but four against ten, but without boasting I may say that my father and uncles were men that I would not advise any one to spit in the face of. They were tall, well-made men, with open chests and broad shoulders. It might be about six o'clock in the evening; my brother and I were sitting in the middle of our enemies, in a little glade, surrounded by tufted wood, when we heard my father's voice calling to us: 'Lie flat down on the ground.' I immediately laid hold of my little brother (who was crying and whom I had been trying to comfort) and dragged him flat down on the ground with me. The Iroquois had hardly started to their feet when four well-aimed shots struck down four of them, who rolled on the ground like eels. The other *canouaches* (a term of contempt,) not wishing, I suppose, to fire at random, upon invisible foes, to whom they themselves would serve as marks, seemed to be making for the shelter of the trees, but our deliverers did not give them time to reach them, for falling on them with tomahawks, they felled three of them at one swoop, and the rest took flight, without the conquerors caring to pursue them. In all haste we were taken back to our mother, who thought she would have died for joy at once more embracing us."

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* My good friend the late monsieur Boissonnault, curé of St. Jean Port-Joli, told me, that when he was serving the parish of Sorel, he had known one of the two brothers whom their father and uncles had rescued from a band of Iroquois, in the same manner. Every time that this man related the adventure, he never failed to add: " My father and uncles were men in whose faces I would not advise any one to spit. " "And " monsieur Boissonnault would add " I should not have advised any one to offer such an insult to my interlocutor, old as he was."

Locheill also related to the sick man the battles of the Scotch mountaineers, as well as their manners and customs, and the almost fabulous exploits of his hero, Wallace; whilst Jules amused him by the recital of his own escapades, and related several historical anecdotes that were full of interest to him.

When the young men bade farewell to Dumais, he said to Archy, with tears in his eyes: "Most likely, sir, I shall never see you again; but rest assured that I shall never forget you, and that I, my wife and my children, will pray for you every day of our lives. It pains me to think that even supposing you should come back to New France, a poor man like me can never have a chance of proving his gratitude to you."

"Who knows," said Locheill, "perhaps you may be able to do more for me than I have done for you."

Did the Scotch mountaineer possess the gift of second sight of which his countrymen boast? The sequel of this story will show.

The travellers left their St. Thomas friends, the thirtieth of April, at about ten o'clock in the morning.

The weather was magnificent, but the roads were frightfully bad. They had six leagues to travel before arriving at St.-Jean-Port-Joli, their destination; a journey they had to perform on foot, inveighing against the rain which had made the last vestiges of snow and ice disappear. It was far worse when they got to the road that at that time crossed the savannah of Cape St. Ignace;* they often sank up to their knees, and were frequently obliged to extricate the horse, who had stuck in the mud.

Jules, the most impatient of the three, kept saying: "If I only had the ordering of the weather, we should not have had this devil's own rain, which has turned the roads into so many swamps!"

Perceiving at last that each time he said this, José shook his head reprovingly, he asked him the reason.

"Ah, well! do you see, Monsieur Jules," said José, "I am only a poor, ignorant man, without *inducation*, but for my part, I think that if you had the ordering of the weather, we should not be any better off; see what happened to Davy Larouche."

"You shall tell us Davy Larouche's adventure," said Jules, "when we shall have crossed this cursed savannah, from which I have some trouble to extricate myself, deficient, as I am, in the advantage of possessing the stork-like legs which adorn that proud Scotchman who is walking before us whistling a pibroch, music worthy of the roads we are losing ourselves in."

"How much would you give," said Archy, "to exchange your pigmy French legs for those of the 'proud mountaineer?'"

"Keep your legs," replied Jules, "for the first precipitate retreat you may have to make before the enemy."

Having crossed the savannah, the young men asked for José's story.

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* Sixty years ago, at certain times of the year, it was by no means prudent to start on a journey, (unless on necessary business) without first ascertaining the state of the Cape marsh. I shall speak of it at greater length in another note.

"I must first tell you," said the latter, "that one named Davy Larouche was a long time back established in the parish of St. Roch. He was a tolerably well-off habitant, neither rich nor poor, just between the two. The good man was like me; he was not over sharp, which did not however prevent him getting along very well. So one morning Davy got up earlier than usual, goes and does his work in the stable, comes back to the house and shaves himself like on a Sunday, and dresses himself in his best."

"Where are you going, husband?" said his wife to him, "how fine you have made yourself! are you going courting the girls?"

You understand all she was saying about it was only in joke; she knew quite well that her husband was shame-faced with woman, and not at all eager after the creatures; but la Teque (Thecla) was like her uncle, Bernuchon Castonguay, the most factious (facetious) body on all the south coast. She often said, pointing to her husband, "you see that great stupid there," (you must excuse me, said José, for it was hardly polite from a woman to her husband) well! he would never have had the courage to ask me in marriage, I who was the prettiest creature in the parish, if I had not gone at least half-way; yet his eyes used to blaze in his head when he saw me. I took compassion on him, then, for he did not seem in much of a hurry; it is true, that I had rather more need to be in a hurry than he had, for he had four good acres of land under his feet, whilst I had only my own pretty self.

"She was rather telling a lie there, the little rogue," added José, "for she had a cow, a yearling heifer, six sheep, her spinning-wheel, and a chest so full of clothes that it had to be well pressed down with the knee to close it, and in this chest fifty good francs."*

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* Thecla Castonguay's marriage portion would, in my young days, have been considered a very good one; a habitant's daughter, who had as much, would soon have had her choice of a husband.

"Well, I took compassion on him," said she, "one evening that he was at our house, and sitting quite shame-faced in the corner, without daring to speak to me, so I said to him I know you love me, you great stupid thing, go and speak to my father who is waiting for you in the little room, and then put up the bans at church. Thereupon, as he was as red as a turkey cock, and yet did not budge, I pushed him into the other room by the shoulder. My father opened a press and took out a bottle of brandy to give him courage, but in spite of all these advances, he was obliged to have three nips before his tongue was loosened."

"So then," continued José, "la Teque said to her husband," where are you going husband, that you are dressed up so fine? Look out for yourself, for if you are up to any pranks, I will melt you down into lard."

"You know well enough I am not," said Larouche, giving her a cut with the whip across the back, by way of fun, "here we are at the end of March, my grain is all threshed, and I am going to the curé with the tithe."

"That is all right," said his wife, who was a good Christian, "we must render unto God the things that are God's." Larouche, therefore, threw his sacks on to his sleigh, put a live coal on his pipe, and springing on the load drove merrily away.

"As he was passing by a little wood he came across a traveller who was issuing from a cross path. This stranger was a fine handsome man of about thirty years of age. Long white hair floated on his shoulders, his beautiful blue eyes had an angelical sweetness, and the expression of his countenance, without being positively sad, was melancholy and compassionate. He wore a flowing blue robe, confined at the waist by a girdle. Larouche said he had never seen anything so beautiful as this stranger; that the loveliest creature was ugly in comparison with him."

" Peace be with you, my brother," said the traveller to him.

" Thank you for your wish," answered Davy, " a civil word costs nothing, and yet it is what no one seems in a hurry to give. Thank God, I am at peace with the whole world; I have an excellent wife, good children, I have a peaceful home, and all my neighbors like me; I have nothing to desire on that score."

" I congratulate you," said the traveller. " Your sleigh is well loaded. Where are you going so early ?"

" It is my tithe which I am taking to the curé."

" It seems, then," replied the stranger, " that you must have had a good harvest; paying, as you do, but one bushel out of every twenty-six that you reap."

" Pretty good, I grant, but if I could have controlled the weather, it would have been quite another thing."

" You think so ?" said the traveller.

" Do I think so ! why I have no doubt about it, replied Davy.

" Well," said the stranger, " you shall now have what weather you wish, and much good may it do you." So saying he disappeared at the foot of a little hill.

" It is funny, all the same," thought Davy, " I knew well that there were bad people going about the world, putting spells on men, women and children, and even animals; for instance, the wife of Lestin (Celestin) Coulombe, who, on the very day of her marriage, laughed at a beggar who had a squint in his left eye, and the poor creature was sorry enough at having done so; for he said to her angrily, ' Take care, young woman, or you will have only squinting children.' The poor woman trembled for every child she brought into the world, and she had need, for you see the fourteenth, if you looked at it quite close, had a speck in its right eye."

' It seems,' said Jules, ' that Madame Lestin must have had a dreadful horror of squinting children, since she could only make up her mind to present her dear husband with one after eighteen or twenty years of matrimony. At the worst if the speck has disappeared, as often happens when children grow up, she will have conscientiously fulfilled the beggar's prediction. She must have been a reflective, slow-going woman, who liked to take her time about what she did.'

José shook his head in evident dissatisfaction, and continued:—

'But Larouche went on thinking to himself if there are wicked people who go about the country casting spells, I never heard speak of perambulating saints who went about Canada to make us do miracles. After all, it is no business of mine; I will not speak to any one of it, and next spring we shall see.'

The following year, about the same time, Davy feeling ashamed, got up on the sly before daylight to carry his tithe to the curé. He had no need of either horse or cart, he could carry it all in his hand tied up in a handkerchief. At sunrise, just at the same spot, he again met the stranger, who said to him, 'Peace be with you, my brother!'

'There was never a more seasonable wish,' answered Larouche, 'for I think the devil is in my house, and keeps his Sabbath there night and day; my wife scolds me to death from morning till night, my children sulk, when they do no worse; and all my neighbors are exasperated with me.'

'I am very sorry to hear it,' said the traveller; 'but what are you carrying in that little bundle?'

'My tithe,' answered Larouche with a downcast air.

'Still it seems to me,' said the stranger, that you have always had just the weather you wished for.'

'It is but too true,' said Davy; when I have asked for rain, wind, calm weather, I got it; and yet nothing has succeeded with me! The sun burnt the grain, the rain rotted it, the wind beat it down, and the calm weather brought night-frosts. All my neighbors have turned against me; they look on me as a magician who has brought a curse on their crops. Even my wife began by treating me with contempt, and she has finished by breaking out into abuse and invective against me. Even my children take their mother's part. It is enough to make one go out of one's mind!'

'It must prove to you, my brother, that your wish was a foolish one; that you should always trust in the Providence of God, who knows better than man what is good for him; have confidence in Him and you will see that you will not have the humiliation of carrying your tithe in a handkerchief.'

At these words the stranger disappeared again at the foot of the same hill.

Larouche took this for a maxim, and afterwards accepted gratefully whatever God sent him that was good, without troubling himself to try and rule the seasons.

'I like this legend very much,' said Archy; in its naive simplicity, it gives a sublime moral lesson; at the same time that it shews the lively faith of our worthy New France habitants. Accursed be the cruel philosophy which would try to take from them the consolations their faith offers them in the numerous trials of this miserable life.

'We must acknowledge,' resumed Archy, profiting by a moment when they found themselves at some little distance from the carriage, 'that our friend José has always an appropriate story to tell us; but do you think his father himself related his marvellous dream on St. Michael's hill?

'I see,' replied Jules, 'that you do not yet know half José's talents; he is an inexhaustible inventor of stories. During the long winter evenings the neighbors assemble in our kitchen, and José often invents a story for them which lasts several weeks. When he is at his wit's end what to say next, he just says to them, 'I am beginning to feel tired, I will tell you the rest another day.' José is also a poet of far greater renown than my learned uncle the chevalier, who is somewhat nettled at it however. He never fails to sacrifice to the muses, both at Shrovetide and for New Year's day. If you had been at my father's at those seasons, you would have seen messengers arriving from all parts of the parish to carry off José's productions.'

'But surely he does not know how to write?' said Archy.

'And,' replied Jules, 'those who come for them do not know how to read, I believe. This is how they manage. They send to the poet a fine singer as they call him; which singer has an excellent memory, and in half an hour at most he takes away the song in his head. If any mournful event happens, José is begged to make a lament; if on the contrary, any comical event happens, it is always to him that every one in our parish addresses himself. This reminds me of what happened to a poor devil of a lover, who had taken his beloved to a ball without being invited; although intruders, they were politely received. The young man had the awkwardness to make the young lady of the house fall in dancing, which was greeted with shouts of laughter from every one present. The father of the young girl, who was a rough sort of a man, feeling indignant at the accident, made no bones about the matter, but took José Blais by the shoulders and put him out of the house. He then apologized to the young man's belle, and would not allow her to leave. On hearing of this occurrence, our friend's muse could not be restrained, and he composed the following song which is droll enough in its simplicity:

Sunday after vespers Boulé will give a ball,
But nobody must go, who cannot dance at all.
Fol dol de rol de riddle, fol dol de rol de ray.

But nobody must go, who cannot dance at all,
José Blais like the others, wants to give Boulé a call.
Fol dol, &c.

José Blais like the others, wants to give Boulé a call,
His missus says he may, when the work is done up all.
Fol dol, &c.

His missus says he may, when the work is done up all;
So he runs out to the byre, and each cow begins to bawl.
Fol dol, &c.

So he runs out to the byre, and each cow begins to bawl,
For he treads on Rougette's foot, and at Barré's horn does haul.
Fol dol, &c.

For he treads on Rougette's foot, and at Barré's horn does haul.
Then rushes to the stable, into each horse's stall.
Fol dol, &c.

Then rushes to the stable, into each horse's stall,
And hastens to the house, when they were curried all.
Fol dol, &c.

And hastens to the house, when they were curried all.
Puts on his new red vest, and coat with checks so small.
Fol dol, &c.

Puts on his new red vest, and coat with checks so small,
His fine french shoes,* and cravat black with pattern like a shawl.
Fol dol, &c.

His fine french shoes, and cravat black with pattern like a shawl.
Then went to fetch his Lizzie dear, and took her to the ball.
Fol dol, &c.

Then went to fetch his Lizzie dear, and took her to the ball.
Where they shewed him to the door, for he could not dance at all.
Fol dol, &c.

Where they shewed him to the door, for he could not dance at all.
And kept the pretty Lizzie, his belle so straight and tall.
Fol dol, &c.

'But that is a charming idyl!' exclaimed Archy laughing, 'what a pity José has not studied, Canada would possess one more illustrious poet.'

'To return to his defunct father's adventures,' said Jules, 'I think that the old drunkard, after having defied the Corriveau, (which the habitants always look on as dangerous, the dead always avenging themselves sooner or later,) fell asleep by the road-side just opposite to the Isle of Orleans, where such habitants as travel by night always see goblins. I think, I say, that he must have had a terrible night-mare, during which he thought he was assailed on the one hand by the island sorcerers, and on the other by La Corriveau and her cage. (*d*) José, with his prolific imagination, must have made up the rest, for you see how he turns everything to the best advantage; the fine picture from your supernatural history, and the cyclops from my uncle the chevalier's Virgil, were things that his defunct father had never heard of.'

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* Habitants still call the shoes that are bought in the shops "French Shoes."

'Poor José!' added Jules, how sorry I am to have treated him so badly the other day; I only knew it the next day, for I quite lost my senses when I saw you disappearing in the water. I begged him a thousand pardons, and he added, 'what! you are still thinking about that trifle, and it still pains you! it delights me; on the contrary, now that all the uproar is over, it even makes me feel young again by recalling to my mind your fits of temper when you were a little child, when you used to scratch and bite like a little imp, and when I used to run off with you in my arms to save you from your parents' corrections; when your anger was passed, you used to cry, and would bring me all your playthings to comfort me.'

'Excellent José! what fidelity! what attachment to my family under all circumstances. Men, with hearts as hard as the nether millstone, too often despise those in Jose's humble station, without themselves possessing one of their fine qualities. The most precious gift that the Creator has made to man, is that of a good heart; even if its possession causes us many griefs, these pains are compensated by the sweet enjoyments that it brings us.'

The conversation of Jules d'Haberville, which was generally so frivolous and light, became subdued by feelings of the most exquisite sensibility, in proportion as the travellers approached the seignorial manor of St. Jean Port Joly, whose roof they perceived by the light of the stars.

CHAPTER VII.

Je bénis le soleil, je bénis la lune et les astres qui étoilent le ciel. Je bénis aussi les petits oiseaux qui gazouillent dans l'air.

HENRI HEINE.

THE D'HABERVILLE MANOR.

The d'Haberville manor was situated at the foot of a headland, which occupied the space of about nine acres of the seigniorial domain, to the south of the royalty road. This headland or promontory, of about a hundred feet in height, was highly picturesque; its crest, covered with resinous wood, preserving its verdant hue during the winter, offered a favorable contrast with the sombre spectacle presented at this season of the year by the rest of the country, now wrapt in its winter winding sheet. The evergreens gave repose to the weary eye, which would otherwise for six months have rested only on those bare trees, less favored by nature, and which covered the declivity and foot of the promontory. Jules d'Haberville often compared these emerald-headed trees, proudly braving the rigors of the rudest seasons, to the great and powerful of the earth, who lose none of its enjoyments; whilst the poor tremble under their feet.

It seemed as if the pencil of a Claude Lorrain had delighted to embellish the sides and the foot of this headland, so great was the variety of trees which appeared to have given each other a *rendez-vous* from all parts of the adjacent forests, in order to heighten the beauty of the landscape. The elm, the maple, the birch, the beech, the red pine, the ash, the wild cherry-tree, the cedar, the mascouabina and other aboriginal trees which are the pride of our forests, formed a rich hanging on the steeps of this promontory.

A grove of venerable maples completely occupied the space between the foot of the promontory and the royalty road, bordered on each side by rows of hazel trees, and early flowering rose trees. The first thing which struck a traveller arriving on the d'Haberville estate, was a brook which, after falling down the south-east declivity of the promontory through the trees, mingled its limpid waters with those of a spring two hundred feet lower down, and winding across a large meadow, lost itself in the river St. Lawrence. This spring, cut out of the solid rock, and fed by the crystalline water which filters drop by drop through the stones, furnished the proprietor of the domain with the coolest and most refreshing beverage during the heat of summer. A small white-washed building was erected over this spring in the shade of the large trees. It seemed like a coy nymph to be hiding itself from all beholders in the thick foliage which surrounded it. The seats, placed both outside and inside this humble kiosk, as well as the *cassots* (of birch bark bent into a conical form) which were hung on the wall, seemed so many invitations offered by the generous naïad to travellers rendered thirsty by the heat of the dog-days.

The top of this promontory still preserves its emerald crown, and the declivity still preserves its verdure during the fine season of the year; but there now hardly remain five maples, the last remnants of the magnificent grove which was the glory of this picturesque landscape. Out of the thirty-five which seemed so healthy forty years ago, thirty have fallen one by one, from year to year, as if through some fatality. These trees gradually perishing under the destructive hand of time, like the last years of the present proprietor of this domain, seem to foretell that his life, linked to their existence, will expire with the last veteran of the grove. When the last log, which shall have warmed the chilled limbs of the old man, shall be consumed, his ashes will soon mix with those of the tree he will have burnt; a mournful and sinister warning, like that of the catholic priest at the beginning of Lent; *memento homo quia pulvis es, et in pulverem reverteris.*

The Seignorial manor, situated between the river St. Lawrence and the promontory, was only separated from the latter, by a large courtyard, the royalty road and the grove. It was a one-storied building with a steep roof, a hundred feet long, and flanked by two wings of fifteen feet, each projecting into the principal courtyard. A bake-house adjoining the kitchen to the north-east, served also as a wash-house. A little summer house, contiguous to a large drawing room to the south-west, gave some appearance of regularity to this mannor built after the old Canadian fashion. Two other out-buildings to the south-east, served, the one, as a dairy, and the other as a second laundry, containing a well which communicated by means of a water-pipe with the kitchen of the main building. Coach-houses, barns and stables, five little out-houses of which three were in the grove, a kitchen garden to the south-east of the manor, two orchards, one to the north, and the other to the north-east, completed a picture which will give some idea of this Canadian seigniorial residence, which the *habitants* used to call the d'Haberville *village.*

On whatever side a spectator seated on the summit of the cape might cast his looks, he could but congratulate himself on having chosen so elevated a post, however little he might be given to admiring the beautiful views which are to be found on the banks of the St. Lawrence. If he cast his eyes downwards, the small dazzlingly white village seemed to spring suddenly from the green meadows which reached to the very border of the river. If, on the contrary, he raised them, an imposing panorama unfolded itself before his astonished gaze. There was the king of rivers, which at this point is already seven leagues wide, to the north meeting with no other obstacle than the Laurentides whose feet it bathes; and which the eye takes in with all its villages from Cape Tourmente to Malbaie; there were Goose Island and Stork's Island to the west; opposite there were the Pillars of which one is as barren and as desert as the enchantress Circe's Ææan rock, whilst the other is always as green as Calypso's island; to the north the Seals' shallows, at all times so dear to Canadian sportsmen; and lastly there were the two villages of Islet and St. Jean-Port-Joli crowned by the steeples of their respective churches.

It was nearly nine o'clock in the evening, when the young men arrived on the hill which overlooks the manor to the south-east. Jules came suddenly to a stand at the sight of those objects which recalled to his mind the happiest days of his existence.

"I have never approached" said he "the domains of my ancestors, without being deeply impressed! Let others vaunt as they will the beauty of the magnificent and picturesque sites which abound in New France, for me there is but one," he exclaimed, stamping with his foot on the ground, "it is the one where I was born! It is here where my childhood passed, surrounded by the tender and affectionate care of my good parents! It is here, where I have lived beloved by every one! The days seemed too short, to suffice for my childish games! I used to get up at day-break and dress myself in all haste; I had a thirst for enjoyment which resembled the longings of fever."

"I love all that now surrounds me," added Jules; "I love the moon, which you may see peeping through the trees which crown the summit of that beautiful height, she never seems to me so beautiful elsewhere! I love this brook which used to turn the little wheels that I called my mills! I love this spring, in which I used to quench my thirst during the heat of summer! It is here that my mother used to sit," continued Jules, shewing a little rock covered with moss and shaded by two superb beeches. "It is here, that I used to take her the icy water which I had drawn from the spring in my little silver cup! Ah! how many times has not that tender mother, watching at my bedside or suddenly awakeend by my cries, given me in that same cup the milk of which I stood in need, or which through some childish whim I asked of her maternal tenderness! And to think I must leave all! perhaps for ever! Oh, my mother! my mother! what a separation!" And Jules shed tears. Locheill, deeply moved, pressed his friend's hand saying to him: "you will come back, my dear brother; you will come back to be the happiness and pride of your family!"

"Thank you, dear Archy," said Jules, "but let us get on, my parents' embraces will quickly dissipate this feeling of sadness."

Archy who had never visited the country during the spring, asked the meaning of all the little white objects which stood out from the brown trunks of the maple trees.

"Those," said Jules, "are little troughs which the sugar-maker* inserts underneath the incisions which he makes in the maple-trees, in order to catch the sap from which he makes the sugar."

"Would one not say," said Archy, "that the trunks of these trees are immence hydraulic tubes, with spouts ready to inundate a populous city."

This remark was cut short by the furious barking of a large dog which ran to meet them. "Niger! niger!" called Jules to him. At the sound of this friendly voice the dog suddenly stopped, started onwards again, sniffed at his master to assure himself of his identity, and then received his caresses with that half joyful, half plaintive whine, which for want of speech expresses the love of this faithful and affectionate animal.

"Ah poor Niger," said Jules, "I perfectly understand what you mean to say, half of it is reproaching me for having so long forsaken you, and the other half expresses your pleasure at seeing me again, and grants me an amnesty for my ingratitude. Poor Niger! when I come back from my long journey, you will not even have the happiness of dying at my feet like the dog of Ulysses!" And Jules sighed.

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* In Canada the name of *sucrier* is given to those who make the sugar.

The reader will most probably like to make acquaintance with the members of the d'Haberville family. To satisfy so natural a wish, it is but right to introduce them in their hierarchical order.

The Seigneur d'Haberville was hardly forty-five years of age, but he appeared to be at least ten years older; so much had the fatigues of campaigning worn out a naturally strong and robust constitution; his duties as captain of a detachment of marines having constantly obliged him to be under arms. These continual wars in the forests, without any other shelter (to use the forcible expression of the Canadians of old,) than the compass of the sky, or the shelter of the heavens; these expeditions of ambush or of surprisals against the English or the Indians during the most rigorous seasons, soon affected the strongest constitutions.

Captain d'Haberville was physically what is called a fine man. His well shaped figure, for he was slightly over the middle height, his perfectly regular features, his bright complexion, large dark eyes which he seemed to soften at will, but of which few men could bear the glance when he was angry, his manners, simple in their elegance, all these together gave him a distinguished appearance. A severe critic, however, might have found some fault with his long and thick eyebrows, as black as ebony. Morally, the Seigneur d'Haberville possessed all those qualities which distinguished the well-born Canadians of old. He might however be reproached on the score of vindictiveness by a stern moralist: for he hardly ever forgave either a real or an imaginary injury.

Mme. d'Haberville, a good and pious woman of six and thirty years of age, was entering that second period of beauty which men often prefer to that of early youth. Fair, and of a middle height, all her features were stamped with angelic sweetness. This excellent woman appeared to have but one object, that of contributing to the happiness of all around her. The habitants in their simple language called her " the perfect lady."

Mlle. Blanche d'Haberville, younger than Jules, was the living image of her mother, but of a slightly melancholy disposition. Gifted with intelligence beyond her years, she had great influence over her brother, whose fiery temper she often restrained with a look of entreaty.

Although this young girl appeared very reserved she could shew surprising energy when circumstances required it.

Madame Louise de Beaumont, the younger sister of Mme. d'Haberville, had never separated from her since her marriage. Although rich and independent, she had nevertheless devoted herself to the family of her elder sister, for whom she entertained an affection that was quite touching. Ready to share their happiness she was equally ready to share their sorrows, if the cruel hand of misfortune should make itself felt by them.

Lieutenant Raoul d'Haberville, or rather the Chevalier d'Haberville, whom every one called " my uncle Raoul," was the younger brother of the Captain; and although two years younger than him, he looked at least ten years older. " My uncle Raoul," was a little man nearly as broad as he was long, and making use of a cane for walking; any way he would have been very ugly, even without his face having been seamed with the small pox. It is very difficult to say how he acquired his appellation of " my *uncle* Raoul;" one may say of a man that he looks fatherly, he is quite a little papa; but one never says of any one that he looks like an uncle. Whatever may have been the reason, Lieutenant d'Haberville was "my uncle" to everybody; even his soldiers, when he was on service, called him " my uncle Raoul " behind his back. If one may be allowed to compare small things with great, it was like Napoleon, who was always " le petit Caporal " to his old soldiers.

" My uncle Raoul " was the lettered man of the d'Haberville family, and therefore somewhat of a pedant like nearly all those who are in daily intercourse with those not so well educated as themselves. Though the best natured man possible when he got his own way, he had one little weakness, that of always thinking himself in the right; and this made him very irritable with those who were not of the same opinion as himself. My uncle Raoul prided himself on his knowledge of latin, and he often launched scraps of it at the heads of both the learned and the unlearned. He held endless discussions with the Curé of the parish on quotations from Horace, Ovid and Virgil, his favorite authors. The Curé, a gentle quiet-tempered man, almost always yielded to his irritable antagonist for the sake of peace and quiet. But uncle Raoul also prided himself on being a great theologian; and this was far more embarrassing for the poor Curé. He had a great affection for the soul of his friend, who had been very wild during his youth, and whom he had had much trouble in leading into the right path. He was sometimes obliged to yield points, which were not very essential to the salvation of " my uncle " so as not to exasperate him. But when an important matter was in question he called Blanche to his assistance, as she was her uncle's idol.

" What, my dear uncle " she would say, petting him " are you not learned enough without encroaching on our good pastor's attributes; you triumph in all the other points of discussion," she would add looking significantly at the Curé, " so be generous and allow yourself to be convinced on points that are peculiarly the province of God's ministers."

And as my uncle Raoul only argued for argument's sake, peace would soon be restored between the belligerent parties.

My uncle Raoul was a person of no small importance; he was in certain respects the most important personage at the manor, since his retirement from the army; for the Captain whose military duties often compelled him to be long absent entrusted all business affairs to him. His occupations were certainly very numerous; he kept the account of the receipts and expenditure of the family, drew the rents of the seigniory, went to high mass every Sunday wet or fine to receive the holy water in the absence of the Seignior of the parish; and amongst other little duties that devolved upon him, he had to hold at the baptismal font, all the first born children of the tenants on the estate, an honor which belonged by right to his elder brother but which the latter renounced in favor of his younger brother.[*]

A little scene will give some idea of uncle Raoul's importance on solemn occasions. We will take an instance during that period of the month of November, when the rents of the tenants on the estate fall due.

My uncle Raoul, with a long goose quill behind his ear, is seated majestically in a large arm chair, near a table covered with a green baize cloth, on which his sword is lying. He assumes a severe air when the tenant presents himself, without however the least intimidating the debtor, who has been long accustomed only to pay his rent when he finds it convenient; so indulgent is the seignior d'Haberville towards his tenants.

But as my uncle Raoul holds more to the form than to the reality, and prefers the appearance of power even to power itself, he likes every thing to go on with a certain solemnity.

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[*] Woe to the Seignior who accepted the office of god-father to the child of one of his tenants; he was obliged to go on burthening himself afresh, so as not to create any jealousies. The author was present, one New Year's Day when a seignior, after mass, received visits from a hundred of his god-children.

The god-father always furnished the drinkables for the christening-feast as well as whatever the mother of the new-born child drank during her sickness; wine and water being then considered infallible remedies for a lying-in woman.

“ How are you, my—my—lieutenant ?” says the tenant, accustomed to call him *my uncle*, behind his back.

“ Well, and you ?” what do you want with me ? answers my uncle, looking very important.

“ I am come to pay my rent, my—officer ; but the times are so bad, that I have no money,” says Jean Baptiste,[*] shaking his head with a satisfied air.

“ *Nescio vos !* ” exclaims my uncle Raoul, raising his voice, “ *reddite quæ sunt Cæsaris Cæsari.*”

“ What you are saying is very fine my—my—captain, so fine that I do not understand any of it,” says the tenant.

“ It is Latin, you ignoramus !” says my uncle Raoul, and the meaning of this Latin is, pay your just rents to the seignior d'Haberville, under pain of being indicted before all the royal courts, of being condemned in the first and second instances to all expenses, damages, interests and *loyaux-coûts*.

“ Those *royaux coups* must hurt one a good deal,” says the tenant.

“ Good Heavens ! ” exclaims my uncle Raoul, raising his eyes to heaven.

“ I can well believe my....my lord, that your latin threatens me with all its terrors ; but I had the misfortune to lose my filly born this last spring.”

“ What, you rascal ! for the sake of a pitiful six months beast, you want to evade the seignorial rights established by your sovereign, as solidly as those mountains to the north which you are looking at are established on their rocky bases. *Quos ego.*” †

“ I think,” says the tenant, in a low voice, “ he is talking wild indian to frighten me,” and aloud he added, “ you see, that my filly would in four years time have been (according to those who are judges of horseflesh) the best trotter in this south coast, and would have been worth a hundred francs if she were worth a sou."

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[*] *Jean Baptiste,* the name given to Canadians, as John Bull to Englishmen.

† These seignorial rights, which seemed so substantial have latterly crumbled away under the powerful attacks of a number of tenants against their seigniors, under the popular cry of *fiat justitia ! ruat cœlum !* Poor Heaven ! it would have crumbled away long ago under the cry of *fiat justitia* had it not been more substantial than human institutions.

"Come, be off to the devil !" answers my uncle Raoul, "and tell Lisette to give you a good glass of brandy, to console you for the loss of your filly. These rogues !" adds my uncle Raoul, "drink more brandy than they pay rent."

The habitant on entering the kitchen, says to Lisette, chuckling, "I have had tough work with my uncle Raoul, he even threatened to give me *royaux coups.*"

As my uncle Raoul was very pious after his own fashion, he never failed to say his beads and read in his 'book of hours' every day ; but yet, by a somewhat singular contrast, he employed his leisure hours in swearing with an energy that could hardly be called edifying, at the English, who had broken his leg at the taking of Louisbourg ; so painful to him was the remembrance of this accident, which had forced him to renounce the career of arms.

When the young men arrived in front of the manor house, they were astonished at the spectacle it presented. Not only were all the rooms lighted up, but also some of the out-buildings. There was an unusual stir, an extraordinary coming and going. And as the whole court was illuminated by this abundance of light, they easily distinguished six men, armed with hatchets and guns, seated on a fallen tree.

"I see," said Archy, "that the master of the house has put the guard under arms, to do honor to our equipage as I had predicted."

José who could not understand any badinage on this subject, moved his pipe from the right to the left side of his mouth, and murmuring something between his teeth, commenced smoking again furiously.

"I cannot possibly explain," said Jules, laughing, "why my father's *guards*, as you do them the signal honor of calling them, are under arms ; unless they are fearing a surprise on the part of our friends, the

Iroquois ; but let us hasten on, and then we shall soon learn the solution of the enigma.

The six men rose spontaneously on their entering the courtyard, and came forward to welcome their young seignior and his friend.

" What ! " said Jules, shaking hands heartily with them, " is that you my old friend Chouinard ! and you Julien ! and you Alexis Dubé ! and you my old friend Fontaine ! and is that you, you rogue François Maurice ! I was thinking, that taking advantage of my absence, the whole parish bodily must have thrown you into the River St. Lawrence, as a reward for all the diabolical tricks you have played off on peaceable folks."

" Our young Seignior," said Maurice, " always liked to have his joke, but I must say that if every one was thrown into the river who plays off pranks on others, I know one who would long ago have drunk of it.

" Indeed ! " answered Jules, laughingly, " but perhaps that comes from the bad milk I imbibed, for, remember, it was your dear mother who nursed me. But let us speak of something else. What the devil are you all doing here at this hour ? Are you gaping at the moon and stars ? "

" There are twelve of us," said old Chouinard, " who are taking our turns to guard the may-pole which we are to present to-morrow to your honored father ; there are six amusing themselves in the house, whilst we are keeping the first watch."

" I should have thought that the may-pole would have taken good care of itself all alone ; I do not think any one would be mad enough to leave his bed for the pleasure of breaking his back dragging that venerable mass away, whilst wood is to be had at every door."

" You are not up to what is going on, young gentleman," replied Chouinard, " don't you see there are always people who are affronted at not being invited to the may-feast ; no later than last year, some blackguards who had had a hint to stay at home, had the audacity, during the night, to saw the may-pole in two, which the habitants of Ste. Anne were to present the next morning to Captain Besse. Think how ashamed every one felt when they arrived in the morning and saw their fine may-pole only fit to be burnt in the stove !"

Jules could not restrain from fits of laughter at a trick that he well knew how to appreciate.

"Laugh as you will," said Fontaine, "but it certainly is not christian to play such tricks ! "You understand," he added, in a serious tone, "that we are not afraid of such insults being offered to our Seignior, but as there are always mean fellows everywhere, we are taking precautions in case of any insult being offered."

"I am a poor man," said Alexis Dubé, "but for all my land is worth, I would not have such an insult offered to our captain."

Every one spoke to the same effect, and Jules was in the arms of his family before they had done inveighing against the blackguards, the mean fellows, who, in their imagination, might have the audacity to mutilate the fir-tree may-pole that they proposed offering the next day to the seignior d'Haberville.

It may be supposed that the libations, and the refreshments provided for them during their night-watch, as well as the next morning's substantial breakfast, did not fail still further to stimulate their zeal on this occasion.

"Come," said Jules to his friend after supper, "let us go and see the preparations they are making for these may-people's breakfast ! as neither you nor I have had the advantage of witnessing that famous wedding of the rich Gamachis, which so rejoiced the heart of Sancho Panza ; this may perhaps give us some idea of it."

All was hurry and confusion in the kitchen where they went first ; the shrill laughing voices of the women, mixed with those of the six men off guard, who were occupied in drinking, smoking, and teasing them. Three maid-servants, each armed with a frying-pan, were making, or according to the generally received expression, *tossing* pancakes over a fire made in the open chimney, whose brilliant flames lit up the joyous faces throughout that large kitchen, producing a Rembrandt-like effect of light and shade. Several of the women-neighbors, seated at a large table, were, with a large spoon, pouring into the frying-pans as they were emptied, the batter of which the pancakes are made, whilst others were powdering those already cooked with maple sugar, as they heaped them up on dishes, where they were already forming very respectable pyramids. A large copper, half full of lard, simmering in the heat of a stove, received the *croquecignoles*[*] which two cooks were incessantly putting in and taking out.

The faithful José, the soul, the majordomo of the house, seemed to be in a hundred places at once on these grand occasions. Seated at the end of a table with his *capot* off, his shirt sleeves rolled up to his elbows, and his eternal knife loaded with lead in his hand, he was furiously cutting up a loaf of maple sugar, whilst hurrying on two other servants who were engaged in the same way. Then he would run for more flour and eggs as the batter diminished in the basons, not forgetting in the meanwhile to visit the refreshment table, and see that nothing was wanting; perhaps too partly to take a glass with his friends.

Jules and Archy passed from the kithchen to the bakehouse, where they were drawing from the oven a second batch of crescent-shaped pies, at least fourteen inches long, whilst quarters of beef and mutton, legs and ribs of fresh pork, and fowls of every description, were put ready in pans awaiting their turn in the oven. Their last visit was to the wash-house, where they were cooking in a ten gallon boiler, the fricassee of fresh pork and mutton, which is the delight of the old men whose teeth are failing.

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[*] *Croquecignoles*, a cake somewhat resembling a dough-nut, and essentially Canadian. It is cut in strips, which the cook passes her fingers between to separate, before throwing the cakes into the boiling lard.

"Ah! this is indeed a feast like those of Sardanapalus of Assyrian memory!" said Archy, "a feast which will last six months."

"You have only seen a part though," said Jules, "the dessert is in the same proportion. I thought you knew our habitant ways better. The master of the house would be accused of stinginess, if, at the end of the repast, the tables were not as loaded with food as when the guests sat down. When a dish is empty, or nearly so, you will see it immediately replaced by the servants." *

"I am the more surprised," said Archy, "as your habitants are generally very saving, rather inclined to avarice than otherwise; now, how can you reconcile that with the waste there must necessarily be, during the hot weather, of all the meat which remains, and which one family alone could not possibly consume." †

"Our habitants, dispersed through all New France, at great distances from one another, and hence deprived of the advantage of markets, live during the spring, summer and autumn, on salt provisions, bread and milk food; and with the rare exception of a marriage, seldom give what might be called an entertainment during those seasons of the year. To make up for this, there is a great consumption of all kinds of fresh meat during the winter; there is then a general feasting, and hospitality is pushed to its utmost limits

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* This custom was universal with the rich habitants, and also with those who wished to appear so; as well as among the rich citizens in the towns. The higher classes also encumbered their tables on grand occasions, but not to such excess.

† The old habitants were more reluctant to spend one sou, than their descendants in our days are to spend a pound. Although they were then most of them rich, yet they did not indulge in superfluities; the produce of their land sufficed for all their wants. When a rich habitant would marry his daughter, he would victimise himself for the occasion by buying her in the shops, a print dress, a pair of cotton stockings, and a pair of shoes; which articles of dress would often descend to the bride's grandchildren.

from Christmas to Lent. It is a perpetual coming and going of visitors during that time. Four or five *carioles*,[*] holding a dozen or so of people arrive; they at once take out the horses, after having begged their friends to take off their things; the table is got ready, and at the end of an hour, at the most, this same table is loaded with smoking hot meats." [†]

"Your habitants," said Archy, "must then possess Aladdin's lamp!"

"You understand," said Jules, "that if they had to make the preparations that we have, the habitants' wives, being for the most part, without servants, would soon be obliged to restrict their hospitality, or even put an end to it altogether, but it is not so; they enjoy society with hardly any more trouble than their husbands.[‡] The receipt is simple enough; at their leisure they prepare two or three batches of different sorts of meats, which they have no trouble in keeping in that state, on account of the cold weather. When visitors arrive, all they have to do is to warm up the eatables in their stoves, which are always hot enough to roast an ox at that time of year; habitants detest cold meats."

"It is really a pleasure," added Jules, "to see our Canadian women, who are always so light-hearted, preparing these impromptu repasts; to see them first working at one thing, then at another, all the time humming a song, or mixing in the conversation; then running from the table they are laying to the meat which is beginning to burn, and with one hand's turn, putting every thing to rights; then to see *Josephte** sit down with her guests, getting up a dozen times during the meal if anything is wanted for them, singing her song, and after all enjoying herself as heartily as the others."

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[*] *Cariole*—a two-wheeled carriage, with a head, still much used in Lower Canada.

[†] *Dégreyer* or *Dégréer*; this term which is taken from sea-language is still used in the country places. It means "take off your great-coat, &c." What a generous offer of hospitality, to treat a friend like a ship being laid up for the winter. This expression comes from our Norman ancestors who were a great sea-faring nation.

[‡] Formerly habitants' wives very seldom kept servants; now-a-days they frequently keep them.

"You will probably say, that these warmed-up dishes lose a good deal of their flavor ; this is true as regards ourselves, who are accustomed to live so differently ; but as habit is second nature, our habitants are not so particular, and as their taste is not vitiated like ours, I am certain that their repasts, moistened with a few glasses of good brandy, are everything they can wish for. But as we shall be obliged to return to this subject, let us now go and rejoin my parents, who must be already impatient at our absence, which I look on as so much time stolen from their affection. I thought you would like to be a little more initiated in our country Canadian manners and customs, particularly as you have not visited us before during the winter."

The evening was prolonged far into the night, for they had so many things to say to one another. And it was only after receiving his father's blessing, and tenderly embracing his other relations, that Jules retired with his friend to enjoy that slumber of which both stood so much in need after the fatigues of the day.

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* *Josephte*, a nickname given by the townspeople to the habitant's wives.

The bad wheat harvests that there have been for the last thirty years, and still more the temperance societies, have, in a great measure, put an end to this far too costly hospitality.

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CHAPTER VIII.

Le premier jour de mai :
  Labourez,
Je m'en fus planter un mai :
  Labourez,
A la porte à ma mie.
Ancienne chanson.

MAY-DAY.

It was hardly five o'clock the next morning, when Jules (whose nature partook of that of the cat so lightly did he sleep) called to Locheill whose bedroom was adjoining his own, that it was quite time to get up; but whether the latter was really asleep, or whether he did not wish to answer, d'Haberville took the most expeditious means of arousing him, by getting up himself. Then, arming himself with a towel dipped in cold water, he entered his friend's room, and began his morning toilet for him, by roughly washing his face. But as Archy, notwithstanding his aquatic taste, did not relish these somewhat officious attentions, he snatched the instrument of torture from his hands, and making it into a ball threw it at his head, then turning on to his side he was preparing to go to sleep again, when Jules, darting to the foot of the bed, pulled off all the clothes. Reduced to this extremity the citadel was obliged to surrender at discretion, but as the garrison in the person of Archy was stronger than the besiegers in the person of Jules, Locheill gave him a good shaking and asked him with some temper if people at Haberville were not allowed to sleep at night. He was even going to finish by expelling him from the ramparts, when Jules, who even while struggling in the powerful arms of his adversary, was in fits of laughter, begged him to have the kindness to listen, before inflicting so humiliating a punishment on a future soldier of the French army.

"What have you to say in your own defence, you incorrigible rascal," said Archy who was now thoroughly awake "is it not enough to be always playing the devil by day, without coming to torment me at night?"

"I am very sorry indeed," said Jules, "to have aroused you from your sleep, but as our folks have to plant another may-pole at the cross near which Bélanger lives, at about two miles from here, it is arranged that my father's is to be presented to him at six o'clock in the morning, and if you do not wish to lose any part of this interesting ceremony, it is time to dress yourself. You know that I think every one must be like myself, in taking interest in every thing that brings us with our good habitants: I know nothing more striking than the good feeling which exists between my father and his tenants, between our family and these fine fellows. Besides, as my brother by adoption, you will have your part to play during a spectacle which you have never as yet witnessed."

As soon as the young men were dressed, they went from their room into one which looked out on the court-yard of the manor house, where an animated scene presented itself. It was filled by about a hundred habitants, distributed here and there in little groups. Their long guns, their powder flasks suspended from their necks, their tomahawks stuck in their girdles, the hatchets with which they were armed, all these gave them more the appearance of people preparing for a warlike expedition, than that of peaceable husbandmen.

Locheill who was much amused at the novel sight, proposed descending to join the groups which were surrounding the house, but Jules prevented him by saying that it was against etiquette, as they were all supposed not to be aware of what was passing without, where all was stir and bustle. Some were busy dressing the may-pole, others digging a deep hole in which to plant it, whilst others again were sharpening long wedges to hold it firm. This may-pole was of the most primitive simplicity. It was a tall fir tree, stripped of its branches and twigs as far as the cluster of foliage at the top which is called the *bouquet;* this *bouquet*, generally about three feet high, but always in proportion with the height of the tree, looked very nice as long as it continued green, but after being dried up by the heat of summer, by the month of August it was dismal-looking enough. A red pole, six feet long, crowned with a green vane and adorned with a large ball of the same color as the pole, was fastened among the branches of the *bouquet;* and when this was once nailed to the tree, the dressing of the may-pole was completed. We must also add that strong wedges of wood, let into the tree at intervals, made it easy to mount, and they also served as fulcrums for the stakes with which they raised the pole.

The firing of a gun, from the principal door of the manor house, announced that every thing was in readiness. At this signal, the d'Haberville family gathered in the drawing-room, in order to receive the deputation of whose arrival the shot gave them notice. The Seignior d'Haberville took his place in a large arm chair, the *Seignioress* seated herself on his right and Jules on his left. My uncle Raoul standing and leaning on his sword, placed himself behind the principal group, between Madame Louisa de Beaumont and Blanche, who were seated on chairs. Archy stood by the side of the young Seignioress. They had hardly taken their places when two old men, ushered in by the majordomo José, advanced towards the Seignior d'Haberville, and saluting him with that graceful courtesy, so natural to the Canadians of old, asked permission to plant a may-pole before his door. The permission being granted, the ambassadors withdrew and communicated the success of their mission to the crowd outside. They then all knelt down to ask God to preserve them from all accidents during the day.* Then, in about a quarter of an hour's time, the may-pole rose slowly and majestically above the crowd, till its verdant head towered above all the surrounding buildings. A few minutes sufficed to make it firm.

A second shot announced another deputation, the same two old men carrying their guns, and accompanied by two of the principal habitants bearing, the one on an earthenware plate, a small glass two inches high of a greenish hue, and the other a bottle of brandy, were ushered in by the indispensable José, and begged of Mons. d'Haberville to come and receive the may-pole he had been so kind as to accept. Upon their Seignior gracefully accepting their invitation one of the old men added:

" Would our Seignior be pleased to water the may before blackening it?"

And upon this, he presented him the gun with one hand, and with the other a glass of brandy.

" We will water it together my good friends" said Mons. d'Haberville, making a sign to José, who standing at a respectful distance with four glasses filled with the same liquor on a salver, handed it to them. Then the Seignior rising, touched glasses with the four deputies, swallowed at one gulp the glass of brandy which he pronounced excellent, and taking the gun went to the door followed by all who were present.

As soon as the Seignior d'Haberville appeared on the threshold, a young man, mounting to the very top of the may-pole with the agility of a squirrel, spun the vane round three times, crying out: " Long live the King! long live Seignior d'Haberville!" And all the crowd shouted at the top of their voices: " Long live the King! long live the Seignior d'Haberville!" Whilst this was going on, the young fellow descended with equal agility, cutting away with his tomahawk which he drew from his belt, all the wedges and stakes of the may-pole.

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* This pious custom of the habitants of saying a prayer before beginning any work which exposes them to danger such as putting on the roof of a house, &c., exists to this day. It is a touching sight to see them all uncover their heads and kneel down, whilst some old man recites prayers, to which all make response.

As soon as the Seignior d'Haberville had blackened the may-pole by firing off at it his gun charged only with powder, a gun was presented to every member of the family in succession, commencing by the Seignioress; and the women fired at it the same as the men.[*] Then there was a constant firing kept up for at least half an hour. One might have thought that the manor-house was attacked by the enemy. The unfortunate may-pole, which had been so white before this furious attack, seemed to have been suddenly painted black, so great had been every one's zeal to do it honor. Indeed, the more powder was burned, the more they thought they were complimenting the one to whom they had presented the may-pole.

As every pleasure must come to an end, even that of throwing powder to the winds, Mons. d'Haberville profited by a moment when the firing seemed to slacken, to invite all present to breakfast. Every one then made haste to discharge his gun by way of a temporary adieu to the poor tree, fragments of which already strewed the ground; and then all was silent.[†]

The Seignior, the ladies and a dozen of the principal habitants, chosen from the older ones, sat down to a table prepared in the usual dining-room of the family This table was covered with the dishes, wines, and coffee which usually were to be found on the breakfast table of a Canadian in the best society; there were also added to suit the taste of their guests, two bottles of excellent brandy and sugared *galettes* instead of bread.[‡]

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[*] The Canadian women who were constantly exposed to surprisals from the Indians knew well how to make use of fire-arms when there was any necessity for so doing.

[†] This custom, of disfiguring the may-poles, still existed during the author's childhood; but it ceased when the habitants substituted for them, the handsome eight-sided ones of which there are still some few remaining.

[‡] One has to beg and pray for bread at a rich habitant's table if it is the

The guests who were excluded from this table, saw no reason to be discontented at this arrangement, on the contrary they were proud of the attentions bestowed on their older relations and friends.

The second table in the adjoining room, presided over by "my uncle Raoul," was served like that of a rich and ostentatious habitant under similar circumstances. Besides the enormous number of dishes of meat with which the reader is already acquainted, each guest had by his side the inevitable sugared *galette*, a *croquecignole*, a tartlet of five inches in diameter, with more paste than preserve, and as much brandy as they could wish for. There were some bottles of wine on the table to which no one paid any attention; "that does not rasp ones throat enough," they said in their forcible language. This wine had been put on the table more for the women, who just then were occupied in waiting on the men, but would replace them after they had left. Josephte took a glass or two of wine, without being asked twice; but this was after the accustomed little glass of brandy to give them an appetite.

At the third table, which was spread in the large kitchen, Jules presided, assisted by his friend Archy. This table at which all the young fellows had seated themselves, was served exactly like my uncle Raoul's. Although at the two first tables, the greatest merriment reigned, there was nevertheless a certain restraint; but at the young Seignior's, more especially towards the end of the meal, which was prolonged late into the morning, there was such an uproar that they could not hear themselves speak.

The reader is under a great mistake if he thinks that the unhappy may-pole was allowed to repose itself after the murderous assaults already made on it; the guests kept getting up from table, and running to discharge their guns, hastened to replace themselves at table after this little act of courtesy.

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day of a wedding or any other rejoicing, the answer always is "But sir, surely *galette* is better than bread."

At the beginning of the dessert, the Seignior d'Haberville, accompanied by the ladies, visited the guests of the second and third tables, where they were received with great demonstrations of joy. There was a kind word for every body; the Seignior drank to the health of his tenants, the tenants drank to his health and that of his family, in the middle of at least twenty gunshots that were heard sounding from without.

This ceremony ended, Mons. d'Haberville, on returning to the table was asked for a little song, and every one prepared to join in the chorus.

The Seignior d'Haberville's song.

Ah! is not wine:
    Wine, wine, wine
A fine and rare invention!
To satisfy my passion
Let us drink its juice divine:
Shame to him who will not sip
Nor press the nectar to his lip:
    Lip, lip, lip;
Shame to him who will not sip
Nor press the nectar to his lip!

For when I steep:
    Steep, steep, steep
My throat in this bewild'ring draught,
It seems into my heart to waft
A joy that makes it madly leap:
Shame to him, who will not sip
Nor press the nectar to his lip!
    Lip, lip, lip;
Shame to him who will not sip
Nor press the nectar to his lip! *

This song was hardly finished, when uncle Raoul's sonorous voice was heard singing the following:

Ah! yes, I dearly love a glass:
A mania 'tis with me:
My word for this I frankly pass;
My folly all may see:
A toper leads a life divine
Need never feel uneasy;
May gaily toast the god of wine
And always take life easy.

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* The author thought he ought to record some of the old drinking songs, which were sung in his childhood; many of these songs, recall the merry makings, which alas! too often degenerated into excesses, and to which the temperance societies have happily put an end.

Ah! yes, I dearly love a glass,
A mania 'tis with me;
My word for this I frankly pass:
My folly all may see.
To the war let Joseph go
And bravely in the battle stand.
The only strife I love to know
Is one that's fought with glass in hand.
Ah! yes, I dearly love a glass, &c.

" It is now your turn, our young Seignior, they exclaimed at the third table; our elders have set us the example! "

" With all my heart, said Jules; and he entoned the following song:

Bacchus, seated on a cask,
Forbade me evermore to ask,
Water from the well or spring.
'Tis of wine, new wine alone,
Ev'ry bottle we must empty;
'Tis of wine, new wine alone;
Ev'ry flagon we must empty.

Nor King, nor Emperor of France,
Will ever have the happy chance
Of drinking a full bumper.
'Tis of wine, new wine alone,
Ev'ry bottle we must empty;
'Tis of wine, new wine alone;
Ev'ry flagon we must empty.

Whilst they spin, the dames and lasses,
The men and youths shall quaff their glasses;
And they shall drink full bumpers.
'Tis of wine, &c.

The noble amphitryons having once set the example, every one hastened to profit by it, and songs succeeded each other, with ever increasing excitement. That of the *père Chouinard*, (an old French soldier, who had retired from the service) in which love played a conspicuous part, without at all neglecting his brother Bacchus, met with the greatest success.

Père Chouinard's song.

Between Paris and Saint-Denis (bis)
I met a pretty girl
At the door of a cabaret,
And with her I went in.

Hostess draw us some good wine : (bis)
The best in the cellar ;
And if we cannot pay you now,
We'll promise you a pledge.

But what pledge will you promise me ? (bis)
A fine large scarlet cloak
To cut up into petticoats
And give to the youngsters.

Oh ! Sir and Ma'am please to walk up, (bis)
Into the room above :
And there you'll find to wait on you
Some pretty German girls.

German Girls ! I'll none of them :
I will have none but French,
Who always have such merry hearts
When filling up our glass.

And all the men's voices from three tables repeated in chorus :

I will have none but French,
Who always have such merry hearts,
When filling up our glass.

The *père Chouinard* having succeeded in putting an end to this gallant demonstration and having obtained a moment's silence, suggested that it was time to disperse. In warm terms, he thanked the Seignior d'Haberville for his hospitality, and proud of the success of his song, he proposed to drink anew to the health of the ladies of the manor-house, which proposition was hailed with enthousiasm by the numerous guests.

The joyous party then marched off singing "I will have none but French" to the accompaniment of gun-shots, which the echoes from the cape repeated long after their departure.

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CHAPTER IX.

THE FEAST OF ST. JOHN BAPTIST.

Formerly every parish kept the feast-day of its patron saint. The holyday of St. John the Baptist, the patron saint of the parish of St. Jean-Port-Joli, which fell during the finest season of the year, dit not fail to attract a great concourse of pilgrims, not only from the neighborhood, but also from great distances. The canadian habitants generally so much occupied with their rustic labors, had just, at that time, a little leisure, and the fine weather tempted them to profit by it. In every household there were great preparations for this solemn festival. Every where there was house-cleaning and white-washing going on, as well as scrubbing the floors and covering them with boughs of spruce; the "fatted calf" was killed, and the storekeepers had good sale for their liquors. On the 23rd June, the eve of St. John the Baptist, every house from the manor house and presbytery downwards, were filled with numerous pilgrims.

It was the Seignior who presented the "blessed bread" and selected from among his friends, two young ladies and two young gentlemen, (who were invited from Quebec a long time previously) to make the collection during the high mass which was celebrated in honor of the patron saint of the parish. It was no slight matter preparing the "blessed bread" and its accessory *cousins*, (a kind of cake) for the crowds who thronged, not only within the edifice, but also without, for the doors were all thrown open, so as to allow every one to participate in the holy sacrifice.

It was an understood thing that the Seignior and his friends should dine that day at the presbytery, and that the curé and his friends should sup at the manor house. A great number of the habitants, whose homes were too distant to return to between mass and vespers, took their meal in the little wood of cedar, fir and spruce which covered the valley, between the church and the river St. Lawrence. Nothing could be more picturesque than these groups, seated on the moss or the cool grass, around table-cloths of dazzling whiteness, which were spread on this carpet of verdure. The curé and his guests never failed to visit these groups, and exchange some words of friendship with the leading members of them.

On every side there were little booths, like *wigwams*, covered with branches of maple, and various other trees, where refreshments were sold. The vendors kept continually crying out in a monotonous voice, strongly accenting the first and last words " A la bonne bière ! au bon raisin ! à la bonne pimprenelle ! " (good beer ! good grapes ! good peppermint !) And fathers and lovers, excited by the occasion, slowly drew forth, from their pockets, the wherewithal to regale the children and the " *créatures*."

The country Canadians had inherited from their norman ancestors a very touching custom ; it was that of lighting a bonfire at nightfall on St. John's Eve. An octagonal pyramid, of about ten feet in height, was erected opposite the principal entrance to the church ; this pyramid, covered with branches of fir, stuck into the interstices of the logs of cedar of which it was built, had a very picturesque effect. The curé, accompanied by his clergy, issuing from the church-door recited the usual prayers, blessed the pyramid and with a taper lighted one of the little heaps of straw which were placed at each of the eight corners of the verdant cone. The flamme then rose sparkling, amidst joyous cries, and the spectators, firing off guns, did not disperse, till the whole pile was entirely consumed.

Blanche d'Haberville, her brother Jules and Locheill did not fail to be present at this joyous ceremony, as well as 'my uncle Raoul,' upon whom it was incumbent to represent his brother, detained at home by the rites of hospitality. An ill-natured person, looking at poor dear uncle Raoul leaning on his sword and standing a little in advance of the others, might perhaps have been tempted to compare him to the deceased Vulcan of limping memory, particularly when the blaze of the burning logs lit up all his person with a purple hue; still, this did not prevent him thinking himself the most important personage present.

There was another most powerful reason for 'my uncle Raoul' being present at the bonfire, and this was that it was the day for the public sale of salmon. On that day every *habitant*, who had a fishery, took the first salmon he had caught, and sold it at the church door, for the benefit of the good souls; that is to say he caused masses to be said for the deliverance of the souls in purgatory, with whatever money it fetched. As the crier announced the object to which the money* realised was to be applied, every one did his best to bid up the price of the fish. There is nothing more beautiful that this communion between catholics, and those of their kindred and friends that death has taken from them, their solicitude extending even to the invisible world. Our brethren of other forms of worship, like ourselves, shed bitter tear over the grave that hides those dearest to them on earth from their view; but there cease their tender cares!

When I was a child, my mother always made me finish my prayers with this appeal to the divine mercy: "Oh! my God! grant that my grandfather and grandmother may attain to thy holy paradise!" I was then praying for relations who were unknown to me, and but few in number; alas! now, at the end of a long career, how many should I not be obliged to add to the list, were I to enumerate all those dear ones, who are now no more!

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* This custom, which was formerly so prevalent, has not yet fallen quite into disuse; by way of thanking God for their prosperity, our habitants still sell the first fruits of their land at the door of the church (when the congregation is coming out) and apply the proceeds as already mentioned.

Night had long closed in, when 'my uncle Raoul,' Blanche, Jules and Locheill left the presbytery where they had been supping. The poor dear uncle who had some smattering of astronomy, explained the wonders of the ethereal vault to his niece whom he was driving in his carriage, but the youg men did not profit much by these treasures of astronomical science to the great disgust of the extempore professor, who taxed then with slyly spurring on their steeds who were far more rational than their riders. The young men, full of life, and drinking in enjoyment at every pore, on this magnificent evening, in the midst of the forest, excused themselves as they best could, and then recommenced their tricks, in spite of reiterated signs from Blanche, who, loving her uncle dearly, tried to avoid everything that might displease him. The way home was indeed the more agreeable, for the royalty road winded through woods, which, from time to time, intercepted their view of the St. Lawrence, (whose sinuous course they followed,) till an opening again disclosed to them its silvery waves.

At one of these glades, which gave to view the whole panorama from Cape Tourmente to Malbaie, Locheill could not restrain an exclamation of astonishment, and addressing my uncle Raoul said:

"Will you, sir, who explain so well the wonders of the heavens, be pleased to cast your looks earthward, and tell me the meaning of all those lights appearing simultaneously on the north coast, as fas as the eye can reach? Faith! I begin to believe our friend José's legend; Canada seems indeed to be the land of the imps, goblins, and genii with which my nurse rocked my infancy in the Scoth mountains.

"Ah," said my oncle Raoul, "let us stop a moment here; those are the folks on the north coast, who, on St. John's Eve, write to their friends and relations on the south coast. They use neither ink nor pen to give their news! Let us begin by Les Eboulements;

eleven adults have died in that parish since the autumn, three of whom were in the same house, that of my friend Dufour; the small-pox or some other malignant disease, must have visited the family, for the Dufours are fine men, and in the prime of life! The Tremblays are well, I am glad of that, for they are good people. There is some one ill at Bonneau's, probably it is the grandmother, for she is very aged. There is a child dead at Bélair's; I think it was their only one, for they have not been very long married."

My uncle Raoul went on thus for some time, ascertaining how his friends were at Les Eboulements, Ile aux Coudres, and the Little River.

"I think I understand," said Locheill, "without however having the key to it; these are signals which are previously agreed upon, and by which the habitants communicate interesting intelligence from one shore of the river to the other."

"Yes," replied my uncle Raoul, "and if we were on the north shore we should see similar signals from the south shore. If the fire which is once lighted, or which is being fed, burns for a long time without being extinguished, it is good news; if it burns with a half smothered flame, it is a sign of sickness; if it is at once extinguished it is a sign of death. So many times as it is suddenly extinguished, so many deaths are there. For an adult there is a large blaze; for a child, a small one. The means of communication being somewhat rare even in summer, and entirely suspended during the winter, man, with his usual ingenuity, has invented a very simple substitute.

"The same signals," continued my uncle Raoul, "are known by all sailors, who in cases of shipwreck make use of them to communicate their distress. No later than last year, five of our best hunters would have died of hunger, on the Loup-Marins flats, but for their knowledge of this code of signals. Towards the middle of March, there was so sudden a change of weather as to give every reason to believe that spring had arrived. The ice disappeared from the river, and the bustards, wild geese, and ducks, made their appearance in great numbers. Five of our hunters, well furnished with provisions (for our climate is treacherous in Canada) started for the flats; the bustards were in such abundance, that they left their provisions in the boat, which they hastily tied opposite the hut, so as to hasten to take their station in the channel where they had to *bore* before the ebbing of the tide. I suppose you know that what is called *boring*, is digging a ditch in the mud, about three or four feet deep, in which the hunter conceals himself in order to be in wait for the game which *is very shy*, more particularly the bustard and wild goose. It is not a very agreeable sport, for often you have to remain seven or eight hours crouching down on your heels in these holes, accompanied by your dog. You are in no want of something to kill the time, for in some places you have to be perpetually emptying out the muddy water, which threatens to drown you.

" All was ready, and our sportsmen were looking forward to being amply recompensed for their discomforts at the rising of the tide, when all at once there arose a fearful storm. The snow driven by the wind, fell so thick that the hunters could not see the game at three fathoms distance from them. Our friends having patiently waited until the rising of the tide drove them from their trenches, returned to their hut, sorely against their will. A sad sight awaited them; their boat had been carried away by the tempest, and the only provisions remaining for the five men, consisted of one loaf and a bottle of brandy, which they had placed in their hut on their first arrival, so that they might be able to take a glass and a mouthful of bread, before starting on their chase. They held a council and determined to lay down without supper; the snow storm might last three days, and it would be impossible for them there, midway between the two shores, (at least three leagues from either) to make their signals of distress visible to those on land. They were therefore obliged to economize their food. Alas! they were completely out in their reckoning; there ensued a regular second winter, the cold became intense, the snow storm lasted a week, and at the expiration of that time the river was covered with ice as in January.

"They then began to make signals of distress which were indeed seen from both shores of the St. Lawrence, but it was quite impossible to send help. To the signals of distress, there succeeded those of death. Every evening the fire was lighted and then extinguished; the death of three of the cast-aways had already been thus registered, when some of the habitants touched with compassion, attempted, at the peril of their lives, everything that could be done by brave and self-devoted men. It was all in vain; the river was so covered with ice that the stream carried the canoes either to the north-east or to the south-west, following the flow and ebb of the tide, without taking them any nearer to the scene of the disaster. It was only on the seventeenth day that they received succor from some men of the Ile-aux-Coudres, who had managed to bring up their canoe there. On their arrival, the *habitants* not hearing any sound in the hut, concluded that all the hunters must be dead. However they were all alive, though quite exhausted. After the usual means had been resorted to, to revive them, they were soon on their legs again, but they all determined (though somewhat too late) that another time when they landed on an island, even in the summer, the first thing they would do, would be to place their boat out of all danger from the tide." (*a*)

My uncle Raoul having spoken at some length, ended, like every one else, by being silent.

"Do you not think, my dear uncle," said Blanche, "that this fine calm evening, a song would add much to the charm of our drive, by the side of the prince of rivers?

"Oh yes, a song!" said the young men.

This was taking the chevalier on his weak side. He did not need to be asked twice, and sang with his magnificent tenor voice the following song, which was a particular favorite of his, as he had been a noted sportsman before he was wounded. Although (as he acknowledged) it sinned against the rules of versification, he contended that its lively pictures and great originality more than compensated for its faults.

My uncle Raoul's song.

Whilst late at eve I wander'd forth
Along a thicket's hidden path,
Chasing the partridge and the snipe
Through this charming wood,
I thought amidst the rushes
I might take aim;
In readiness I held my gun
To shoot at one.

To the warning voice I listene'd
Of my dog, the hunter's friend,
On I went, and aloud I cried
Those rushes beside;
Softly and tenderly I sang
Whilst going my rounds,
Descrying whilst I there did rove
A quarry of love.

I saw a damsel of beauty rare
Within that wood so fair,
By the way-side she was sitting
Gently reposing;
I, just then, let off my gun
Close to my fair one,
With startled scream the sound she greeted
Which the woods repeated.

My own sweet heart, I said to her,
Quite gently thus, I spoke to her,
I am but a brave hunter
Of me, pray have no fear,
On seeing you, my lovely one
Here all alone,
I would your trusty guardian be
And treat you tenderly.

Oh! soothe my fears awhile I pray,
And my alarm, oh! chase away,
The night has me o'ertaken here,
I've wander'd far and near,
Show me I pray the nearest road
To my rustic abode,
For without you, from hence, dear Sir,
Alive I could not stir.

Fair one! let me take your hand
Close by doth the Village stand,
I can do you, this slight pleasure
For I have leisure;
But before you haste away
My pretty one,
Will you not please to grant me this
Just one, sweet kiss?

To refuse you, would be hard,
For you merit a reward,
Take then two or even three
As best pleaseth thee;
You succor'd me so cheerfully
Such service gave
That too much honor 'twas for me,
Farewell, ... heartily!

"The devil!" said Jules "Sir Knight, you go right into the thing! I would bet any money that you were a terrible fellow among the women in your young days, and must have made many victims! come, my dear uncle, am I not right? do pray tell us some of your deeds of prowess."

"Ugly, ugly, my dear fellow" replied my uncle Raoul bridling up, "but I took amongst the women."

Jules was going to continue in the same strain, but seeing the looks of entreaty directed towards him by his sister, who was biting her lips to prevent laughing, he repeated the end of the last verse:

You succor'd me so cheerfully,
Such service gave
That too much honor, 'twas for me,
Farewell, ... heartily.

The young men were going on singing in chorus, when on arriving at a clearing, they perceived a fire burning in the wood, at a short distance from the road.

"It is the witch of this domain" said my uncle Raoul.

"I have always forgotten to ask why she is called the witch of this domain" said Archy.

"Because she has established her favorite domicile in these woods, which were formerly on the d'Haberville estate," replied my uncle Raoul, "my brother has exchanged it for the present domain, in order to be nearer his mill at Three-Salmons."

"Let us go and pay a visit to poor Mary," said Blanche, "in my childhood she used every spring to bring me the earliest flowers of the forest, and the first strawberries of the season."

My uncle Raoul made some objections on the score of the lateness of the hour, but as he could never refuse his charming niece anything, they fastened their horses at the entrance of a copse and approched the sorceress.

Poor Mary's dwelling did not in any respect resemble that of the sybil of Cumes, nor that of any other sybil ancient or modern. It was a log hut, the beams unfinished and hung within with moss of different colors, whilst, without, its conical roof was covered with birch-bark and branches of spruce.

Mary, seated at the door of the hut on a fallen tree, was watching some meat cooking in a frying pan, which she held over a fire that was surrounded by stones to prevent it from spreading. She paid no attention to the visitors, but according to her usual custom, went on with a conversation she had commenced with an invisible being, behind her, to whom she kept repeating incessantly making gestures as if driving it away sometimes with her right hand and sometimes with her left, which she shook behind her: "go! go! it is you who are bringing the Englishman to eat up the Frenchman!"

"Now then! prophetess of ill omen," said my uncle Raoul "when you have finished talking to the devil, will you be so kind as to tell me, what is the meaning of this menace?"

"Come now Mary" added Jules "tell us, do you really believe that you are talking to the devil? You may be able to impose on the *habitants*; but you ought to know that we do not believe in such folly."

"Go! go!" continued the witch making the same gesticulation, "it is you, who are bringing the English to eat up the French."

"I will speak to her" said Blanche; "she loves me and will answer me, I am sure."

Then approaching her, she placed her hand on the old woman's shoulder and said in her sweetest voice:

"Do you not know me, my good Mary? Do you not recognise your little seignioress, as you used to call me when I was a child?"

The poor woman broke off her monologue, and looked with affection on the beautiful young girl. Even a tear stood in her eye without being able to flow, there were so few of them in that fevered and ever-scorching head! (*b*)

"My dear Mary" said Mlle. d'Haberville "why do you lead this wild and wandering life? Why do you live in the woods, you the wife of a rich *habitant*, the mother of a numerous family? Your poor little children brought up by strangers, have much need of their own good mother! After the fête I will come for you with mama and we will take you home: she will speak to your husband, who still loves you; you must be very unhappy!"

The poor woman bounded on her seat; and her eyes flashed fire, whilst erect and white with anger, she exclaimed looking at those present.

"Who dares speak of my woes?

"Is it the beautiful young lady, the pride of her parents who will never be either wife or mother?

"Is it the rich and noble young lady brought up daintily, who will soon like me have no shelter but a hut? Woe! woe! woe!" She rose suddenly and as she was darting into the forest exclaimed anew, on seeing Jules much affected.

"Is it indeed Jules d'Haberville who weeps over my woes?

"Is it indeed Jules d'Haberville the bravest of the brave, whose bloody corpse I see dragged along the plains of Abraham?

"Is it indeed he who waters with his blood my country's last glorious battle field? Woe! woe!"

"It grieves me much to see this poor woman," said Lochiell, as again she turned to dart into the thicket.

She heard what he said, and returning for the last time, crossed her arms, and said to him with a bitter calmness:

"Keep your pity for yourself, Archibald Lochiell, the witch of this domain has no need of your pity! Keep it for yourself and for your friends! Keep it for yourself, when, forced to execute a barbarous order, you shall tear with your nails that breast, which nevertheless covers a noble and generous heart. Keep your pity for your friends, oh Archibald Lochiell! when you shall apply the incendiary torch to their peaceful dwellings; when the old men, the sick, the women and children, shall flee before you like sheep before a raging wolf! Keep your pity; you will have need of it, when you shall carry in your arms the bleeding corpse of him you call brother! oh! Archibald Lochiell! I feel one great sorrow, that of not being able to curse you! Woe! woe! woe!"

And she disappeared in the forest.

"May an Englishman choke me" said my uncle Raoul, "if mad Mary is not the very model of all the sorceresses sung by both ancient and modern poets; she must have got out of bed the wrong way for she is generally so polite and gentle with us."

All agreed that they had never heard her speak in this strain before. They went the rest of the way in silence, for though they paid no heed to her words, they had nevertheless produced a feeling of sadness. This little cloud however was soon dispersed on arriving at the manor-house where they found a large party assembled. They could hear joyous shouts of laughter even from the road, and the cape echoed back the burden of the song.

Bring back your sheep fair shepherdess,
Fair shepherdess, your sheep.

The dancers had broken one of the links of the round dance, and in every sense of the word ran over the court of the manor-house in single file. They surrounded the chevalier's carriage, again linked the chain, and danced round several times, calling out to Mlle. d'Haberville: "Descend, fair shepherdess."

Blanche sprang lightly from the carriage, the leader of the dance took possession of her and began to sing.

The fairest of all we now behold
The fairest of all we now behold,
Within my own, her hand I hold
Within my own, her hand I hold;
Too soon must end my happiness
Bring back your sheep, fair shepherdess,
Bring them back, oh! bring them back
Your sheep, your sheep, fair shepherdess,
Bring them back, oh! bring them back
Fair shepherdess, your sheep.

They then danced round the chevalier's carriage several times singing:

Bring them back, oh! bring them back
Fair shepherdess, your sheep.

They then broke the chain and all the joyous party filed off into the house dancing and singing the joyous burden of their song.

My uncle Raoul at length delivered from these pitiless dancers, descended from his carriage as he best could, and joined the rest of the party at the refreshment table.

CHAPTER X.

> Tout homme qui, à quarante ans, n'est pas misanthrope, n'a jamais aimé les hommes.
>
> CHAMPFORT.
>
> J'ai été prodigieusement fier jusqu'à quarante-cinq ans : mais le malheur m'a bien courbé et m'a rendu aussi humble que j'étais fier. Ah ! c'est une grande école que le malheur ! j'ai appris à me courber et à m'humilier sous la main de Dieu.
>
> CHENEDOLLÉ.

THE GOOD GENTLEMAN.

The two months that Jules was to pass with his family, before leaving for Europe, had already expired, and the vessel in which he had taken his passage was to sail in a few days. Lochiell was in Quebec, making preparations for a voyage of two months, at the very least. An ample stock of provisions was necessary, and Mons. d'Haberville had entrusted the young Scotchman with providing them, while Jules' mother and sister packed in the young men's trunks all the delicacies that their thoughtful kindness could suggest . The nearer approached the time of a separation which might be for ever, the more attentive was Jules to his kind parents, whom he hardly left at all. Still, he said to them one day :

" I have promised ' the good gentleman,' as you already know, to go and sleep at his house before leaving for Europe ; I shall be back to breakfast here to-morrow morning."

So saying, he took his gun and started in the direction of the woods, as much for a little shooting, as to make the road shorter.

Monsieur d'Egmont whom every body called 'the good gentleman' lived at a little house, on the Three Salmons River, about three-quarters of a league from the manor-house. He lived there with a faithful old servant, who had shared his good and evil fortunes. Andrew Francœur was of the same age as his master and was also his foster-brother: the companion of his childish games, and in his riper years more his friend and confident than his servant, Andrew had found it as natural to attach himself to him, when oppressed by the iron hand of misfortune, as when in happier days he had followed him in his parties of pleasure, and received the presents which his good and generous master constantly heaped upon him.

'The good gentleman' and his servant were then living on the income of a small capital, to which they had both contributed. It might even be said that the servant's share from his savings was larger than that of the master accruing from a small income allowed him by his family when he was living in France. Was it honorable in Monsieur d'Egmont to live partly on Francœur's savings? every one will answer, no; but the 'good gentleman' reasoned differently:

"I was formerly rich, I dispensed the greater part of my fortune in obliging my friends, I bestowed benefits on every body indiscriminately, and my noble friends have only paid me with ingratitude. Andrew is the only one who has showed any gratitude, Andrew is the only whose heart has proved noble; I can therefore without indelicacy unite my fortunes to his, as I would have done with one in my own rank, if I had been able to find one as generous as my servant; besides the whole will be for the survivor."

When Jules arrived, 'the good gentleman' was busy weeding a patch of lettuces in his garden. Absorbed in his work, he did not see his young friend, who leaning on the fence, looked at him in silence, and listened to his monologue.

"Poor insect!" said the good gentleman, "poor little insect! I have been unfortunate enough to hurt you, and see the other ants who were formerly your friends, rush on you to eat you up! these little creatures are then as cruel as men! I will come to your assistance; and I thank you madam ants, for the lesson, as I have now a better opinion of my own species."

"Poor misanthrope!" thought Jules, "how much he must have suffered, with so sensitive a mind!"

Then noiselessly withdrawing, he entered by the garden gate.

Monsieur d'Egmont made a joyful exclamation on seeing his young friend, and embraced him affectionately; he had known him from childhood and loved him as his own child. Although for the last thirty years that he had lived on the d'Haberville estate, he had steadily refused to go and, with his faithful servant, live entirely at the manor-house, he nevertheless paid frequent visits there, extending them frequently to more than a week's duration, particularly in the absence of other visitors; for without positively avoiding society, he had suffered too much in his relations with men in his own class, to be able cordially to take part in their noisy pleasures.

Although Monsieur d'Egmont was so poor he did not fail to do a great deal of good; he comforted the afflicted, visited the sick, doctored them with herbs with whose hidden virtues his botanical researches had revealed to him; and if his charities were not abundant, they were distributed so cheerfully and with so much delicacy, that the poor were more gratified with them than with the far more considerable ones bestowed by many of the rich. They seemed indeed to have forgotten his name for the sake of bestowing on him that of 'the good gentleman.'

When Monsieur d'Egmont and his young friend entered the house after a short walk round the grounds, Andrew placed on the table a dish of fine trout, and another of broiled wild pigeons covered with raw chervil.

"It is not a very expensive supper," said 'the good gentleman,' "I caught the trout myself before the door an hour ago, and Andrew shot the pigeons at sunrise, in that dead tree at half a gun-shot's distance from here; you see without being a Seignior, I have a fish pond and dove-cot on my domain. A salad of lettuce dressed with cream, a bowl of raspberries, and a bottle of wine will complete your supper, my friend Jules!"

"And never have fish-pond and dove-cot furnished a better meal to a hungry sportsman," said the latter.

They had a very cheerful meal, for Mons. d'Egmont, in spite of his great age, seemed to have resumed the cheerfulness of his youth in order to amuse his young friend. His conversation always amusing, was also instructive, for he had associated much with men in his youth, and had also found in study a solace in his misfortunes.

"How do you like this wine?" said he to Jules, who, whilst eating like a wolf, had already swallowed several bumpers.

"Excellent, on my honor."

"You are a connoisseur, my friend," answered Mons. d'Egmont, "and if it is true that age improves men and wine, this wine ought to be good, and I myself ought to have arrived at perfection, for I am nearly ninety years of age."

"Doubtless," said Jules, "that is why you are called 'the good gentleman.'"

"My son, the Athenians banished Aristoles, even while calling him 'the Just.' But do not let us talk of men but of wine, I seldom drink any myself, I have learnt to do without that, as well as many other luxuries that are not necessary to our well being, and I still enjoy perfect health. This wine, which you find so good, is older than you are; its age is not very great perhaps for a man, but it is great for wine. Your father sent me a basket of it the day you were born, for he was so happy that he made presents to all his friends. I have always taken great care of it and only produce it on rare occasions like this. Your health, my son, and success to your undertakings; and promise me that when you return to New France, you will come and sup with me and drink the last bottle of this wine, which I will keep for you.

" You look at me with astonishment, you are thinking that, in all probability, I shall long before your return have paid that last debt, which the most reluctant debtor owes to nature ! You are wrong, my friend, a man like me never dies. But see, as we have done supper, let us leave the table and go and seat ourselves *sub tegmine fagi*, i. e. at the foot of that splendid walnut tree, whose tufted branches are reflected in the limpid waters of this charming river."

It was a magnificent evening, a few rays of the moon, then at its full, were playing in the stream at their feet, and the ripple of the water was the only sound that disturbed the stillness of this fine Canadian evening. Monsieur d'Egmont remained silent for some minutes, with his head leaning on his breast; and Jules, not wishing to interrupt his reverie, traced geometrical figures with his finger in the sand.

" I have wished very much, my dear Jules," said ' the good gentleman,' " to converse with you before your departure for Europe, and before you enter on life. I know very well that other people's experience is of but little use, and that every one must buy his own ; but no matter, I shall at any rate have had the satisfaction of opening my heart to you, that heart which ought to have withered long ago, but which still beats as warm as when I was the life of the gay circle of my friends, half a century ago. You looked at me with astonishment just now, my son, when I told you, that a man like me never dies, you thought it was a metaphor, but I spoke in all sincerity. I have so often on my knees prayed for death, that I have ended by hardly believing in its existence. The heathens made a divinity of it, doubtless this was to pray to it in the time of great misfortune. If what physiology teaches us is true, and our sufferings are occasioned by the sensitiveness of our nerves, and proceed from our whole organization, then, my son, I have suffered enough to have killed fifty of the most robust men."

Again 'the good gentleman' was silent, and Jules threw some pebbles into the water.

"See," resumed the old man, "this stream which flows so peacefully at our feet; in an hour, at the most, it will join the more turbulent waters of the large river, in whose vicissitudes it will partake, and in a few days mingled with the waves of the Atlantic, it will be the plaything of all those furious storms which heave its waters up even to the clouds. Behold the picture of our life! Till now, your days have been as peaceful as the waters of my little river, but very soon you will be tossed on the broad stream of life, and pass onwards to the dangers of that immense ocean of humanity which overthrows all it meets with! I have known you from your birth, d'Haberville, I have marked all the phases of your youthful existence with an attentive eye, I have carefully studied your disposition, and it is this that makes me wish for the conversation we are now holding; for never was there a more perfect resemblance than between your disposition and mine. Like you I was by nature, good-hearted, sensitive, and generous even to prodigality. How came it then, that these precious gifts which ought to have ensured me a happy life, have been the cause of all my misfortunes? how comes it, oh my son! that these good qualities, so much prized among men, have risen up against me to my ruin, like so many implacable enemies? how comes it, that like pitiless enemies they have cast me down and rolled me in the dust? It seems to me however that I deserved a better fate. Like yourself, I was born of rich parents who idolised me, and thus it was always easy for me to follow the dictates of my benevolent nature. Like you, I only sought to make myself beloved by all who surrounded me.

Like you, in my childhood, I had pity on every thing which I saw suffer; on the insect that I had inadvertently wounded, on the little bird which had fallen from its nest. I wept for the fate of the little ragged beggar who told me his tale of woe; I took off my own clothes to cover him; and if my parents, not without bestowing some little scolding, had not incessantly seen to my wardrobe, the son of the rich Mons. d'Egmont would have been the worst clothed of all the boys in the college where he boarded. It is needless to add that, like yourself, my hand was always open to all my companions: as they said, 'I kept nothing for myself.' After all, it is strange," continued the good gentleman closing his eyes as if speaking to himself, "it is strange that I did not then meet with any ingratitude from my young companions? Is ingratitude the lot of the grown man? Or is it a snare which this charming human nature spreads before the good-hearted, confiding, and generous child, in order the better to despoil him afterwards, when it is better worth its while? I cannot make this out; but still, no! childhood and youth, cannot be so depraved! It would drive one to despair, to curse...

"And you Jules," resumed the old man after this aside, "have you already met with ingratitude from those you have been of use to, that despicable ingratitude which stupifies you, and pierces your heart like a dagger?"

"Never!" said the young man

"Then it must be self-interest, the natural consequence of civilization which causes ingratitude; the more man stands in need of, the more ungrateful he is. This recalls to my mind a little anecdote, for which this is a fitting place. About twenty years ago, a poor Indian of the Huron tribe, arrived at my house in a most pitiable state (*a*). It was spring-time; he had had a long and toilsome walk, and had swam across icy streams, when very warm, so that he had a violent attack of pleurisy, accompanied by a most alarming inflammation of the lungs. I saw that in bleeding him profusely lay his only chance of life. I had never bled any one, and, with my penknife, I made my first essay in the art of phlebotomy on this man of nature. To be brief, herbs and assiduous care operated a cure ; but the recovery was long, and he remained two months at my house. At the end of a short time, Andrew and myself were able to speak the Huron tongue like natives. He told me that he was a great warrior and a great hunter, but that an immoderate use of brandy had been his ruin; that he had a large debt to pay, but that he would be more steady in future. His thanks were as brief as his farewell : ‘ My heart is too full to speak long,’ said he, ‘ a Huron warrior ought not to cry like a woman ; thank you, my brothers.’ And he plunged into the woods.

“ I had completely forgotten my Indian, when four years afterwards, he arrived at my house in company with another one. He was no longer the same man, as the one I had seen in so pitiable a condition, he was splendidly dressed and everything about him announced the great warrior, and the great hunter, qualities which are inseparable among the natives of North America. He and his companion deposited, in the corner of my room, two packages of merchandise of considerable value, for they consisted of the richest furs, the most splendid mocassins embroidered with porcupine quills, the most costly work in bark, and other articles in which the Indians trade with us. I congratulated him on the fortunate change in his circumstances.

“ ‘ Listen, my brother,’ said he, ‘and pay attention to my words. I owe you much, and I have come to pay my debts. You saved my life, for you know good medicine. You have done more, for you also know the words which enter into the heart. From the drunken dog I was, I have become the man that the Great Spirit created. You were rich when you lived on the other side of the Great Lake. This wigwam is too small for you ; build one large enough for your great heart. All these things belong to you.’

"I was melted to tears at this primitive man's act of gratitude. In the course of a long life, I had then met with two grateful men; the faithful Andrew, my foster-brother, and this poor child of nature, who, seeing that out of all his gifts I would only accept a pair of mocassins, uttered his piercing cry *houa*, striking his mouth with three fingers, and started off full speed, followed by his companion. In spite of my enquiries, I have never been able to obtain any tidings of him, since that time. Our good Curé undertook to sell the goods, and the proceeds, as well as the interest of them, have been lately distributed to the Indians of his tribe."

'The good gentleman' sighed, collected his thoughts a moment, and then went on with his narration:

"I am now going, my dear Jules, to tell you of the happiest and the unhappiest period of my life: five years of happiness! fifty years of suffering! Oh, my God! for one day, only one day, of my joyous youth, to make me forget all that I have suffered! One day of that delirious joy which seems as acute as physical pain. Oh! for one hour, but one hour of those hearty and stirring peals of laughter, which gladden the heart, even to bursting, and which like a refreshing draught from Lethe, efface every mournful memory from the mind! How light my heart was, when surrounded by my friends, I presided at the festive board! One of those happy days, oh! my God! when I believed in sincere friendship, when I had faith in gratitude, when I knew nothing of ingratitude!

"When I had completed my studies, all careers were open to me; I had only to choose; that of arms seemed to be the most natural for a man of my birth; but it was repugnant to me to shed the blood of my fellow creatures. I obtained a place of great trust in a public office. With my disposition it was the road to ruin. I was myself rich; as my father had left me a large fortune, and the emolument from my appointment being considerable, I rolled in the wealth that I despised.

"I will not seek," said the good gentleman, striking his fore head with his two hands, "to palliate my folly by charging others with my misfortunes; ah! no! but it is certain that I should have been able to meet my own expenses, but not those of my friends, nor those of my friends' friends, who threw themselves on me like famished wolves on an easy prey. I bear them no ill-will, they only acted according to their nature; when a beast of prey is hungry, it devours everything it meets with. Unable to refuse being of use to them, my hand was never closed; I became not only their banker, but if they had need of a security, of some one to endorse their bills, my signature was at the service of every one of them. My dear Jules, that was my great mistake, for I can say with truth, that ninety-nine times out of a hundred, I have been obliged, even when embarrassed myself, to liquidate their debts out of my own pocket to save my credit and avoid that ruin, which otherwise would have been imminent. A great English poet has said: "Neither lend nor borrow, if thou would'st keep thy friends." My dear son, give in handfuls, since you have an irresistible longing to do so, but at least be careful of your signature; you may be always pressed for money, but you will escape the misfortunes which for the last half century have embittered my existence.

"My private affairs were so mixed up with those of my office, that I was some little time before I perceived their alarming condition. When on looking into my accounts I discovered the truth, I was thunderstruck. Not only was I ruined, but also there was a considerable defalcation! Bah! I said to myself at last, what signifies the loss of my wealth! of what consequence to me is the gold I have always despised! Let me pay my debts; I am young, I am not afraid of work, I shall always find enough of it to do. Besides what need I fear? My friends owe me considerable sums, and when once they are aware of my financial difficulties, not only will they hasten to liquidate their debts, but also if necessary will do for me what I have so often done for them. How foolish I was, my son, to judge of others by myself. I would have moved heaven and earth to have saved a friend from ruin; I would have made the greatest sacrifices. How foolish and credulous I was, those miserable men were right to laugh at me.

" I made out a statement of what I owed, of the value of my property, and clearly saw that after getting in what was owing to me, and selling my estates, I should only owe a balance that with the help of my relations I could easily pay. My spirits rose again. How little I knew of men! I imparted my difficulties, in confidence, to those indebted to me. I told them that I trusted in their friendship to keep the thing quiet, that time pressed, and that I begged of them to pay me what they owed me as soon as possible. I found them as cool as I ought to have expected. Several to whom I had lent money without taking any acknowledgment in writing, had even forgotten that they owed me anything! Those whose notes I held, told me that it was not very generous to take them unawares, and that they would never have expected it of a friend. The greater number of those who had had any transactions at my office, impudently pretended that I was their debtor. They were right, I owed them a trifle, but they owed me considerable sums. I asked them to come to a settlement, they promised me to do so, but never did; on the contrary, they took pleasure in undermining my credit by spreading the report that I was ruined, and that I had the face to ask payment of imaginary debts. They did more; they turned me into ridicule, saying that I was an extravagant fool. One of them, who six months previously had only been able to keep a situation, (which he was nearly losing through committing a breach of confidence,) by means of the pecuniary assistance I rendered him, and the secret of which will die with me, was for ever exercising his wit at my expense ; and his witticisms were immensely successful among my old friends. This last piece of ingratitude quite overwhelmed me.

There was but one, and that one a mere acquaintance whom I had sometimes met in society, who having got wind of my impending ruin, at once said to me :

" 'We have had business together, and I bring you what I think is the balance owing to you, look at your books and see if it is all right.'

" He has long been dead, honor to his memory ! and may his children benefit by an old man's blessing !

" Time pressed, as I have said, and even if I had had the heart to institute proceedings, nothing could have saved me.

" The intrigues of both friends and enemies who were eager to share in my spoils formed an addition to my difficulties, and my at last giving way, was only what might be expected. I could not face the storm any longer, so bowed my head, and resigned myself to it.

" I would not wish, my son, to sadden your young heart with the recital of all I have suffered, suffice it to say that in the clutches of pitiless creditors, I drank the cup of bitterness to its very dregs. Apart from the ingratitude of my friends, I was not a man to suffer much for myself individually. My natural good spirits would not even have abandoned me within the walls of the Bastille ; I could have danced to the discordant music of its creaking bolts. But my family ! my family, and oh ! that poignant remorse which haunts us by day, and chases away our sleep by night, which gives us no truce nor rest and gnaws at our very heart-strings. My opinion is, my son, that with very rare exceptions, every one who has the means, pays his debts ; the torments he endures at the sight of his creditors being more than sufficient to make him do so, without his being subjected to the rigor of laws which are often made for the rich to the detriment of the poor. Look into all the codes of law, both ancient and modern, and you will be struck with the barbarous egotism which dictated them all. Can one indeed imagine a more humiliating torture than that felt by a debtor in the presence of his creditor? generally some miserly fellow, to whom he is obliged to bow and scrape. Can one imagine anything more humiliating than to be obliged to be perpetually dodging to avoid meeting a creditor?

"One thing has always struck me: which is that civilization warps man's powers of judgment, and that as regards common sense, that strong common sense, that one might expect to find in every civilized being, (I except however the domestic animals educated in our families), the savage is very superior to us. I will give you an amusing example. Some years ago at New York, an Iroquois was seen contemplating a vast edifice of sinister aspect; its high walls and barred windows puzzled him greatly: it was a prison. Presently a magistrate entered on the scene.

"'Will the pale-face tell his brother,' said the Indian, 'of what use this large wigwam is?'

"The citizen bridled up, and answered in a consequential tone:

"'That is where we shut up the red-skins who refuse to pay to the merchants the beaver skins which they owe them.'

"The Iroquois examined the edifice with increasing interest, went round it, and asked to be admitted inside it. The magistrate, being likewise a merchant, took good care not to refuse him, hoping to inspire with salutary terror the other Indians, to whom this one would not fail to relate the clever, as well as ingenious, means that the pale-faces took to oblige the red-skins to pay their debts.

"The Iroquois visited all the edifice with the most minute care, descended into the cells, tried the depth of the wells, listened attentively to the least noise he heard; and ended by saying with fits of laughter:

" 'But Indian not able to take beaver here?'

" In five minutes the Indian had given the solution of a problem which civilized man has not yet had the sense, the plain common sense, to solve after centuries of study. This simple and ignorant man, not being able to believe that a civilized nation whose grand inventions he admired, was capable of such an amount of folly, had believed in all simplicity, that subterranean canals had been excavated, which communicated with those rivers and lakes that were the richest in beaver; and that Indians were incarcerated there, in order to give them greater facilities for hunting these valuable amphibia, and thus the quicker to satisfy their creditors. The walls and iron gratings seemed to him to have been necessitated by prudence as a protection to these treasures.

" You understand, Jules, that I am now going to speak to you, only in the interest of the creditor who deserves both sympathy and pity; and not in that of the debtor, who after having wandered about all day haunted by fearful misgivings, at night, gnaws his pillow in despair after having watered it with his tears.

" I was young, only thirty-three, an age when life has hardly begun; I had talent, energy, and strong trust in my own powers. I said to my creditors, take all I possess, but do not exercise your right of arrest; leave me liberty of action, and I will do my best to satisfy your claims. If you paralyze my efforts, you do yourselves wrong. This plain reasoning was above the comprehension of civilized man; our friend the Iroquois would have understood it, he would have said: 'my brother not able to take 'beaver, if the pale-face drives him out of his senses, 'and ties his hands.' Well! my creditors paid no heed to this reasoning which is easy enough to understand; and they kept this sword of Damocles suspended over my head for thirty years, the time allowed them by the laws of the country."

"But it was most amazingly foolish!" exclaimed Jules.

"One of them, however," continued the good gentleman, smiling sadly at Jules' sally, "I say, that one of them, who was delightfully ingenious in conferring torture, took out a warrant for arresting me; and by a refinement of cruelty, worthy of a Caligula, only executed it eighteen months afterwards. Can any one imagine more fearful suffering than that endured by a man surrounded by a numerous family, who for eighteen months sees them tremble at every sound they hear, and shudder at the sight of every stranger believing him to be the bearer of an order for the incarceration of the one dearest to them! The only thing that astonishes me is, that we were not quite overwhelmed with this weight of intense suffering!"

"This state of suspense was so unbearable, that twice I went to my creditor, begging him, for God's sake, to make an end of the matter and put me in prison. He did so, at last, but he took his own time. I could have thanked him on my knees, I enjoyed a sort of negative happiness within my prison gate, in defying the malice of man to inflict greater suffering on me!

"During the first month of his captivity, a prisoner experiences a singular want; it is a feverish restlessness, a continual necessity for locomotion! During his meals, and even during the night he rises to satisfy it, like a lion in its cage. May that noble animal forgive me for comparing him to man! He only devours when he is hungry: and his hunger once satisfied, he is generous towards all the weak creatures he meets with.

"After this trying time, this feverish restlessness, after this death-cry of the man so lately free, I, in my captivity, felt a tranquillity like that experienced by a sailor who, busied in working a vessel during a fearful storm, only feels the shock of the last waves which strike the ship after the tempest has ceased; for apart from the numberless vexations and humiliations of captivity, and apart also from the grief which I felt for my disconsolate family, I was certainly less miserable. I thought I had swallowed the last drop of bitterness in that cup of sorrow which the malice of man is for ever holding to the fevered lips of his brethren. I had not considered the hand of God which now made itself felt by the madman, who was the architect of his own misfortunes. Two of my children fell so dangerously ill at two different periods, that the doctors despairing of their lives, told me each day that their end was approaching. It was then that I felt the full weight of my chains. It was then, that like the mother of Christ, I might have exclaimed: "Behold and see if there is any sorrow like unto mine!" I knew my children were dying, and I was only separated from them by the width of the street. During those long sleepless nights, I could see people moving about by their bedsides, and the lights being carried from room to room; and every moment I dreaded to see these signs of life disappear, for they announced to me that my children still required being nursed with maternal love. I am ashamed to acknowledge that I was often so overcome by despair, that I was tempted to dash out by brains against the bars of my window. To know that my children were on their death-bed, and not be able to fly to their succor, to bless them, and press them in my arms for the last time!

"All this time my persecutor knew as well as I did all that was passing in my family. Pity then is extinct in the heart of man, to take refuge in the heart, I was going to say, the soul of unreasoning animals! The lamb bleats piteously when its companion's throat is cut; the ox roars with rage and grief when he scents the blood of one of his own species; the horse snorts loudly, and utters that mournful neighing which thrills through one, at the sight of his brother writhing in the agonies of death; the dog howls plaintively during his master's illness! But man follows his brother to his last resting-place, whispering and chatting of his business and relating amusing stories!

"Lift up your head in pride, oh master of the creation! you have the right to do so! Raise your proud head to Heaven, oh man! whose heart is as cold as the gold you finger night and day! Pelt mud by handfuls at the man, who warm-hearted, with strong passions, and blood burning like vitriol in his veins, has erred in his youth! Raise high your head proud Pharisee, and say: 'I have never erred!' Less forgiving than the Divine Master whom you pretend to serve, and who pardons the repentant sinner, take no heed of the sufferings which scorch the heart like the burning wind of the desert, of the wasting remorse which after fifty years of the strictest probity, still gnaws the heart of him whose impetuous passions have led him astray in his youth, and say: 'I, I have never erred!'"

The good gentleman clasped his breast with both hands, and kept silence for a short space of time, and then exclaimed—

"Forgive me, my son, if carried away by the remembrance of so much suffering, I have given vent to my wrongs in all the bitterness of my heart. It was only the seventh day after the arrival of his friends, that the great Arabian poet Job, who sang of so many sorrows, uttered this heart-rending cry: *pereat dies in quâ natus sum!* I my son, have buried my wrongs in the depths of my heart for fifty years! forgive me then if I have spoken in all the bitterness of my soul; if soured by misfortune, I have calumniated all men alike, for there are many noble exceptions.

"As I had long before given up everything I possessed to my creditors, and all my movables and immovables had been sold on their behalf, I presented petition upon petition to the king, in order to procure my enlargement after four years imprisonment. The ministers were of opinion that all things considered, I had suffered sufficiently, but a difficulty arose, which was this : when a debtor has made an honest and complete surrender of all he possesses, and has sold all his movables and immovables, does anything remain to him? It was a ticklish question! however after debating it a long time, they decided in the negative, in spite of an argument three hours long from a great mathematician, a fine speaker, who undertook to prove that if two is paid out of two, a small fraction will remain. So they ended by very politely shewing me the door.

"My prospects being as completely destroyed as my heart, I have since then only vegetated, without being of use to myself, or to others.

"But now, my son, only see the ill-luck which pursued me. When I gave up all my property to my creditors, I asked of them as a favor, to let me still enjoy an estate then of little value, but which I foresaw would be very productive eventually; promising them to use every effort both morally and physically to make the most of it for their benefit. Of course they only laughed in my face, for there was beaver to be taken there! Well! Jules, this same estate, the sale of which at that time hardly covered the costs of the proceedings, was at the end of ten years, sold for an enormous price, which would more than have liquidated all my debts, for of course people had taken delight in exaggerating the amount in the newspapers and everywhere; but I was so disheartened and broken down with the weight of my disgrace, that I had not even the heart to appeal against this injustice. When I was a little calmer, I made out an accurate statement of my debts, and they only amounted to one third of the fabulous sum which had been reported.

"Europe was too thickly peopled for me; I embarked for New France with my faithful Andrew, and I chose this solitary spot, where I should have, lived happily, if I could have drank of the waters of Lethe. The ancients, who were our masters in all that concerns the imagination, doubtless created this river for the consolation of suffering humanity. Having for a long time been imbued with the errors of the sixteenth century, I exclaimed in my pride: ‘Oh my fellow-men! If I have had my share of your vices, I have at any rate seldom found one amongst you who possessed any of my virtues!’ Religion, our beneficent mother, has since then checked these proud emotions and made me examine myself. I have bowed myself beneath the hand of God, fully persuaded that in following my natural inclinations, I could claim no merit.

“.You are the first person, my son, to whom I have ever related the history of my life, and I have suppressed several painful episodes, for knowing how tender your heart is, I have spared your feelings. My end is gained; and now let us spend part of the evening with my faithful domestic, who will appreciate your showing him this mark of attention before your departure for Europe.”

When they entered the house, Andrew was just finishing arranging a bed on a sofa, which was the result of the combined mechanical skill of master and man. This piece of furniture, of which both were very proud, had one leg shorter than the others, but the inventive genius of Francœur remedied this little inconvenience by means of a small block of wood.

“This sofa,” said the good gentleman, with a well satisfied look, “cost Andrew and me more calculation that it cost the great architect Perrault to build the Colonnade of the Louvre, the pride of the great monarch; but to our honor, be it said, we achieved it. It is true that one leg presents arms to all comers, but what piece of work is faultless!

“As for you, friend Francœur, you ought to have remembered, that a soldier was to sleep in this camp-bed, and have left the leg, that you have propped up, still presenting arms.”

Andrew did not much relish this joke, which ruffled his artistic vanity a little, but could not help laughing at his master's tirade.

After spending a long evening, the good gentleman presented Jules with a little silver candlestick of exquisite workmanship :

" This, my dear boy, is the only thing left me by my creditors of my former wealth ; perhaps it was meant to charm my wakeful nights ! Good night, my son, at your age one sleeps soundly ; I shall now go and say my prayers beneath the vault of this great temple, which always strikes me with awe by announcing the power and grandeur of God, and when I shall again enter beneath my roof, you will have long been in the arms of Morpheus."

So saying, he tenderly embraced him.

CHAPTER XI.

Sæpè malum hoc nobis, si mens non læva fuisset,
De cælo tactas memini prædicere quercus.
VIRGILE.

MADAME D'HABERVILLE'S LEGEND.

All was sad and silent in the d'Haberville manor-house ; even the servants went about their duties with a downcast look, very different from their usual gaiety when waiting on this good family. Madame d'Haberville restrained her tears so as not to distress her husband, and Blanche hid herself to weep, so as not to grieve her affectionate mother more than was necessary, for in three days' time, the vessel in which the young men had taken their passage, was to sail for

England. Captain d'Haberville had invited his two friends, the curé and Mr. d'Egmont, to a family dinner; it was a farewell dinner at which every one tried in vain to be cheerful. The curé, a man with a great deal of tact, thinking it was better to converse on serious subjects than to be perpetually relapsing into a painful silence, thus addressed them :

" Do you know, gentlemen, that the horizon of New France is growing darker every day. Our neighbors, the English, are making formidable preparations to invade Canada, and everything looks like an approaching invasion."

" What next," said my uncle Raoul !

" Whatever you like, my dear sir," answered the curé, " but it is very certain that we have not enough troops to resist our powerful neighbors for long."

" My dear abbé," rejoined my uncle Raoul, " I cannot help thinking that in reading your Breviary this morning, you must have stumbled on a chapter of the lamentations of Jeremiah."

" That accusation tells against yourself, for the prophecies are accomplished."

" No matter," exclaimed the chevalier clenching his teeth, " the English ! the English take Canada indeed ! faith, I would undertake to defend Quebec with my crutch. You have forgotten then," continued my uncle Raoul, getting excited, " that we have always beaten the English ; beaten them one against five, one against ten and sometimes one against twenty....... The English, indeed !

" *Concedo*," said the curé ; " I will grant everything you wish, and even more if that will please you; but just take notice that each of our victories has weakened us, whilst our enemy, thanks to England's forethought, seems to take fresh strength, and that, on the other hand, France is leaving us almost entirely to our own resources."

" Which shews," said captain d'Haberville, " the confidence which our well beloved king Louis XV reposes in our ability to defend his colony.

"In the meantime," broke in Monsieur d'Egmont, "France sends us so few troops that the colony is becoming weaker every day."

"Let them only give us powder and shot," replied the captain, "and one hundred of my militiamen will do more in our warfare of surprisals, ambuscade, and reconnoitring, than five hundred picked men of the French army; I do not speak unadvisedly, there are plenty of proofs of what I say. This however does not prevent," he added feeling a little ashamed of the tirade which he had uttered on the impulse of the moment, "our being in great need of help from the mother-country, and that a small portion of those troops, which our beloved monarch is sending to the north of Europe in order to help Austria, would be quite indispensable for the defense of this colony."

"It would have been very desirable," put in the good gentleman, "that Louis XV should have left Maria Theresa to contend with Prussia, and have neglected us less."

"It is hardly becoming in a young man like me," said Locheill, "to take part in your grave discussion; but history will come to my aid in default of experience. Mistrust the English, mistrust a government which has its eyes always open to the interests of its colonies, and therefore to the interest of the British empire; mistrust a nation which has all the tenacity of the bull-dog. If the conquest of Canada be necessary to her, she will never lose sight of it, no matter at what sacrifice: witness my unhappy country."

"Ah! Scotchmen indeed," exclaimed my uncle Raoul.

Locheill laughed.

"Gently, my dear uncle, gently," said the good gentleman, "and to make use of a saying you quote often enough when receiving the rents of the seigniory: "Render unto Cœsar, the things that are Cæsar's;" I have studied the history of Scotland a good deal, and I can assure you that the Scotch are not inferior in valor and patriotism to any nation of the known world, ancient or modern."

" Do you not see," replied the chevalier, " that I only wanted to vex my second nephew Locheill just the least bit in the world, for thank God," he added bridling up, " I flatter myself I know something of history. Archy well knows the high esteem in which I hold his fellow-countrymen, and the praise I have always awarded to their fiery courage.

" Yes, my dear uncle, and I thank you for it," said Archy pressing his hand. " But distrust the English; distrust their perseverance ; it is the *delenda est Carthago* of the Romans."

" So much the better ;" said Jules, " I thank them for their perseverance, it will give me an opportunity of returning to Canada with my regiment. What would I not give to make my first campaign against them here, in New-France ; on this soil which I love, and where dwell all whom I love best on earth ! You too shall return with me dear Archy, and in this hemisphere you shall avenge all you have suffered in your own country."

" With all my heart," exclaimed Archy, grasping the handle of his knife, as if he held the terrible claymore of the Camerons of Locheill in his hand. " I will serve as a volunteer in your company, if I do not get a commission ; and the simple soldier will be as proud of your exploits, as if he shared in them more largely."

The young men grew excited at the thoughts of future exploits ; Jules' black eyes flashed fire, and it seemed as if the old military ardor of his race, had suddenly blazed forth in him. The enthousiasm became general, and the cry of " vive le roi " burst simultaneously from all. Tears flowed from the eyes of the mother, sister and aunt, in spite of their efforts to restrain them.

The conversation, which for a time had flagged, now became suddenly animated. They laid plans of campaigns, they beat the English by sea and by land, and they raised Canada to the highest pinnacle of glory and prosperity !

" Fill your glasses," exclaimed captain d'Haberville, pouring himself out a bumper, " for I am going to propose a toast which every one will gladly drink : " To the succes of our arms ! and may the glorious " fleur-de-lys banner float over all the citadels of New " France, to the end of time ! "

Hardly had they raised their goblets to their lips to do honor to this toast, when a frightful explosion was heard ; it was like the bursting of a thunder-bolt, or as if some massive body had fallen on the manor-house, and had shaken it to its very foundations. They hastily rose from table and ran out ; a brilliant sun illuminated one of the finest of July days ; they went up to the garret, but there were no signs of anything having fallen on the building (*a*). Every one was awe-struck, and more particularly monsieur d'Haberville, who exclaimed : " Can it be that this phenomenon foretells the fall of my house ! "

Monsieur d'Egmont, the abbé and my uncle Raoul, the man of letters of the family, endeavored to explain the physical causes of this phenomenon, but they did not succeed in dispelling the painful feelings it had given rise to.

They went into the drawing-room to take coffee there, without lingering any longer in the dining-room where the goblets were still standing untasted.

Events which afterwards happened only confirmed the d'Haberville family in their superstitious fears. Who can tell, after all, if these warnings, which were believed in by all antiquity, are not presages of some great danger which is threatening us ! If we must reject everything that is repugnant to our weak understandings, we should soon become sceptics ; sceptics not fit to live, like Molière's Marphorius. Who can tell......? A long chapter might be written on " who can tell !"

The weather which all day along had been so fine, began to cloud over about six o'clock in the evening ; at seven o'clock a pouring rain began to fall in such torrents as to seem to threaten a second deluge ; the thunder shook the vaults of heaven, and an immense fragment of rock was struck by a thunder-bolt, and detaching itself from the promontary, with a loud report rolled down into the royalty road, which for several days it completely blocked up.

Captain d'Haberville, who for a long time had fought in company with the Indian allies, had become imbued with many of their superstitions ; and hence, when he became a victim of the misfortunes which overwhelmed so many canadian families in 1759, he did not fail to believe that these disasters had been predicted to him two years previously.

Jules, who at supper was seated between his mother and sister, holding their hands in his, shared in the depression of the whole family. In order to make a diversion, he asked his mother to relate one of those legends which used to interest him so much when he was a child.

" It seems to me, mama, that it will be one more souvenir of the most affectionate of mothers, to bear away with me to old Europe."

" I cannot refuse my son anything," said madame d'Haberville. And she at once commence the recital of the following legend :

There was once a mother who had an only child ; a little girl as fair as a lily-of-the-valley, and whose beautiful azure eyes seemed to wander from her mother to heaven, and from heaven to her mother till they at last were fixed on heaven. How proud and happy was this tender mother, when in her walks every one complimented her on the beauty of her child, on her cheeks as red as the newly-blown rose, on her hair as fair and soft as threads of the spun flax, and falling in graceful curls on her shoulders ! Oh yes ! this good mother was proud and happy !

However one day she lost this child which she idolised ; and, like Rachel in the Bible, she refused to be comforted. She passed a part of every day in the cemetery, where she would wind her arms round the little tomb where her child was sleeping. Wild with grief, she would call in her tenderest voice :

" Emma ! my dear Emma ! here is your mother who has come to look for you and carry you to your little cradle, where you will be so warm and snug ! Emma ! dear Emma, you must be very cold under this damp earth !"

And she would listen with her ear pressed close to the cold stone, as if she heard an answer. She would tremble at the slightest noise, and would begin to sob and cry when she found that it was caused by the north wind agitating the branches of the weeping-willow. And the passers-by would say :

" The grass in the cemetery, so incessantly watered by that poor mother's tears, ought to be always green, but her tears are so bitter that they scorch like the burning noon-day sun after a heavy shower of rain."

She would weep seated on the banks of the streamlet where she had so often taken her child to play with the pebbles and shells on the shore ; and where she had so often washed its little feet in the pure and limpid waves. And the passers-by would say :

" The poor mother sheds so many tears that she swells the current of the brook ! "

She would return home to weep in all the rooms in which she had been a witness of her child's gambols. She would open a trunk in which she carefully preserved all that had belonged to it : her clothes, playthings, the little silver-gilt cup in which she had drank for the last time. With a convulsive grasp, she would seize one of the little shoes, and passionately kissing it, her sobs would have melted a heart of stone (*b*).

She would pass a part of the day in the village-church praying God to work a miracle, just one only miracle for her : to give her back her child ! And the voice of God seemed to reply to her.

" Like the holy King David, you shall one day go to your child, but she will never return to you."

Then she would cry :

" When oh ! my God ! when shall I have this happiness ? "

She would drag herself to the foot of the statue of the Blessed Virgin, that mother of great sorrows ; and she would fancy that the madonna's eyes would become sad, and that she could read this sad sentence in them :

" O ! Daughter of Eve, like me you must suffer
" with resignation, until the glorious day when you
" shall be rewarded for all !"

And the poor mother would exclaim anew :

" Ah ! when ! kind Virgin Mother, will that blessed day come !"

She would water the floor with her tears, and return home lamenting.

One day when she had been praying more fervently even than usual, and shedding more abundant tears, she fell asleep in the church ; most probably exhaustion had induced sleep. The beadle closed the sacred edifice without observing her presence. It might have been nearly midnight when she awoke ; a ray of moonlight, which shone into the sanctuary, shewed her that she was still in church. Instead of being frightened at her solitude, she was pleased, if such a feeling could be allied with the suffering state of her poor heart !

" I shall now be able to pray," she said, " alone with my God ! alone with the Blessed Virgin ! alone with my own heart !"

As she was on the point of kneeling down, a dull sound made her raise her head ; there was an old man issuing from one of the side doors of the sacristy, and approaching the altar with a lighted taper in his hand. She saw with surprise that he was an old beadle of that village, who had been dead twenty years. The sight of this spectre did not frighten her in the least ; every feeling except that of grief seemed dead within her. The phantom mounted the alter-steps, lighted the candles, and made the usual preparation to celebrate a *requiem* mass. When he turned round, his eyes seemed fixed and expressionless, like those of a statue. He re-entered the sacristy, but almost immediately re-appeared, and this time he was followed by a venerable priest carrying a chalice and clothed with the priestly garments of a minister of God who is going to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice. His large eyes, unnaturally wide open, were full of sadness, and his movements were like those of an automaton which is moved by hidden mechanism. She recognised, in him, the old curé, who had also been dead for twenty years, and who had baptized her, and given her her first communion. Far from being awe-struck at the sight of this denizen of the tomb, far from being frightened at this wonderful occurrence, the poor mother, absorbed in her grief, thought that her old friend compassionating her state of despair, had broken asunder the fetters of the tomb in order once more to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for her; she only thought that the good pastor who had so often consoled her, was now coming to her aid in her maternal anguish.

Every thing was solemn, mournful, lugubrious, sad, and silent during the mass which was celebrated, and served by death. Even the tapers threw a faint light, like that of an expiring lamp. At the very moment when the bell for the *sanctus* (which gave a hallow sound like that of bones being broken by a grave digger in an old cemetery) announced that Christ was about to descend on the altar, the sacristy door opened anew, and there issued forth a procession of little children, who walking two by two, crossed the choir, and defiled into the alley on the epistle side. These children, who appeared to be hardly six years old, had wreaths of *immortelles* on their heads, and in their hands, some held baskets of flowers, and vases of perfume, and others small gold and silver goblets, containing a transparent liquid. They walked with a light step, and joy shone on their heavenly countenances; one only, a little girl, at the end of the procession, seemed to follow the others with difficulty, loaded as she was with two immense buckets which she could hardly carry. Her little feet, red with pressure, bent under the burden and her crown of *immortelles* seemed withered. The poor mother would have held out her arms, and uttered an exclamation of joy on recognising her little daughter, had not her arms and tongue felt paralysed. She saw all these children pass near her down the alley on the gospel side, and she recognised several that Death had recently gathered to his store. When her little girl bending beneath her burden, passed by in her turn, she remarked that at every step she took, the water which filled the two buckets that she was dragging along with so much difficulty, was running over on to the floor. When the child's eyes met her mother's, they had an expression of great sadness, as well as of tenderness mixed with reproach. The poor woman made an effort to twine her arms around her, but lost consciousness. When she came to herself all had vanished.

In a monastery, about a league from the village, there lived a hermit, of great renown for his sanctity. This saintly old man never left his cell except to listen to a sinner's painful confession, or to succor the afflicted. To the former he would say :

" I know man's corrupt nature, do not be dis-
" couraged ; come to me confidently and boldly every
" time that you fall again into sin ; you will every
" time find my arms open to receive you and to raise
" you up again."

To the latter he would say :

" God who is so good, sends you suffering, because
" he has infinite joys in store for you."

To all he would often say :

" If I were to relate my life to you, you would be
" astonished at finding in me one who has been the
" plaything of the most unbridled passions, and my
" misfortunes would make you shed torrents of tears."

The poor mother threw herself at the feet of this holy hermit and weeping related the marvels she had witnessed. The compassionate old man, who thoroughly understood human nature, saw a favorable opportunity of putting an end to this grief which surpassed all the maternal sorrow he had ever met with in his long experience.

" My daughter, my dear daughter," said he, " our " over-excited imagination often makes us the sport " of illusions, which must generally be placed in the " category of dreams, but the church teaches us also " that wonderful occurrences, similar to the one you " have related to me, may really take place. It is " not for us weak and ignorant mortals, to assign any " limits to God's power ! It is not for us to scrutinize " the decrees of Him, who took worlds in his powerful " hands, and launched them into infinite space. I do " not therefore doubt the vision which you saw, and " holding it for true will explain it to you. The priest " who left his grave to say a *Requiem* mass, has " doubtless obtained God's permission to repair some " omission in the exercise of his holy ministry; and " the beadle most probably had been the cause of it, " through forgetfulness or negligence. The procession " of young children, crowned with *immortelles*, signifies those who have died without having forfeited " baptismal grace. Those who carried baskets of " flowers, or vases in which exquisite perfumes were " burning, are those whom their mothers, being " resigned to the decrees of Providence, have offered " to God, if not joyfully, which would not be natural, " at least with resignation, knowing that their " children were exchanging a land of trials, for that " heavenly land, where, near the throne of their " Creator, they will sing His praises to all eternity. " In the gold and silver goblets were the tears which " nature, jealous of her rights, had forced from those " mothers, who even while making the sacrifice of " their children's lives, had exclaimed with the holy " Job : the Lord hath given ! and the Lord hath taken " away ! Blessed be the name of the Lord ! "

The poor kneeling mother, tearfully drank in every word which fell from the lips of the holy man. Like Martha at the feet of Christ saying " Lord, hadst thou " been here, my brother had not died, but now also " I know that whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, " God will give it thee ;" she kept on repeating with undoubting faith " My father, if you had been near " me, my daughter would not have died, but I know " that even now, God will grant you all that you " ask of Him."

The good old man collected his thoughts a moment, and prayed to God to direct him. He had to pronounce a sentence of life or death, on this poor mother who seemed so inconsolable. He had to deal a heavy blow, a blow which would bring her back to a more reasonable state of mind, or which would entirely crush that breaking heart. He took the poor creature's hands in his own, which were dry and shrivelled with age, and tenderly pressing them he said in his softest voice " Then you dearly loved the child you have lost ? "

" Did I love her, my father ! Oh God ! what a question."

And as if out of her senses, she writhed in agony at the old man's feet. Then suddenly raising herself she laid hold of his soutane and exclaimed in a broken voice :

" My father ! you are a saint ; my child ! give me " back my child ! my little Emma ! "

" Ah yes " said the monk, " you loved your child " dearly ; you would have done much to have spared " her the very slightest suffering ? "

" Any thing, any thing, my father," exclaimed the poor woman ! " I would have rolled in live coals to " have saved her from the least burn ! "

" I believe you " said the monk " and of course " you love her still ? "

" Do I love her still, great goodness ! " said the mother springing up as if a serpent had stung her to the heart's core " do I love her still ! It is evident that

" you know nothing of maternal love, since you think " that even death itself can annihilate it ! "

And trembling in every fibre she shed fresh torrents of tears.

" Go away, woman," said the old man in a tone of voice which he strove to render stern; " go hence, " you who come here to impose on me ; go hence, for " you lie to God and to his minister. You have seen " your little daughter, bending under the burden of " your tears, which she has collected drop by drop, " and yet you tell me that you love her ! She is near " you at this moment, pursuing her painful task ; and " yet you tell me that you love her ! Go away, for you " lie to God and to his minister ! "

The poor woman awoke as from an oppressive dream ; she saw that her grief had been insane, and she asked pardon of God for it.

" Go in peace," said the hermit, " pray for resignation, and peace will again take possession of your " soul."

A few days afterwards, she told the monk that her little daughter had appeared to her in a dream, was radiant with happiness, and carrying a basket of flowers ; she had thanked her for having ceased to shed tears, as she would have been condemned to have gathered them all up. This excellent woman, who was also rich, consecrated the rest of her days to works of charity. She lavished the most affectionate care on the children of the poor, and adopted several of them. When she died, the following epitaph was graven on her tombstone " Here lies the orphan's mother."

Whether it were from the tone of mind arising from the circumstances in which the family found themselves, or whether it were that the legend itself was tinctured with melancholy, every one was affected by it, and some even to tears. Jules kissed his mother, and after thanking her, hurried from the room to hide his emotion.

" My God," he said, " preserve my life, for if any "thing happened to me, my poor mother would "perhaps be as inconsolable as the mother in this "affecting legend which she has just related to us."

A few days afterwards, Jules and his friend were sailing on the ocean, and in two months time they arrived in France, after a prosperous voyage.

CHAPTER XII.

They came upon us, in the night
And brake my bower, and slew my knight:
My servant a' for life did flee
And left us in the extremitie.

They slew my knight, to me so dear,
They slew my knight, and drove his gear;
The moon may set, the sun may rise,
But a deadly sleep has closed his eyes.

WAVERLEY.

THE CONFLAGRATION ON THE SOUTH SHORE.

The trees were clothed with their ordinary attire after the departure of the hyperborean winter; the woods, the meadows were enamelled with flowers of bright and variagated colors, and the birds with their gay songs were saluting the arrival of the spring of the year of one thousand seven hundred and fifty-nine. All nature was smiling, man alone appeared sad and discouraged; and the song of the husbandman returning home at dusk was no longer to be heard, for the greater part of the land lay fallow, for want of hands to cultivate it. A dark veil rested on all New France, for the mother country, like a true stepmother, had abandoned her Canadian children. Left to their own resources, the government had called all the able-bodied men under arms to defend the colony which was threatened with a formidable invasion.

The English had made immense preparations, and their fleet, consisting of twenty ships of the line, ten frigates, and eighteen smaller vessels, besides a good many others, and having on board eighteen thousand men, was sailing up the St. Lawrence under the command of General Wolf, whilst two land forces still more numerous, were to effect a junction with them, under the very walls of the capital of New France.

All the able-bodied population of Canada had nobly responded to the appeal of their country in the hour of danger; there were only women and children, the aged and the infirm, who were left at home. Will the memory of their past exploits, their glorious victory of Carillon, the previous year, enable the Canadians to withstand an army as numerous as the whole population of New France, including old men, women and children? Will their well-proved courage enable them with such unequal forces, to repulse an enemy desperately determined on taking possession of their colony?

For a long time, you have not been appreciated, my old Canadian brothers, you have been unworthily calumniated. Honor to those who have vindicated your fame! Honor, a hundred times honor, to our countryman M. Garneau, who has torn asunder the veil which had hidden your great deeds! Shame to us, who instead of ransacking the old chronicles which are so glorious to our race, have contented ourselves with bowing our heads under the humiliating reproach of being a conquered people, which was thrown in our face at every turn! Shame to us, who were almost ashamed of being Canadians! We would have scorned the idea of being ignorant of the history of the Assyrians, Medes and Persians, and yet formerly the history of our own country was a dead letter to us.

For some years there has been a glorious reaction; for some years, every one has lent a helping hand to the work of restoration; and Canada may exclaim with Francis the First: "All is lost, except honor." Still I am far from believing that all is lost; on the contrary the surrender of Canada has been perhaps a great benefit to us; the revolution of '93, with all its accompanying horrors, weighed lightly on this happy colony which was then under the protection of the British flag. We have gathered fresh laurels in fighting under England's glorious ensigns, and twice has the colony been saved by the valour of her new subjects. In the senate, at the bar, on the field of battle, everywhere in its sphere of action, the Canadian has known how to prove himself inferior to no race. For a century you have struggled, my countrymen! to maintain your nationality, and thanks to your perseverance, it is still intact; but perhaps the future has yet in store for you, another century of struggles and combats in defense of it! Courage and union my fellow-countrymen!

Two detachements of the English army had landed at River Ouelle, the beginning of June, 1759. Some *habitants* of that parish being in ambush on the skirts of the wood, had received them with a brisk discharge of musketry, and had killed several men. The officer in command, exasperated at this check, determined to take signal vengeance. The two detachments had ascended the river, and towards evening had encamped near a stream which runs into St. Ann's creek to the south-east of the present college. The next morning the officer in command being ready to order the line of march of one of the companies, called the lieutenant and said to him.

"You are to set fire to all the dwellings of these dogs of Frenchmen that you come across on your way; I shall follow you at a short distance."

"But" said the young officer, who was a Scotchman, "must the dwellings of those who offer no resistance be also fired? They say that there are only old men, women and children left in these dwellings."

"It seems to me, sir" replied Major Montgomery, "that my orders are clear and precise; you are to set on fire all the dwellings of these dogs of Frenchmen that you come across on your way. But I was forgetting your predilection for your enemies!"

The young man bit his lips till the blood started, and marched his men away. In this young man, the reader will of course have recognised Archibald Cameron of Locheill, who having made his peace with the British government, had returned to his own country, obtained a lieutenancy in a regiment recruited by himself amongst his clan of highlanders. Archy went away groaning in spirit, and letting out all the Gaelic, English, and French oaths that his memory could furnish him with. At the first house where he stopped, a young woman threw herself, in tears, at his feet, saying to him: "Mr. Englishman, do not kill my poor old father; do not shorten his days, he has not long to live."

A little boy of eleven or twelve years old threw his arms round him, crying out:

"Mr. Englishman, do not kill grand-papa, if you only knew how good he is!"

"Do not be afraid" said Archy entering, the house, "my orders are not to kill women, old men and children. They imagined, I suppose" he added bitterly "that I should not meet with one on my way!"

A decrepid old man, stretched on a bed of sickness, said to him:

"I have been a soldier all my life, sir; I do not fear death, which I have seen face to face, but for God's sake spare my daughter and her child!"

"No harm shall be done them," said Archy with tears in his eyes; "but if you are a soldier you will know that a soldier must obey orders, I am ordered to burn down all the buildings on my road, and I must obey. Where can you be moved, my father? Now listen" he added, approaching his mouth to the old man's ear, as if he was afraid of being heard by the men outside, " listen, your grandson seems quick and intelligent ; if he can find a horse, let him gallop off and warn your countrymen that I have orders to burn everything on my way ; perhaps they will have time to save their most valuable effects."

" You are a good and brave young man!" exclaimed the old man, " if you were a catholic, I would give you my blessing ; any way thank you, a hundred time's thank you ! " (*a*)

" I am a catholic, " said Locheill.

The old man with difficulty raised himself in his bed, raised his eyes to Heaven, stretched out his two hands towards Archy, who bent down his head, and said :

" May God bless you for this act of humanity ! In your day of great affliction, when you implore the divine mercy, may God have in remembrance the mercy you shewed your enemies, and may he hear your prayer ! In the day of trial, say to him with confidence : I have been blessed by a dying old man, my enemy ! "

The soldiers hastily moved the old man and his bed, to the entrance of an adjacent wood ; and Locheill, when he resumed his line of march, had the satisfaction of seeing a little boy, mounted on a young and spirited horse, flying over the space before him. He breathed more freely.

The work of destruction progressed; but Archy, from time to time, had the consolation (on arriving at any eminence which overlooked some extent of country) of seeing the women, old men and children, taking refuge in the adjoining woods. Even though melted to tears by their misfortunes, he was inwardly rejoiced at having done all in his power to soften the losses of these unfortunate people.

All the dwellings and out-buildings of a part of River-Ouelle, of the parishes of Ste. Ann and St. Roch by the side of the St. Lawrence, already only presented a spectacle of smoking ruins, and the order had not yet arrived to stay this devilish work of destruction. On the contrary, Locheill from time to time saw his superior officer's division, which was following at a short distance, halt suddenly on some raised ground, doubtless to enable its commanding officer to enjoy witnessing the fruits of his barbarous order. Sometimes he almost thought he could hear his shouts of ferocious laughter.

The first house in St. Jean-Port-Joli was that of a rich *habitant*, a sergeant in Captain d'Haberville's company, where Locheill had frequently lunched with his friend Jules and his sister during their holidays. He sadly recalled the eager gladness of these good people, who were made so happy by the visit of the seigniors and their friends. On their arrival the mother and daughters of the Dupont family would run to the dairy, the garden, the stable, to fetch the eggs, the butter, the cream, the parsley and chervil, to make pancakes and savory omelets; the father and sons would hasten to unharness the horses, lead them to the stable and give them good feed of oats. While the mother was preparing a meal, the young people would smarten themselves up a little ; they would get up an impromptu ball, and jump about to the sound of a violin which had oftener three strings than four, and which squeaked under the old sergeant's bow. Jules, in spite of his sister's remonstrances, would upset every thing in the house, put every one out, take the frying-pan out of mother Dupont's hands, carry her in his arms to make her dance a minuet notwithstanding the old lady's attempts to get away from him, on account of her not being suitably dressed ; and these good people laughing heartily would never find that they made noise enough. Locheill thought over all this in the bitterness of his soul, and a cold perspiration broke out all over him, when he gave the order to set fire to this dwelling which in happier times had been so hospitable.

Almost the whole of the edifices in the first range of St. Jean-Port-Joli parish were reduced to ashes, and yet the order to desist had not arrived. At sunset having reached the little river Port-Joli, a few acres only from the d'Haberville domain, Locheill halted his men. He ascended the hill of the same name as the river, and there, in sight of the manor and its vast appurtenances, he waited; waited, like a criminal on the scaffold, who hopes even to the very last moment that a messenger of pity may arrive bearing a reprieve. With his heart filled with sad remembrances, he gazed on that dwelling where for ten years he had been welcomed as a son; where he, a proscribed and exiled orphan, had found a new home. He gazed mournfully on the still and silent village which he had seen so full of life and animation before his departure for Europe. Some pigeons, hovering over the buildings on which they occasionally alighted, appeared to be the only living creatures on this fine domain. He sadly repeated with the Scotch poet "Solma, thy halls are silent. There is no sound in the woods of Morven. The wave tumbles alone on the coast. The silent beam of the sun is on the field." "Ah! yes! my friends" exclaimed Locheill in the language he loved, "your rooms are now alas! silent and deserted! no voice is now heard from this promontory, which used formerly to echo back such joyous tones. The only sound now to be heard is that of the wave breaking on the sandy shore! But one pale ray of the setting sun illumines your meadow, formerly so smiling!"

"What must be done, my God! if this ferocious animal's rage is not satiated? Ought I to refuse to obey? But then I should be dishonored! a soldier, more especially in the time of war, cannot refuse to execute the orders of his superior officer, without being for ever branded with disgrace. This brutal fool would have the right to order me to be shot instantly, and the shield of Cameron of Locheill would be for ever sullied! for who would undertake to vindicate the memory of a young soldier who had preferred a culprit's death, to the stain of ingratitude? on the contrary, that which, with me, would have been only a feeling of gratitude, would be imputed to me as treason by this man who pursues me with such diabolical hatred!"

Major Montgomery's harsh voice put an end to this monologue.

"What are you doing here?" he said to him.

"I have halted my soldiers on the shore of the river" answered Archy "and I was intending even to pass the night there, after to-day's long march."

"It is not yet late" replied the major "you know the plan of the country better than I do, and you can easily find some other place to bivouack in, than the spot I have just chosen for myself."

"I will march on my men; there is another river about a mile further where we can pass the night."

"That is well" replied Montgomery in an insolent tone of voice "and as there will be but a few dwellings to burn in that distance, your troop will soon be able to rest after their fatigues."

"That is true" said Locheill "for there are but five houses; but two of them, that group of buildings which you see, and a mill on the river where I must bivouack, belong to the Seignior d'Haberville, to the man who during my exile received me and treated me as his own son; in God's name! major Montgomery do you yourself give the order for distroying them."

"I could never have believed" answered the major, "that one of his Britannic Majesty's officers would have dared to speak of his treason towards his sovereign."

"You forget, Sir," said Archy with difficulty restraining himself, "that I was then a child. But once more, I entreat you in the name of all you hold dearest in this world, to give the order yourself and not oblige me to be wanting in both honor and gratitude, by applying the incendiary torch to the property of those who showered every kindness on me in my days of misfortune."

" I understand," said the major, sneering ; " you would keep a door open, by means of which to reinstate yourself in your friends' good graces, when occasion offers."

At this cruel taunt, Archy, beside himself, was for one moment tempted to draw his claymore and say to him :

" If you are not as cowardly as you are insolent, defend yourself major Montgomery ! "

Fortunately he remembered himself in time ; instead of his hand grasping his sword, it wandered instinctively to his breast which he tore with his nails, in his rage. Then he remembered the words of the witch of the domain :

" Keep your pity for yourself, Archibald Locheill, when forced to execute a barbarous order, you shall tear with your nails that breast, which, nevertheless, covers a noble and generous heart !"

" That woman must indeed have been inspired by the evil one," he thought to himself, " when she made such a prediction to a Cameron of Locheill."

Montgomery, for a moment, looked with savage joy, at this combat of conflicting passions which wrung the young man's very soul, enjoying this paroxysm of anguish ; then flattering himself that he would refuse to obey, he turned his back on him. Locheill, penetrating his perfidious design, made haste to rejoin his company, and half an hour afterwards the whole hamlet of Haberville was a prey to the flames.

Archy then stopped on the little hill, near that spring, where in happier times, he had so often slaked his thirst, with his friends ; from there his lynx eyes perceived Montgomery, who had returned to the spot where he had given his orders, and now with folded arms seemed to gloat on the terrible spectacle. Then, foaming with rage at the sight of his enemy, he cried out :

" You have a good memory, Montgomery, you have not forgotten the blows which my ancestor gave your grandfather with the flat of his sword in one of the

Edinburgh taverns ; but I also have a tenacious memory, I shall not always wear this uniform which ties my hands, and sooner or later I will repeat the dose on your shoulders, for you will be too cowardly to meet me face to face ; so barbarous a man as you, must be a stranger to every noble sentiment, even to that of courage, which man shares in common with the animals who are deprived of reason ! May you and your whole race be accursed ! May you, even more unfortunate than those you have deprived of shelter, have, when you die, not one stone on which to lay your head ! May all the furies in hell...."

But seeing that he was but venting impotent rage, he went moaning away.

The mill on the Three Salmons river was soon only a heap of ashes ; and the burning of those houses which d'Haberville owned in Quebec which had happened during the siege of the capital, completed his ruin.

Locheill, after taking the usual precautions for the safety of his company, bent his steps towards his friends former manor-house, which now only presented a spectacle of desolation. By taking a path through the woods, with which he was acquainted, he was but a few minutes in reaching it. There, seated on the summit of the cape, he for a long time gazed in silence and untold anguish, on the smoking ruins which lay at his feet. It might be about nine o'clock, the night was dark, and but few stars were visible in the firmament. Still, he thought he could distinguish some living creature wandering about the ruins; it proved to be Niger, who a few minutes afterwards raised his head towards the summit of the cape, and gave three mournful howls, thus, in his fashion, weeping over the misfortunes of the family who had fed him. Locheill thought that these plaintive cries were meant for him, and that this faithful animal was reproaching him for his ingratitude to his old friends, and he wept bitterly.

" See," said he, " the fruits, of what is called the code of honor amongst civilized nations! Are they also the fruits of those precepts which the Gospel teaches such as profess the christian religion? that religion which is all love and pity, even towards our enemies! If I had taken part in some expedition, commanded by one of the chiefs of those aborigines whom we treat as barbarians on this hemisphere, and if I had said to him "spare this house, for it belongs to my friends; I was a wanderer and a fugitive and they took me into their family, where I found a father and brothers!" the Indian chief would have answered me 'certainly, spare your friends, it is only the serpent which bites those who have warmed him by their fire.'"

"I have always lived," Locheill went on, "in the hopes of one day rejoining my Canadian friends and embracing the family I have loved so well, and that now, I love, if possible, more than ever. A reconciliation even, would not have been necessary, for it was but natural that I should try and return to my country, to gather together the wrecks of my ancestral fortune, reduced to a mere nothing by the confiscations of the British Government. There was nothing for me but the army, as it offered the only career worthy of a Cameron of Locheill. I repossessed myself of my gallant father's claymore, which one of my friends had redeemed from among spoils taken by the English on the unhappy field of Culloden. With this weapon, which has never failed a man of my race, I dreamed of a glorious career; I was much distressed when I learnt that my regiment was to join the expedition against New France, but a soldier cannot, honorably, resign in war time; my friends would understand this! Now, there is no further hope for the ungrateful wretch who has burnt his benefactor's property! Jules d'Haberville, he whom I formerly called my brother, his good and pious mother, who was my mother also by adoption, that beautiful and gentle young girl, whom I called my sister to hide a tenderer feeling which the poor orphan's gratitude obliged him to hide in his heart, all these good friends perhaps would listen indulgently to my vindication and end by pardonning me. But Captain d'Haberville! Captain d'Haberville who loves with all the intensity of his soul, but whose hatred is implacable! this man who has never pardoned a real, or a supposed injury, will he ever allow his family to pronounce my name, except to curse it!"

"But I have been stupid and cowardly," proceeded Locheill gnashing his teeth; "I ought to have declared before my soldiers, why I refused to obey; and even if Montgomery had ordered me to be shot instantly, men would have been found to approve my disobedience and vindicate my honor. I have been stupid and cowardly! for supposing the major instead of ordering me to be shot, had brought me before a court martial, they would have appreciated my motives even while pronouncing the sentence of my death. I should have been eloquent in defence of my honor, I should have been eloquent in defence of the noblest sentiment in man's heart, gratitude. Oh! my friends, may you be witnesses of my remorse! I seem to have a legion of vipers gnawing my breast! Coward! a thousand times a coward!"

A voice near him repeated "coward! a thousand times a coward!" At first he thought it was the echo from the cape which was repeating his words on this night when all nature was so calm and tranquil, whilst a storm of passion was raging in his heart. He raised his head and perceived, at a few feet's distance from him, the witch of the domain standing up right on the highest point of a rock which projected over the summit of the cape; she clasped her hands and stretching them towards the ruins at her feet, exclaimed in a wailing voice: "Woe! woe! woe!" She then with lightning-like rapidity descended the narrow and dangerous path which led to the foot of the promontory, and like Œrope's shade, commenced wandering amongst the ruins, crying out "desolation! desolation! desolation!" Then raising her arm threateningly towards the summit of the cape, she exclaimed! "Woe! woe to you Archibald Locheill!"

The old dog uttered a plaintive and prolonged cry, and then all was again silent.

Just as Archy, painfully impressed with this sinister sight and words, was bowing his head on his breast, four powerful men threw themselves on him, stretched him on the ground, and tied his hands. They were four Indians of the Abenaquis tribe, who keeping under cover of the outer edge of the wood, had been spying all the movements of the English troops from the time they had landed at River Ouelle the previous evening ; Archy, relying on his herculean strength, made desparate efforts to break his bonds, the strong elk-skin thong which was twisted three times round his wrists, gave several times, as if going to break, but still resisted his powerful efforts. Locheill seeing this, resigned himself to his fate, and offering no further resistance, followed his enemies, who plunging into the forest, took a southerly direction. His powerful Scotch legs saved him much ill-treatment.

Very painful and bitter were the captive's reflexions during this rapid march through the forest, that forest whose every path he knew, and where, free and light as the mountain deer, he had so often hunted with his brother d'Haberville. Whithout heeding the savage joy of the Indians, whose eyes shone like carbuncles on seeing him a prey to despair, he exclaimed :

" You have gained the victory Montgomery ! my curses are falling on my own head ! you will say that I have deserted to the enemy ! you will loudly proclaim me a traitor, whom you have long suspected ! you have won the victory, for appearances will be against me ! Your joy will be great, for I shall have lost everything even honor ! "

And like Job he cried :

" Let the day perish, wherein I was born ! "

After two hour's rapid walking they arrived at the foot of the mountain, opposite the cutting leading to the Three Salmons lake, which made Archy suppose that a detachment of Indians was encamped there. When they arrived on the shores of the lake, one of those who held the prisoner uttered three times the loon's cry; and each of the seven mountain echoed the shrill and piercing cry of the proud swan of Lower Canada three times, each time fainter and fainter.

In spite of the uncertain starlight, Locheill would not have been able to restrain a gesture of surprise mingled with admiration, at the sight of that beautiful sheet of limpid water, bosomed in the mountains and dotted with islets crowned with evergreen firs, had his heart been susceptible of any other emotion than that of sadness. It was on this lake, that for nearly ten years he had made frequent fishing and hunting excursions with his friends. It was across this very lake, at its widest part, that he had swam to prove his skill in the art of natation. But during that sad night every thing appeared to him to be as dead in nature, as in his own sad heart.

A bark canoe came off from one of the islets, rowed by a man wearing the costume of the aborigines, with the exception of having a fox-skin cap on his head; the Indians only wore on their heads the feathers with which they adorned them. The new comer conversed some little time with the four Indians, it seemed to Archy that they were giving him some account of their expedition, but as they made use of the Abenaquis dialect, Locheill could not understand what they said.

Two of the Indians went off in a southeasterly direction, taking a path a little higher up than the lake. Archy was then placed in the canoe and taken to the Island, from which the man with the fox-skin cap had come.

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CHAPTER XIII.

What tragic tears bedew the eye!
What deaths we suffer ere we die!
Our broken friendships we deplore,
And loves of youth that are no more.

LOGAN.

All, all on earth is shadow, all beyond
Is substance; the reverse is folly's creed,
How solid all, where change shall be no more!

YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

A NIGHT WITH THE INDIANS.

Locheill after having cursed his enemy, and lamented the day of his birth, returned to a more christian frame of mind, when he found himself tied firmly to a tree, and all hope died within him; he knew that the Indians hardly ever spared their captive's lives, and that a slow and cruel death was reserved for him. Suddenly regaining his natural strength of mind, he did not even think of asking God to deliver him, but in the bitterness of his soul recalling all his offences towards his Creator, he prayed Him to accept the sacrifice of his life, as an atonement for his sins; he prayed God to give him the necessary strength and courage so that he might suffer patiently the cruel death which awaited him, and humbled himself before God. "After all," thought he, "what will the opinion of my fellow-men signify to me when the dream of life is past! "Does not my religion teach me that all is but vanity!" And he bent with resignation beneath God's hand.

The three warriors seated in a circle at about twelve feet's distance from Locheill, were smoking their pipes in silence. Indians are not naturally very communicative, and besides they look upon frivolous conversation as unworthy of sensible men, and only fit for women and children. However, one of them named Talamousse, addressing the man from the islet said to him :

" Is my brother going to wait here long for the Portage warriors ? "

" Three days " he replied, shewing three fingers : " the Great Otter and Talamousse can start to-morrow with the prisoner, the Frenchman will rejoin them at the large encampment of captain Launière." *

" That is well," said the Great Otter, stretching out his hand toward the south, " we will take the prisoner with us to the encampment of little Marigotte, where we will wait three days for my brother and the Portage warriors, to go on to the encampment of captain Launière."

Locheill for the first time thought that he perceived that the voice of the man with the fox-skin cap had a different sound to that of the two others, though he spoke their language with great facility. Until then, he had borne the tortures of a burning thirst without uttering a single word ; and the sight of the beautiful and limpid waters of the lake which lay at his feet, was like the punishment of Tantalus. Under the impression that this man might be a Frenchman, he ventured to say :

" If there is a christian among you, will he for the love of God give me something to drink."

" What does the dog want ? " said the Great Otter to his companion.

The man who had been addressed was some time without speaking, his whole body trembled, a livid palor spread over his countenance, a cold sweat bathed his forehead, but recovering his self possession by a great effort, he answered in his usual voice :

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* Le Marigotte is a little lake abounding with game at about a mile's distance to the south of the Three Salmons' Lake, the old inhabitants of the country always believed it to be the work of beavers.

"The prisoner asks for something to drink."

"Tell the dog of an Englishman," said Talamousse, "that he will be burnt to-morrow, and that if he is very thirsty, we will give him some boiling water to refresh him."

"I will tell him," replied the Canadian," but in the mean time, will not my brothers allow me to take some water to their prisoner?"

"My brother may do as he pleases," said Talamousse, "the pale faces have hearts as tender as a young girl's."

The Canadian bent a piece of birch-bark into a conical form, and offered it full of cold water to the prisoner, saying to him:

"Who are you, Sir? In God's name, who are you! whose voice so resembles that of a man who is very dear to me?"

"Archibald Cameron of Locheill," said the first speaker, "formerly the friend of your countrymen, but now their enemy, and one who well deserves the fate he will meet with."

"Monsieur Archy," said Dumais, for it was he, "even if you had killed my brother, and even if I should be obliged to split open the skulls of these two *Canaoua* with my tomahawk, you shall be free in an hour's time.* I will first try persuasion before having resort to fiercer measures. Now, silence."

Dumais returned to his place near the Indians, and after a somewhat prolonged silence said to him:

"The prisoner thanks the red skins for making him suffer a man's death, he says that the pale-face's death-song shall be that of a warrior."

"Houa!" said the Great Otter, "the Englishman will do as the owl does, who moans when she sees the fires of our wigwams at night." †

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* Canaoua: a contemptuous name given to the Indians by the Canadians of old.

† The owl, who is by nature so unsociable a bird, often utters piteous cries at the sight of the fires lighted at night by those who frequent our canadian forests. It seems as if in their fury they would cast themselves into the flames, which they frequently touch with their wings.

And he went on smoking looking scornfully at Locheill.

"The Englishman," said Talamousse, "talks like a man, now that he is far from the stake; the Englishman is a coward who could not bear thirst; the Englishman, weeping, asked his enemies to give him something to drink, just as little children ask their mothers."

And he made a gesture like spitting on him.

Dumais opened a bag, and bringing out some provisions, offered some to the two Indians, who refused to eat. Then disappearing into the wood, he returned with a bottle of brandy, which he had *put in hiding* under the roots of a spruce-tree, and taking a glass of it, commenced to sup. One of the savages devoured the contents of the bottle with his eyes.*

"Talamousse is not hungry, my brother," said he, "but he is thirsty; he has made a long march to-day and is tired; fire-water refreshes the legs."

Dumais passed the bottle to him, the Indian laid hold of it with a hand trembling with joy, drank eagerly, and gave him back the bottle after having swallowed a good half-pint at a draught. His eyes lost their brilliancy and became dull, and the stupefaction of drunkenness began to appear in his countenance.

"That is good," said the Indian as he gave the bottle back.

"Dumais does not offer any to his brother the Great Otter," said the Canadian, "he knows that he never drinks it."

"The Great Spirit loves the Great Otter," said he, "he made him vomit the only mouthful of fire water he ever drank; the Great Spirit loves the Great Otter, he made him so ill that he thought he would have visited the land of spirits. The Great Otter thanks him, fire-water takes a man's senses away."

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* *Put in hiding:* an expression of which the Canadians and Indians make use to designate things which they have hidden in the woods.

This Indian, by a rare exception and to the Canadian's great regret, was abstemious by nature.

" Fire-water is good," said Talamousse after a moment's silence, stretching out his hand towards the bottle which Dumais removed from him: " give, give, my brother, I pray you, another glass, I pray you."

" No," said Dumais, " not now, presently."

And he put the bottle into his bag.

" The Great Spirit loves the Canadian also," answered Dumais after a pause, " he visited him last night during his sleep."

" What did he say to my brother," asked the Indians.

" The Great Spirit told him to buy the prisoner," said Dumais.

" My brother lies like a Frenchman," exclaimed the Great Otter: " he lies like all the pale-faces, the red-skins do not lie." *

" The French never lie when they speak of the Great Spirit," said the Canadian.

And drawing out his bottle from the bag, he swallowed a small mouthful of brandy.

" Give, give, my brother," said Talamousse stretching out his hand towards the bottle, " I pray you, my brother ! "

" If Talamousse will sell me his share of the prisoner," said Dumais, " the Frenchman will give him another draught."

" Give me all the fire-water," answered Talamousse, " and take my share of the dog of an Englishman."

" No," said Dumais, " one glass, and no more."

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* The Indians used often to say to the Canadians " my brother lies like a Frenchman." This would make us think that the Indians were more veracious. A Montagnais Indian, in my presence, one day accused a young man of his tribe of having stolen a fox-skin from him.

"Ah yes ! " said the culprit laughing heartily, " I took it; you will find it in the forest." And the same time he pointed out the place where he had hidden it

Notwithstanding this circumstance, the Indians deserve the reputation of lying quite as much. The Canadian proverb " As false as an Indian," is well known.

And he pretended to put the bottle away.

"Then give it, and take my share," said the Indian.

He seized the bottle with both hands, swallowed another half-pint of the precious liquor, and fell asleep on the grass completely intoxicated.

"There goes one," thought Dumais.

The Great Otter looked at what was going on with distrust, but nevertheless went on smoking immovably.

"Will my brother now sell me his share of the prisoner," said Dumais.

"What do you want to do with him?" replied the Indian.

"Sell him to captain d'Haberville, who will hang him, for having burnt his house and his mill."

"Burning hurts more, d'Haberville will drink vengeance with as much pleasure as Talamousse drank his fire-water"

"My brother is wrong, the prisoner would endure the torments of fire like a warrior, but he would cry like a woman if you threatened him with the rope; captain d'Haberville knows that well."

"My brother lies again," said the Great Otter, "all the English we have burnt, wept like cowards, and not one of them sang his death-song like a man. They would have thanked us to have hung them; it is only the Indian warrior who prefers the stake to the shame of being hung like a dog." (*a*)

"Let my brother listen," said Dumais, "and let him pay attention to the words of the pale-face. The prisoner is not English but Scotch, and the Scotch are the English Indians. Let my brother look at the prisoner's dress, and he will see it is very like that of the Indian warrior."

"That is true," said the Great Otter, "he is not smothered in his clothes like the English soldier, and the soldiers of the Great Onontbio, who lives on the other side of the Great Lake; but what has that to do with it?"

"It has this to do with it," replied the Canadian, "that a Scotch warrior prefers being burnt to being hung. Like the red-skins of Canada, he thinks that it is only dogs who ought to be hung, and that if he visited the land of spirits with a rope round his neck, the Indian warriors would refuse to hunt with him."

"My brother lies again," said the Indian, shaking his head doubtingly; "the Scotch Indians are still pale-faces, and cannot have the courage to suffer like the red-skins."

And he went on smoking pensively.

"Let my brother lend ear to my words," replied Dumais, "and he will see that I speak the truth."

"Speak, your brother listens."

"The English and the Scotch," continued the Canadian, "inhabit a large island on the other side of the Great Lake; the English live in the plains, the Scotch in the mountains. The English are as numerous as the grains of sand of this lake, and the Scotch as the grains of sand of the islet we are now on; nevertheless, they have made war with each other for as many moons as there are leaves on this large maple tree. The English are rich, their Indians are poor; when the Scotch beat the English, they returned to their mountains, loaded with valuable booty; when the English beat the Scotch, they found nothing in return amongst the mountains; it was all gain on one side, and nothing on the other."

"If the English were so numerous," said the Great Otter, "why did they not pursue them into their mountains, to exterminate them all? My brother says that they all live on the same island, they could not then have escaped them?"

"Houa!" cried Dumais, like the Indian, "my brother will see that that was impossible, if he will listen to me."

"The Scotch Indians inhabit mountains which are so high, so high," said Dumais, pointing to the sky, "that an army of young Englishmen who, once upon a time, had pursued them, had white beards when they descended."

"The French are always foolish," said the Indian, "they only try to make people laugh; they will soon put on *matchicotis* (petticoats) and go and sit with our squaws, to amuse them with their tales; they are never serious like men."

"My brother should see," replied Dumais, "that it is to make him understand how high the Scotch mountains are."

"Let my brother speak; the Great Otter listens and understands," said the Indian, who was accustomed to this figurative style.

"The Scotch have legs as strong as the elk, and are as agile as deer," Dumais went on.

"Your brother believes you," interrupted the Indian, "if they are all like the prisoner, who in spite of his bonds, was always on my heels when we were bringing him here; he has legs like an Indian."

"The English," replied the Canadian, "are large and robust, but they have soft legs and big stomachs; so that, although they were often victorious when they came to pursue their enemies into their high mountains, these last being so much more agile, always got away from them, prepared ambushes, and killed a good many of them; so much so, that the English generally gave over pursuing them in places where they would only get hard blows, and where they would die of hunger. Still the war always went on. The English made many prisoners, they burnt some, but at the stake these last always sang their death-song, insulting their enemies and telling them that they had drunk out of their grandfathers' skulls, and that they did not know how to torture warriors."

"Houa!" exclaimed the Great Otter, "these Scotchmen are men!"

"The Scotch had for a chief," the Canadian went on, "a brave warrior named Wallace; when he went to war, the ground trembled under his feet; he was as tall as this fir-tree, and he was himself worth a whole army. He was betrayed by a miserable wretch, sold for money, made prisoner, and condemned to be hung. At this news, there was a cry of rage and grief through all the Scotch mountains; the warriors all painted their faces black, they held a council, and ten great chiefs, bearing the calumet of peace, set out for England. They took them into a great wigwam, they lighted the fire of council and smoked for a long time in silence; a great chief then spoke and said, 'my brothers, the earth has drunk enough of the blood of the warriors of two brave nations, we wish to bury the hatchet; give us back Wallace and we will stay hostages in his place; you shall kill us if he lifts a tomahawk against you again!' And he offered the calumet to the English Ononthïo, who waved it from with his hand, saying, 'Before the sun shall have set three times, Wallace will be hung!'"

"'Listen, my brother,' said the great Scotch chief, 'if Wallace must die, let him die a warrior's death; it is only dogs that are hung,' and anew he offered the calumet, which Ononthio rejected. The deputed chiefs took council together, and their head replied, 'let my brother listen to my last words, and let his heart rejoice, let him have eleven stakes prepared, to burn Wallace and his ten warriors, who will be proud of sharing his fate; they will thank their brother for his clemency.' And again he offered the calumet of peace, which Ononthïo again refused."

"Houa!" said the Great Otter "those were nevertheless fine words, and came from generous hearts. But my brother does not tell me why the Scotch are now friends with the English, and make war with them against the French?"

"The deputies returned to their mountains with their hearts filled with rage; at each death-cry (*b*) which they uttered before entering the towns and villages, to announce the lamentable end of Wallace, evey one ran to arms, and the war went on between the two nations for as many moons as there are grains of sand in my hand" said Dumais throwing a handful of sand down before him. "The small people of Indians was generally conquered by enemies as numerous as the stars on a fine night; the rivers ran with blood, but they never again thought of burying the warrior's hatchet. The war would be going on still, were it not that a traitor had betrayed to the English soldiers that nine great Scotch chiefs, having assembled in a cavern to drink fire-water, had fallen asleep there like our brother Talamousse."

"The red-skins" said the Great Otter "are never traitors to their nation; they deceive their enemies but never their friends. Will my brother tell me, why there are traitors amongst the pale-faces?"

Dumais feeling rather perplexed how to reply to such a point-blank question, went on as if he was not conscious of any interruption.

"The nine chiefs, taken by surprise and unarmed, were taken to a great city, and all condemned to be hung before the end of one moon. At this sad news, they lighted a fire at night on all the Scotch mountains, to convoke a great council of all the warriors of the nation. The wise men said many fine words, for three days and three nights; and yet they did not decide on anything. They tried the medicine, and a great sorcerer declared that the *mitsimanitou** was angry with his children, and that the hatchet must be buried for ever. Twenty warriors painted black, went to the great town of the English, and before entering it uttered as many death-cries as there were captive chiefs. They held a great council, and the Ononthio of the English granted them peace on condition that they would give hostages, that they would deliver up their strong places, that the two nations would make but one, and that the English and Scotch warriors would fight the enemies of the great Onontbio shoulder to shoulder. They made a feast which lasted three days and three nights, and where they drank so much fire-water, that had not the women put away the tomahawks, the war would have began afresh. The English were so pleased that they promised, over and above the treaty, to send to Scotland the heads, feet, and tails of all the sheep they should kill in future." *

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* To *try the medicine:* the Indians never undertook any important expedition, either for war or for the chase, without consulting the infernal spirits, by means of their diviners.

The *mitsimanitou* was the great deity of the Indians and the *manitou* their demon, or evil genius an inferior divinity always opposed to their beneficent deity.

"That was good" said the Indian "the English are generous."

"My brother must see," continued Dumais, "that a Scotch warrior likes better to be burnt than hung, and he will sell me his share in the prisoner. Let my brother make his price, and Dumais will not look at the money."

"The great Otter will not sell his share in the prisoner," said the Indian, "he has promised Taoutsï and Kalakouï to deliver him up to-morrow at the encampment of Little Marigotte, and he will keep his word. We will assemble the Council, the Great Otter will speak to the young men; and if they consent not to burn him, there will still be time to give him up to Captain d'Haberville."

"My brother knows Dumais," said the Canadian "he knows that he is rich, that he has a good heart, and that he is a man of his word; Dumais will pay for the prisoner six times as much," counting on his fingers, "as Onontbio pays the Indians for every enemy's scalp."

"The Great Otter knows that his brother is speaking the truth," replied the Indian, "but he will not sell his share of the prisoner."

The Canadian's eyes flashed fire, he grasped the handle of his hatchet, but thinking better of it, he carelessly knocked the ashes from that part of the tomahawk which serves as a pipe to the French as

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* The Indians are very fond of the heads and feet of animals. I once asked an old *cananna*, who was boasting of having been present at a feast where seven of their enemies had been eaten "which part of a roasted enemy was the most delicious?" He answered, unhesitatingly; "The feet and hands, my brother."

well as to the Indians in their reconnoitring wars. Although Dumais' first hostile movement had not escaped his companion's lynx-eye, he nevertheless went on quietly smoking.

Dumais' words, when Locheill had recognised him, had given birth to renewed hope in his soul ; and he again clung to the life, the sacrifice of which he had made with so much resignation, like a good christian, and a brave man. Notwithstanding the poignant remorse which racked his very soul, he was still too young to bid farewell to life, and all he held most dear, without regret ! Could he, without a feeling of bitterness, renounce that brilliant career of arms which had made so many of his ancestors illustrious. How could he, the last of his race, bury the tarnished scutcheon of the Camerons of Locheill in his own tomb, without a feeling of sorrow ? Could he without regret bid farewell to life with the thought that he left the d'Haberville family under the imprecation that it had warmed a viper in its bosom ; with the thought that his name would be pronounced with horror by the only real friends he had in the world ; with the thought of Jules' despair and the imprecations of the implacable Captain ; of the silent horror of that good and holy woman who had called him son, of that beautiful and gentle girl who had formerly called him brother, to whom he had hoped to give some day a dearer title. Archy was indeed very young to die. By regaining his life, he might perhaps be able to repair all, and a ray of hope darted through his mind.

Locheill, encouraged by Dumais' words, had followed the scene of life and death which was passing before him, with ever-increasing anxiety. Being ignorant of the Indian dialect, he tried to catch the meaning of the speakers' words, by means of the varying expression of their features Although the night was rather dark, he had not missed one of the malignant and scornful looks which had been directed towards him by the Indian, whose eyes shone with a phosphoric light, like those of the tiger-cat. Knowing the ferocity of Indians when they are under the influence of alcohol, it was not without surprise, that he saw Dumais pass the bottle to them; but when he saw that one of them refrained from tasting it, and that the other was stretched full length on the sand, dead-drunk, he understood his deliverer's tactics to get rid of one of his enemies. When he heard the name of Wallace pronounced, he remembered that during Dumais' illness, he had often spoken of his favorite hero's fabulous exploits; but still he could not make out why he held forth to the Indian about a Caledonian warrior's exploits. Had he understood the end of the Canadian's discourse, he would have remembered Jules' endless jokes about what he pretended was his countrymen's favorite dish. When he saw anger darting from Dumais' eyes, when he saw him grasp his tomahawk, he was nearly calling out to him not to strike, but then he saw him resume his peaceful attitude. His generous heart could not allow his friend to be exposed, through a feeling of gratitude, to being put to death for killing an Indian who was an ally of the French. The Canadian kept silence for some time, refilled his pipe, began to smoke, and said, in his calmest tone of voice:

"When the Great Otter fel sick of the small-pox near the South River, as well as his father, his wife and his two sons, Dumais went and fetched them; and at the risk of himself and his family taking the illness, he moved them to his great wigwam where for three moons he tended them. It was not Dumais' fault that the old man and the two young ones died, and Dumais had them interred with candles around their bodies like christians, and the black-gown prayed to the Great Spirit for them."

"If Dumais," replied the Indian, "and his wife and children had fallen sick in the forest, the Great Otter would have taken them to his wigwam, would have fished in the lakes and rivers for fish, have hunted the woods for game, would have bought firewater which is the Frenchman's medicine, and he would have said! 'Eat and drink, my brother, and get strong.' The Great Otter and his squaw would have watched day and night by the bed of his French friends; and the Great Otter would not have said! 'I fed you, I nursed you, with my furs I bought you fire-water which is the pale-faces' medicine?' Let my brother take the prisoner," added the Indian standing proudly erect, "The red-skin no longer owes anything to the pale-face."

And again resumed smoking tranquilly:

"Listen my brother," said the Canadian, "and forgive Dumais if he hid the truth from you, he did not know your great heart. He is now going to speak in the presence of the Great Spirit who hears him, and the pale-face never lies to the Great Spirit."

"That is true," said the Indian, "let my brother speak, and his brother will listen."

"When the Great Otter was sick, three years ago," said the Canadian, "Dumais related what happened to him, when the spring ice carried him away towards St. Thomas' falls, and how he was saved by a young Scotchman, who arrived that evening at the Seignior de Beaumont's."

"My brother did tell me," said the Indian, "and shewed me the remainder of the islet where, hanging over the abyss, he every moment expected death. The Great Otter already knew the place, and the old cedar to which he clung."

"Well," resumed Dumais rising and taking off his cap, "your brother declares here, in the presence of the Great Spirit, that the prisoner is the young man who saved his life!" The Indian uttered a terrible cry which the echoes of the mountains repeated with a noise like thunder, bounded up, and drawing his knife, rushed upon the prisoner. Locheill who had not understood anything of their conversation, thought that his last moment had arrived, and recommended his soul to God, when, to his great surprise, the Indian severed his bonds, shook his hands heartily with lively demonstrations of joy, and thrust him into his friend's arms.

Dumais, sobbing, pressed Archy to his breast, and then kneeling down exclaimed—

"Oh my God! I have prayed Thee to stretch out Thy protecting hand over this noble and generous young man; my wife and children have incessantly offered the same prayer; I thank Thee, I thank Thee! oh my God! for having granted me much more than I asked! I gave Thee thanks, oh! my God! for I would have committed a crime to save his life, and I should have dragged on a life gnawed by remorse, till the tomb would have received a murderer!"

"Now," said Locheill after having thanked his deliverer, with the liveliest expressions of gratitude, "let us at once set out, my dear Dumais, for if my absence from the bivouac is noticed, I am irreparably lost; I will explain this to you as we go along."

Just as they were stepping into the canoe, three loon cries were heard from the south shore of the lake opposite the islet.

"Those are the young men from Marigotte, said the Great Otter addressing Locheill, and they have come for you, my brother; Taoutsi and Katakouï, must have sent them word by means of some Indians they must have met with, that there was an English prisonner on the islet; but they will have to cry a long time, before they will awaken Talamousse, and the Great Otter will sleep till the Canadian's return. A prosperous journey, my brothers."

Archy and his companion taking a northerly direction, long heard the loon cries which the young Indians uttered at short intervals, but they were already beyond their reach.

"I fear," said Archy, as they were descending the opposite side of the mountain, "that the young Abenaquis warriors, disappointed in their expectations, may do some harm to our friends on the islet."

"We are certainly depriving them of a great treat; they must find the time hang heavy at Marigotte and to-morrow would have passed quickly, roasting a prisoner." Locheill shuddered involuntarily.

" As for the two Canaouas we have left, do not be under any uneasiness about them, they will know how to take care of themselves The Indian is the most independent creature in creation; he only gives an account of his actions to others, when he chooses. Besides, the worst that could happen to them under the circumstances, would be their having, as they term it, to *cover* half the prisoner with beaver skins, or other articles: in a word to pay half to Taoutsi and Katakouï. It is even more than probable that the Great Otter, who is a sort of wit among them, will get out of it by making the others laugh at the expense of his two partners, for he is never at a loss. He will tell them, that Talamousse and he had the undoubted right to dispose of their half of the captive, that the half which was at liberty, walked off with the other half; that they had better make haste and run after him as the prisoner being loaded with their property cannot get away very quickly; or some nonsense of that sort, which is always well received by the Indians. Another thing is probable, which is, that he will tell them of my adventure at the St. Thomas falls, which all the Abenaquis know of, and say that I owe my life to your intrepidity; and as Indians never forget a service that has been rendered them, they will exclaim 'my brothers did well to let the deliverer of our friend the pale-face go free.' "

Locheill wanted to enter into a long explanations so as to exculpate himself in Dumais' eyes for his ruthless conduct of the preceding day; but the latter stopped him.

"A man like you, Mons. Archibald Locheill," said Dumais, " owes me no explanations. It is not he, who, at the imminent peril of his own life, did not hesitate for a moment to expose himself to the fury of the elements in order to succor a stranger; it is not so noble a heart that can be suspected of being wanting in the finest feelings of humanity and gratitude. I am myself a soldier, and I know the full extent of the duties which are imposed by military discipline. I have been present at many a scene of horror on the part of our savage allies, which, in my quality of sergeant commanding a party often stronger than them, I might have prevented, if superior orders had not tied my hands; ours is a rude trade for feeling hearts."

"I was once the witness of a spectacle which still makes me shudder when I think of it. I saw these savages burn an English woman; she was a young and very beautiful woman. I think I still see her tied to the stake where they tortured her, for eight mortal hours! I still see this poor woman, in the midst of her brutal executioners; and like our mother Eve, having no other covering but her long flax-like hair which covered half of her body. I still fancy that I hear her heart-rending cry mein Gott! mein Gott! We did all we could to buy her, but without success; for, unfortunately for her, her father, her husband, and her brothers in defending her with the courage of despair, had killed several savages, and amongst others one of their chiefs and his son. We were but about fifteen Canadians, against at least two hundred Indians. I was very young at that time, and I wept like a child. Ducros dit Laterreur cried out to Francœur, foaming with rage: 'what, sergeant, are we men, and shall we suffer them to burn a poor woman before our eyes, without defending her! Are we Frenchmen! Only give the order, sergeant, and for my share I will kill ten of these *Canaoua* dogs, before they have time to defend themselves.' And he would have done as he had said, for Laterreur was a fine fellow, and as quick as lightning. The Black Bear, one of their most renowned warriors, turned towards us chuckling. Ducros darted on him with his raised tomahawk and exclaimed: take your hatchet, Black Bear, aud coward! you shall see that you have not a feeble woman to deal with! The Indian shrugged his shoulder, with a look of pity, and contented himself with slowly saying: 'the pale-face is foolish, he would kill his friend, to defend the *squaw* of a dog of an Englishman who is his enemy.' The sergeant put an end to the quarrel by ordering Ducros to rejoin our little group. This sergeant had a brave and honest heart, as his name attested. He said to us, with tears in his eyes: 'It would be useless for me to infringe my orders, we could not save the poor woman, and we should get ourselves all massacred. What would be the consequence? the powerful tribe of the Abenaquis would detach itself from the alliance of the French, would become our enemies, and then how many of our women and children would have to share the fate of this unfortunate English woman! And I should be responsible for all the blood that would be shed."

"Well, Monsieur Archy, even six months after this horrible scene, I used to start up out of my sleep all bathed in sweat; I would think I saw the poor victim, in the middle of those wild beasts; I was always thinking I heard her heart-rending cries of "mein Gott! mein Gott!" Every one was astonished at my coolness and courage, when the ice was bearing me away towards the St. Thomas falls; and this was the principal reason. Just as the ice broke up, and exploded with a frightful report, I thought I heard amidst the powerful voices of the tempest, the heart-rending cry of that poor Englishwoman "mein Gott! mein Gott!" * I thought that it was a chastisement sent by Providence which I deserved for not having succored her. For, you see Mr. Archy, men often make laws which God is far from sanctioning. I am only a poor ignorant man, who owes what little learning he has to the venerable curé who brought up my wife; but that is my opinion."

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* An old soldier, Godrault by name, who had served under my grandfather, described to me, nearly seventy years ago, this terrible scene, of which he had himself been a witness. He told me that the unfortunate victim had exclaimed "Mein Gott!" My family used to think that the soldier had mistaken the pronunciation, and that it was rather "my God" that she had exclaimed; I think it probable, however, that the poor woman was Dutch and that she really did cry "Mein Gott."

"And you are right" said Archy sighing.

The two friends conversed the rest of their road, about the d'Haberville family. The ladies and my uncle Raoul had taken shelter in Quebec, on the first news of the English fleet having made its appearance in the waters of the St. Lawrence. Captain d'Haberville was encamped at Beauport, with his company, as was also his son Jules, who had returned to Canada with the regiment in which he served."

Dumais, fearing some unlucky encounter with the Abenaquis Indians, who were spying the movements of the English army, insisted on escorting Archy as far as the bivouac where he had left his soldiers. Locheill's last words to him, were:

You are now quits with me, my friend, for you have given life for life; but I can never adequately requite you. There is some extraordinary connection, Dumais, between our two existences. Starting from Point-Levis, two years ago, I arrived on the shores of the South-River, just in time to save you from the abyss; a few minutes later, and you must inevitably have been lost. Yesterday, I was made prisoner by the Indians, after a long voyage on the ocean; and you, my dear Dumais, you were in the nick of time on an islet of the Three-Salmons lake, to save my honor and my life; God's providence has certainly manifested itself in a very visible manner. Farewell, dear friend, whatever chances I may meet with in my soldier's career, I hope we may repose our heads beneath the same turf, and that your children and grand-children will have reason to bless the memory of Archibald Cameron of Locheill.

When the Highlanders, at sun-rise, remarked their young officer's palor, after passing through such conflicting emotions, they attributed it to his having feared some surprise and having passed the night without sleep, roaming round the bivouac. After a slight repast, he fired the house next the mill which was now a heap of ashes; but hardly had he resumed his march, when an emissary from Montgomery signified to him that the work of destruction was to cease.*

"It is indeed time! exclaimed Archy, gnawing the handle of his claymore.

CHAPTER XIV.

> Il est des occasions dans la guerre
> où le plus brave doit fuir.
>
> CERVANTES.

THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.

Væ victis! says the wisdom of nations; Woe to the conquered! not only on account of the disasters consequent on a defeat, but also because the conquered are always in the wrong. They suffer in every way, they suffer in their wounded self-love, they suffer in their reputation as soldiers. Even if they have fought one against ten, or one against twenty, if they have performed prodigies of valor, still they are defeated; they find hardly any mercy from their countrymen; history only records their defeat. Here and there they get some slight praise from writers of their own nation, but even these praises are always mingled with blame. A new battle is fought with the pen and the compass in the hand,

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* This house, built of stone, and belonging to M. Joseph Robin, still exists; for after the departure of the English, the Canadians, who had been concealed in the wood, extinguished the fire. A rafter, which had been scorched by the flames, bears witness to this act of vandalism. Tradition says that this house owes its preservation to a figure of our Saviour, some say of our blessed Lady, that stood in a niche hollowed in the wall of the building, like those that may still be seen in many of the old Canadian houses.

and the manes of generals, whose bodies repose on the fields of slaughter they so bravely defended, are taught what they ought to have done to have still been of the number of the living; seated in a well stuffed armchair, we triumphantly demonstrate by what clever manœuvres the conquered would have come out the conquerors in the struggle. We bitterly reproach them for the consequences of their defeat, however they merited more generous treatment at our hands. Has not a great captain of our days who rivalled Alexander and Cæsar, said: "Who is there who has never committed a mistake in war!" *Væ victis!*

On the morning of the 13th of September 1759, a day of mourning in the annals of France, the English army, commanded by General Wolfe, after having eluded the vigilance of the French sentinels, and surprised the advanced posts, during a dark night, was ranged in battle array on the plains of Abraham, where it had commenced to entrench itself. General Montcalm, carried away by his chivalrous courage, or perhaps thinking it urgent to interrupt works, which might produce such fearful consequences, attacked the English with only a part of his troops, and was vanquished, as was inevitable, with forces so disproportioned to those of the enemy. The two generals sealed this memorable battle with their blood. Wolfe endowing England with a colony, nearly as large as the half of Europe; Montcalm losing to France an immense country which her king and improvident ministers knew so little how to appreciate.

Woe to the vanquished! For if the Marquis of Montcalm had gained the victory over the English army, he would have been vaunted to the clouds, instead of being blamed for not having awaited the reinforcements he was to receive from Monsieur de Vaudreuil and Colonel de Bougainville; his tactics would have been admired in having so abruptly attacked the enemy, before they had time to reconnoitre, and in profiting by the irregularities of the ground to intrench himself in an impregnable position. It would have been said that a hundred men sheltered by intrenchments were worth a thousand who were exposed. Motives of jealousy, unworthy of a high soul, would not have been attributed to General Montcalm; and the brilliant laurels which he had so often gathered on glorious fields of battle, would have sheltered him from such suspicions.

Væ victis! The city of Quebec, after the disastrous battle of the 13th of September, was nothing but a heap of ruins; even the fortifications were not safe from a surprise, for a part of the ramparts had given way. The ammunition in the magazines was exhausted; the artillery-men, rather to hide their state of distress than to hurt the enemy, fired guns only at long intervals against the formidable batteries of the English. There were no more provisions. And yet this brave garrison which suffered so much and defended itself so valiantly, has been accused of cowardice. If the governor, a new Nostradamus, had known that the Chevalier de Lévis was within reach of succoring the town, and instead of capitulating, had awaited the arrival of the French troops, it is certain that far from the garrison being accused of pusillanimity, its courage would have been lauded to the skies. Of course it was cowardly of the garrison to yield a town, which they knew they could not defend. Trusting to the humanity of the enemy (who had carried fire and sword into the peaceful fields) they need not have stopped to consider the fate of the citizens' lives, nor the honor of their wives and children exposed to all the horrors of a town taken by assault! Certainly this poor garrison was very cowardly! Woė to the vanquished!

After the capitulation, the English neglected nothing that might assure the conquest they had made of so important a place as the capital of New France. The walls were built up again, new fortifications were added to the former ones; and the whole furnished with a powerful artillery. From besiegers as they were the previous year, they might now become the besieged. Their precautions were but right, for General de Levis, the following spring, resumed the offensive with an army of 8,000 men, partly regular troops and partly Canadian Militia.

In the meantime, the English army, proud of the victory it had gained seven months previously, was again ranged in battle-order at eight o'clock in the morning of the 20th April, 1760, on the same plains where it had fought so successfully. General Murray who commanded this army of 6,000 strong, and supported by twenty-two guns, occupied the most advantageous position, whilst the French army, slightly more numerous, but with only two pieces of artillery, crowned the heights of Ste. Foye. Although the French were fatigued with a painful march, through nearly unpassible roads across the *Suède*[*] marshes, they longed to avenge their defeat of the preceding year. The thirst of blood raged in the breasts of enemies, whose long-standing hatred which they had brought with them from old Europe, was now stirred up afresh on the new continent. The valor was the same on both sides, and 15,000 of the best troops in the world only awaited the order of their respective commanders, to drench with their blood anew, those same plains which had already drunk that of so many brave soldiers.

Jules d'Haberville, who had already so distinguished himself at the first battle of the plains of Abraham, now made part of one of the five companies commanded by the brave Captain d'Aiguebelle, who, on the order of General Lévis, at first abandoned Dumont's mill which was attacked by a superior force. Jules, seriously wounded by the bursting of a shell, which had broken his left arm, refused to yield to the instances of his friends, who urged him to have his wound dressed at once, as the blood was flowing abundantly from it; only stopping to bandage his arm slightly with his handkerchief, he charged afresh, with his arm in a sling, at the head of his company, when the general, thinking it important to get possession, whatever it might cost, of a post on which the issue of the combat depended, gave the order to resume the offensive.

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[*] This word is also pronounced Suète which probably arises from the ground *sweating* in this locality.

Almost all General Murray's artillery was pointed to protect this important position, when the French grenadiers charged it anew; bullets and grape-shot decimated their ranks, which they kept filling up in as good order as if on parade; this position was taken and retaken several times during that memorable battle, where both sides vied with each other in valor. Jules d'Haberville "the little grenadier" as his soldiers called him, carried away by his excitement, and in spite of his wound, threw himself into the thick of the enemy, who for a moment left the French in possession of the mill; but they were hardly established in it, when the English, returning to the charge in greater numbers, again made themselves masters of it after a sanguinary struggle.

The French grenadiers, momentarily thrown into disorder, reformed again at a short distance, under the fire of artillery and a shower of balls which completely riddled them. For the third time they attacked the mill, and this time they charged with fixed bayonets, and after a bloody fight they obtained possession of it and kept it. During this third charge, every feeling which makes life dear, seemed to be dead in young d'Haberville's soul, for, his heart filled with deep resentment at his friendship being betrayed, and at the total ruin of his family, he seemed to implore death as a boon. When therefore the order was given to advance for the third time, bounding onwards like a tiger and uttering the war-cry of his family "follow me grenadiers" he threw himself single-handed on the enemy, with whom he fought like a madman. The work of slaughter had again begun with renewed fury, and when the

French remained masters of the position, they dragged Jules from beneath a heap of dead and wounded. As he gave some signs of life, two grenadiers carried him to the borders of a little river near the mill, where the application of some cold water, restored him to consciousness. It was more the loss of blood than the severity of the wound which had caused him to faint: a sabre-cut had gone clean through his helmet, and cut the flesh of his head without fracturing the bone. A soldier stanched the effusion of blood, and said to Jules who wished to return to the fight:

"Not for a short quarter of an hour, sir; you have had enough for the present; the sun burns like the devil on the mound, and that is dangerous for wounds on the head. We will carry you into the shade of the wood, where you will find some fellows who have also received scratches." D'Haberville, too weak to offer any resistance, soon found himself amongst a number of wounded soldiers, who had had sufficient strength to drag themselves as far as the thicket of firs.

Every one knows the issue of the second battle of the plains of Abraham; the victory was dearly bought by the French and the Canadians, whose loss was as great as that of the enemy. On the part of the vanquished, it was a useless effusion of blood: New-France abandoned by the mother-country was ceded to England by the indolent Louis the Fifteenth, only three years after that glorious battle which might have saved the colony.

Locheill had been nobly revenged for all the suspicions injurious to his loyalty, which his enemy Montgomery had tried to instil into the minds of the superior officers of the British army. His extensive information, the time which he had devoted to the study of his new profession, his aptitude for all the military exercises, his vigilance at the posts confided to him, his sobriety, had from the first gained him general esteem; and his high courage, tempered however with prudence in the attack on the French lines at Montmorency, and on the field of battle of the thirteenth of September, 1759, was noticed by General Murray, who publicly loaded him with praise.

After the rout of the English army at the second battle of the plains of Abraham, Archibald Locheill, after performing prodigies of valor at the head of his Highlandmen, was the last to yield the ground he had contested inch by inch; he again distinguished himself for his coolness and presence of mind in covering the retreat of the remains of his company; for instead of following the stream of fugitives to the city of Quebec, remarking that Dumont's mill was evacuated by the French grenadiers (who were occupied in pursuit of their enemies of whom they made great slaughter) he profited by the circumstance to shelter his movements from the observation of the enemy, and ordered his men to defile between this position and the adjacent wood. Just then, he thought he heard his name called, and turning round he saw an officer issuing from the wood, with his arm in a sling, his head covered with a bloody bandage, and his uniform in tatters, who tottered towards him, sword in hand.

"What are you doing, brave Cameron of Locheill?" exclaimed the unknown "the mill is evacuated by our gallant soldiers; it is not even defended by women, children, or weak old men! turn back, brave Cameron, you can easily burn it to crown your exploits!"

It was impossible to mistake the bantering voice of Jules d'Haberville, although his face, soiled with blood and mud, was hard to recognise.

Archy had but one feeling at these insulting words, that of tender compassion for the friend of his youth, for him whom he had so long desired to hold in his arms. His heart swelled to bursting, and a choking sob broke from his chest, for he seemed to hear the words of the witch of the domain resound afresh.

"Keep your pity for yourself, you will want it,

" when you shall carry in your arms the bloody " corpse of him you now call brother! I only feel one " great regret, oh Archibald Locheill! it is for not " being able to curse you! Woe! woe! woe!"

Without pausing to consider the critical position in which he was placed, or his responsibility for the safety of his soldiers, he halted his company, and went to meet Jules, with the point of his claymore bent towards the ground. One moment, one single moment, all the young Frenchman's affection for his adopted brother, seemed to reawake in him, but repressing this first impulse of affection, he called to him in a hollow and plaintive voice:

" Defend yourself, Monsieur de Locheill, you love easy victories! Defend yourself! ah! traitor!"

At this fresh insult Archy crossing his arms, only answered in his most affectionate tone of voice:

" You also, my brother Jules, you also condemn me without a hearing!"

At this affectionate reproach, a strong shudder paralysed the small strength still remaining to Jules; his sword dropped from his hand, and he fell with his face to the ground. Archy sent one of his soldiers to fetch some water from the adjacent stream, and without thinking of the danger to which he exposed himself, took his friend in his arms, and carried him to the outskirts of the wood, where several of the wounded both French and Canadian, were so affected by the young Englishman's care of their young officer, that they did not think of harming him, though several had already reloaded their guns, Archy after having examined his friend's wounds. come to the conclusion that loss of blood was the sole cause of the fainting fit, and the cold water he threw in his face, soon made him recover consciousness. He opened his eyes, and raised them to Archy's for a moment, but he did not speak a word. The latter pressed his hand and he seemed to return a slight pressure.

" Farewell, Jules!" said Archy to him, " Farewell, my brother! imperious duties oblige me to leave you; may we both see better days!"

And sighing deeply, he rejoined his companions.

"Now, my boys" said Locheill, after having thrown a rapid glance over the plain, and listened to the confusion of sounds which rose from it, "now, my boys, no false delicacy; the battle is lost without resource; let us now shew the agility of our highland legs, if we wish to have the good fortune of being present at other battles; forward then, and do not lose sight of me."

Taking advantage of all the irregularities of ground, and listening from time to time to the cries of the French, who were eagerly pursuing the English whom they wished to drive back on the river St. Charles, Locheill had the good fortune of entering Quebec, without having lost another man. This gallant Company had already suffered enough; the half had remained on the field of battle, and Locheill was the only one of the officers who survived.

Honor to unsuccessful valor! Honor to the manes of the English soldiers whose bodies were buried pell-mell with those of their enemies, 28th April, 1760! Honor to those, the heaps of whose bones may still be seen reposing in peace in an eternal embrace, beside Dumont's mill! Will these soldiers have forgotten their inveterate hatred during this long sleep? or will they be ready to cut each other's throats anew, when the trump of the last judgment shall sound the last call to the man of war in the valley of Jehosaphat?

Honor to the memory of the French soldiers whose bodies lie buried on the Plains of Abraham, on the field of that disastrous battle of the preceding year! Will they, after their long sleep remember their last struggle to prevent their native soil passing under the yoke of the stranger? Will they, on awaking, seek for their arms, in order to reconquer that ground which their desperate courage could not keep? the heroes, whose praises were sung by the mythological poets, still kept their malignant passions in the Elysean fields; christian heroes, when they die, pardon all their enemies.

Honor to unsuccessful valor! if those who celebrate the anniversary of a great and bravely-disputed victory, had a particle of generous feeling in their souls, they would append to the brilliant national standard, a dark-colored flag, bearing this inscription, "Honor to unsuccessful Valor!" Among the celebrated soldiers whom history mentions, there was but one who, on the morrow of a memorable victory, uncovered his head respectfully before the captives, and in the presence of his staff, pronounced these noble words, "Honor, gentlemen, to unsuccessful valor!" He doubtless wished, that in their future triumphs, the French should ascribe a share of glory to the vanquished who merited it; he knew that his words would remain for ever recorded on the pages of history. Great soldiers are often to be met with, but nature, sparing of her gifts, takes centuries to bring forth a hero!

The field of battle presented a most doleful appearance after the victory of the French; blood, water and mud adhered to the clothes, hair, and even faces, of the dead and wounded, who were stretched about on that bed of ice; great efforts were necessary to disengage them from it. The Chevalier de Lévis caused the greatest care to be taken of the wounded of both nations, the greater number of whom were taken to the Convent of the Ladies of the General Hospital. The hospital and out-buildings were filled with sick. All the linen in the house was torn up for bandages; all that the good nuns had left to them, were the clothes they had on the day of the battle (*a*). Always thirsting for opportunities of exercising christian charity, they had now a rare opportunity of fulfilling the painful duties which this charity imposes on those, who, by pronouncing their vows, make at once a creed and a profession of it.

General Murray, who, after his defeat, had reentered

Quebec, which he fortified in a formidable manner, offered a vigorous resistance to the Chevalier de Lévis, who had no other materials for a siege than twenty guns with which to fortify his batteries; it was more an investment than a regular siege, and it was prolonged by the French whilst waiting for the succors which never arrived from the mother-country.

The Chevalier de Lévis, who wished to show the care that was taken of the enemy's wounded, had listened favorably to the English general's request, that one of his officers might three times a week visit his sick countrymen who had been taken to the General Hospital. Locheill knew that his friend must be in that hospital with the officers of both nations; but he had had no news of him. Although very uneasy, he had refrained from asking anything about him, so as not to lay himself open to ill-natured remarks, on account of the false position in which his former relations with the Canadians had placed him.

Still it was natural that he should wish to pay a visit to his fellow-countrymen, but with true Scotch caution, he did not let this appear; and it was only on the tenth day after the battle, when his turn came naturally, that he went to the hospital, escorted by a French officer. The conversation, between the two young men, did not flag on the way.

"I do not know," said Locheill at last, "if it would be an indiscretion on my part, to ask to speak in private with the superior of the convent?"

"I see no indiscretion in it," answered the Frenchman, "but I fear to infringe my orders by permitting you to do so; I am told to conduct you to your countrymen, and nothing more."

"I am sorry for it," said the Scotchman indifferently, "it is rather disagreeable for me, but let us say no more about it."

The French officer kept silence for a few minutes, and said to himself, that his interlocutor, speaking the French language like a Parisian, had probably become acquainted with some of the Canadian families who were shut up in Quebec ; that perhaps he was charged with some message from the relations or friends of the superior, and that it would be cruel to deny his request. After a moment's silence, he resumed :

" As I feel sure neither you nor the Superior have any intention to blow up our batteries, I think that after all I shall not be failing in my duty, if I allow the private conversation you have asked for."

Locheill who counted upon this interview to effect a reconciliation between himself and his friend, could hardly repress a joyful exclamation, but yet he answered in an indifferent manner :

" Thank you, Sir, for your courtesy to me and to this good lady. Your batteries, protected by French valor," he added smiling, " are in perfect safety, even supposing we had sinister designs on them."

The passages of the hospital through which they were obliged to pass before entering the Superior's parlour, were literally strewn with the wounded. But Archy, seeing none of his fellow countrymen, hastened onwards. After having rung, he walked up and down in that same parlour where the good Superior, Jules' aunt, had so often had luncheon served them formerly, during the frequent visits which he made to the convent, with his friend, during his long sojourn at the Jesuits' College at Quebec.

The Superior received him with cold civility, and said to him :

" I am sorry to have kept you waiting, pray take a seat, sir."

" I fear, madam, that you do not know me," said Archy.

" I beg your pardon," replied the Superior, " you are Monsieur Archibald Cameron of Locheill."

" You used to call me Archy," said the young man.

" The times are much altered, Monsieur Locheill," replied the nun; " and many events have taken place since then."

Locheill echoed these words, and sighing, repeated: "The times are much altered, and many events have taken place since then. But, at any rate, how is my brother, Jules d'Haberville ?"

"He, whom you used formerly to call your brother, Monsieur Locheill, is now, I hope, out of danger."

"God be praised !" replied Locheill, "then all hope is not dead within me ! If I were speaking to an ordinary person, there would be nothing more for me to do now than to take my leave after having thanked the Superior for the interview she has deigned to grant me ; but I have the honor of speaking to the sister of a brave soldier, to the heiress of a name famous in history by high deeds of arms, and by the noble actions of a lady of the house of Haberville ;[*] and if she will allow me, if she will for a moment forget the ties of affection which bind her to her family, if the Superior will act as an impartial judge between me, and a family who will be as strangers to her, I can then venture to broach a justification of my conduct, with some hopes of success."

"Speak, Monsieur Locheill," replied the Superioress, "speak ; I am listening to you, not as a d'Haberville, but as a perfect stranger to the name ; it is my duty as a christian to do so, it is my wish to listen with impartiality, to all which can palliate your cruel and barbarous conduct towards a family who had loved you so well !"

A sudden flush, followed by a cadaverous palor, passed over the young man's features, and made the Superior fear that he was going to faint. With both hands, he laid hold of the grating which separated him from his interlocutor, and leaned his head against it for some moments ; then, conquering his feelings, he told what the reader already has become acquainted with, in the preceding chapters.

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[*] The author here alludes to the Ladies de Verchères, his grand-aunts who, in the year 1690, and again in 1692, defended a fort attacked by the Indians and repulsed them. The account given in the author's family is, that, these ladies, their servants and other women, dressed themselves like men in order to mislead the Indians, that they fired the canon and muskets, and that they shewed themselves at all the principal points that were attacked, till the enemy, thinking that the fort was defended by a numerous garrison, took to flight.

Archy entered into the most minute details; he mentioned his regret at having entered the English army, when he learnt that his regiment was to take part in the expedition against Canada; he spoke of the Montgomery's hereditary hatred of the Camerons of Locheill; he mentioned how eager the major was to ruin him, and how he was a spy on all his actions hoping to succeed in doing so; he accused himself of cowardice, in not having sacrificed even honor to the gratitude which he owed the family who had adopted him in his exile. He omitted nothing; he related the scene at the old man's at St. Ann's; his humanity in forewarning the unhappy Canadian families of the fate which threatened them; his anguish and despair on the hill at Port-Joli before setting fire to the manor-house; his ineffectual attempts to soften his cruel enemy; his curses and projects of vengeance against Montgomery, at the fountain of the cape, after having completed the barbarous work of destruction; his anguish at the sight of the smoking ruins he had made; his capture by the Abenaquis; his painful self-reproach; his return to that God whom he had so grievously offended by giving way to all the feelings of hatred and rage which his depair suggested. He related the scene on the Plains of Abraham; his terrible anguish of mind when he saw Jules, whose wounds he feared might be mortal; he omitted nothing, and added nothing in his own defence. In laying bare the anguish of his soul, and describing the storm of passions which had raged in his breast during those fatal days, Locheill could add nothing in his own justification before such a judge. What pleading could indeed be more eloquent than the faithful recital of all that had troubled his soul! What pleading could be more eloquent than the simple and uncoloured recital of the indignation which tortured a noble spirit, obliged to execute the cruel orders of a ferocious leader, whose heart was dead to every feeling of humanity! Locheill, without himself perceiving it, was sublime in his eloquence when pleading his cause before this noble lady, whose sentiments were as lofty as his own.

She had indeed sentiments as lofty as his own, for it was she who had one day said to her brother captain d'Haberville:

" My brother, as it is, you have sufficient means
" worthily to uphold the honor of our house with
" dignity; but it will not be so if you share our father's
" inheritance with me; to-morrow, I shall enter a
" convent, and here is the act of renunciation which
" I have executed in your favor."

The good superioress had listened to him with ever-increasing emotion; she clasped her hands and held them out entreatingly toward the young Scotchman when he repeated his curses, imprecations, and threats of vengeance against Montgomery. Tears flowed from her eyes when Locheill, a prisoner amongst the Indians, and doomed to a frightful death, looked into his own heart, bowed beneath God's hand, and prepared himself for the death of a repentant sinner; and she raised her hands to heaven to show her gratitude.

" My dear Archy " said the saintly woman......

" Ah! thank you! a hundred times thank you! madam, for those kind words," exclaimed Locheill, joining his hands.

" My dear Archy," replied the nun, " I exonerate you completely; you have fulfilled the duties of a soldier (which are so often distressing) by executing the orders of a superior officer; sacrificing yourself for the sake of our family, would have irretrievably ruined you, and without preventing my brother's ruin; yes, I quite exonerate you from all blame, but I hope that now you will forgive your enemy likewise."

" My enemy, madam, or rather he who was so formerly, has had to seek pardon from Him who will judge us all; he was one of the first to take flight from the field of battle which was so disastrous to us; a shot stretched him mortally wounded on a heap of ice, without even a stone on which to rest his head; a tomahawk put an end to his sufferings, and his bloody scalp now hangs at the belt of an Abenaquis Indian. May God pardon him," continued Archy raising his hands "as I do from the bottom of my heart!" (b)

A ray of joy lighted up the superioress' countenance; naturally vindictive like her brother captain d'Haberville, a religion of love and charity, had subdued her natural inclinations, and put into her heart love and charity for all men. For a moment she seemed to be praying, and then she resumed:

"I have every reason to believe that it will be easy for you to become reconciled to Jules. He has been at death's door; and during his delirium, he was incessantly mentioning your name, sometimes addressing you in a threatening voice, and reproaching you most bitterly, but more frequently, seeming to converse affectionately with you."

"My nephew must be well known to be able to understand the extreme affection he had for you; that noble self-denying spirit must be known to be able to appreciate his love for you, and what he would have been capable of doing to prove it. How often has he said to me: I love men, and am always ready to render them any service, but if it were necessary to give my life to-morrow for my brother Archy, I should die with a smile on my lips, for I should have given him the only proof of my affection which was worthy of him. Such feelings are not suddenly extinguished in so noble a heart as that of my nephew, without superhuman efforts. On the contrary, he will be glad to hear your justification from me; and rest assured, my dear Archy, that I shall spare no efforts to bring about a reconciliation between you and your brother. He has never mentioned your name since he has been getting better, and as he is still too weak to be spoken to on a subject which might agitate him, I will wait till he is a little stronger, and I hope to give you good news at our next interview. In the meantime I will bid you farewell; indispensable duties oblige me to leave you."

"Pray for me, Madam, I have great need of it" said Archy!

"I do so every day," replied the nun. "They say, perhaps wrongly, that people in the world have more need of prayers than we have, and most of all young officers; as for you Locheill, you must have altered a good deal if you are not one of those who have but little need of them!" added the superioress smiling kindly. "Farewell, once more; may God bless you, my son."

It was not till a fortnight afterwards that Locheill again visited the hospital, where Jules, to whom the superioress had given satisfactory explanations, waited with nervous anxiety to show him that he felt the same warm affection for him, of which he had in former days given so many proofs. They agreed to make no allusions to certain events, as it would be too painful a subject of conversation for both of them.

When Locheil entered the little room which Jules occupied in the capacity of nephew to the superioress, in preference to other officers of a higher grade, Jules held out his arms to him, and made a useless effort to rise from the armchair in which he was seated. Archy threw himself into his arms, and they were both some time before they could speak a word. D'Haberville, after a great effort to regain his composure, was the first to break silence:

"The moments are precious, my dear Archy, and it is of consequence to me, to unveil the future, if it is possible. We are no longer children, we are soldiers fighting under glorious banners, brothers in affection, but enemies on the field of battle. I have aged ten years during my illness: I am no longer the young, brokenhearted madman who flung himself on the enemy's battalions praying for death; let us live in hopes of better times; those were your last words, when you confided me to the care of my grenadiers; those were your last words, and they make me hope that happier times are in store for those who have never ceased to be brothers at heart.".

"You know as well as I do," continued Jules, "the precarious state of this colony, all depends on a throw of the dice. If France leaves us to our own resources, as there is every reason to believe she will, and if on the other hand, your ministers who set so high a value on the conquest of this country, send you succors in the spring, the siege of Quebec will necessarily be raised, and we shall have to leave Canada to you finally. If the other supposition proves true, we shall retake Quebec, and keep the colony. Now, my dear Archy, I want to know what you will do, under the one or the other of these circumstances.

"In either case," said Locheill, "I can not honorably retire from the army, whilst the war lasts; but when peace is proclaimed, I think of selling the wrecks of my Scotch patrimony, buying land in America, and settling there. My warmest affections are here; I love Canada, I love the gentle and straight-forward manners of your good *habitants*; and after a peaceful but laborious life, I should at least lay my head beneath the same soil as you, my brother Jules."

"My position is every different from yours," replied Jules, "you are the absolute master of your own actions, I whilst I am the slave of circumstances. If we lose Canada, it is most likely that the Canadian nobility will emigrate to France, where they will find friends and protection; if my family is among the number of these, I can not leave the army. In the other case, I shall return after some years service, to live and die with my relations and friends; and like you, rest my head beneath the soil I love so well. Everything makes me hope that after the stormy life of our youth is passed, we shall live to see many happy days afterwards."

The two friends separated after a long and affectionate conversation, the last they were to have in that colony which was as yet called New France.

When the reader sees them again several years afterwards, the colony will have changed its name and masters.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SHIPWRECK OF THE "AUGUSTUS."

The predictions of the sorceress of the domain were fulfilled. The once opulent family of d'Haberville, after the capitulation of Quebec, had been only too happy to accept the hospitality, which Monsieur d'Egmont offered them in his cottage, whose seclusion had saved it from being burnt. The good gentleman and my uncle Raoul, assisted by the faithful Francœur, had at once set to work; they had partitioned off bedrooms in the garret, so as to leave the ground floor to the women. The men, in order to raise the courage of those unhappy ladies, affected a gaiety which was far from their hearts; and their songs might often be heard, mingled with the smart strokes of the hatchet, the creaking of the saw, and the shrill whistling of the plane. By means of hard work and perseverance, they succeeded, not only in sheltering themselves from the inclemency of the climate, but also in being tolerably well lodged; and if it had not been for the anxiety they felt for captain d'Haberville and his son, exposed to the chances of war, they would have passed the winter agreeably enough in their solitude. Their greatest difficulty was to obtain food, for the dearth of provisions in the country was frightful; the greater number of the habitants for want of a mill to grind what little wheat they had got in, ate it boiled. (*a*)

The only resource was hunting and fishing, but monsieur d'Egmont and his servant were rather too old to devote themselves to these sports during a severe winter. My uncle Raoul, although lame, took on himself the provision department. He set snares for hares and partridges in the woods, and his charming niece assisted him. She had arranged herself a costume, adapted for these pursuits, and looked most charming in her half Indian, half French habiliments. Her petticoat was of blue cloth, and came nearly to her ancles ; she wore scarlet gaiters, and mocassins embroidered with beads and porcupine quills of bright and picturesque colors. She was very charming, when on her little snow shoes, with her complexion heightened by exercise, she arrived at the house, laden with hares and partridges. As, during this scarcity, the habitants frequented the Three Salmons lake, they had beaten a hard road on the snow, and along this the chevalier managed to travel in an indian sleigh, drawn by a large dog; he always returned with an ample provision of excellent trout and partridges, which he had shot amongst the lake mountains. This game and fish were their only resources during the long winter. The *manna* of wild-pigeons, which appeared the following spring, saved the colony ; they were in such numbers, that they could be knocked down with sticks.*

When captain d'Haberville returned to his seigniory, he was completely ruined, having only saved his plate from the wreck of his property. He did not for an instant think of claiming the considerable arrears of rent, owed him by his impoverished tenants; but made haste to come to their aid, by rebuilding his mill on the Three Salmons river, and he himself with his family lived there for several years, until he had sufficient means to build a new manor-house.

Three tiny rooms in a mill formed but a small lodging, for the formerly so opulent family of the d'Habervilles? However, they bore up bravely, under the privations to which they were exposed; only captain d'Haberville, though exerting himself energetically, could not resign himself to the loss of his fortune; his misfortunes preyed upon his mind, and for six years no smile was seen on his face. It was only when his manor-house was rebuilt, and a certain air of comfort again pervaded his household, that he resumed his natural gaiety.*

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* All the old habitants that I have known, agree in saying that they would have died of hunger, had it not been for this manna of pigeons. They could knock them down with sticks.

It was on the 22nd of February, 1762, and at about nine o'clock in the evening, that a shabby looking stranger entered the mill and asked hospitality for the night. Captain d'Haberville was sitting, as he was wont to do, when unemployed, in a corner of the room, with his head bent down, and his mind absorbed in sad reflections. Great strength of mind is needed by one, who has fallen from opulence to comparative poverty, to enable him to overcome all the annoyances and humiliations of his position, and above all, when he is the father of a family. Great courage is necessary, when this ruin is brought on, not by his own want of foresight, his expensive tastes, his extravagance, or his bad conduct, but is the inevitable consequence of circumstances, over which he has had no control. In the former case there is poignant remorse; but a sensible man says "I have deserved my fate, and I must submit with resignation, to the misfortunes occasioned by my own folly!"

Monsieur d'Haberville had not even the consolation of remorse; he brooded over his troubles and incessantly said to himself:

"My God! it seems to me that I have not deserved such misfortunes, give me strength and courage, oh my God! since thou hast made thy hand heavy on me."

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* By recording the misfortunes of own family, I have tried to give some dea of the distress of the greater part of the Canadian nobility who were ruined by the conquest, and whose reduced descendants vegetated on the same soil that their ancestors had conquered and watered with their blood. Let those who accuse them of want ot talent and energy remember, that with their military education, it was very difficult for them to devote themselves at once to any other occupations than those they were already familiar with.

The stranger's voice made captain d'Haberville start, without his knowing why; he was some time without answering but at last said:

"My friend you are welcome; you shall sup and breakfast here and the miller will give you a bed in his part of the house."

"Thank you" said the stranger "but I am tired, give me a glass of brandy."

Monsieur d'Haberville hardly felt inclined to give to an utter stranger, a sort of vagabond, a single glass of the provision of wine and spirit, which was contained in a small cellaret and which he kept, for cases of sickness or of absolute necessity; he therefore replied by a refusal, saying that he had none.

"If you knew me d'Haberville," replied the stranger "you certainly would not refuse me a glass of brandy, even if it were the last you had in the house." *

The captain's first impulse, on hearing himself addressed thus familiarly by a sort of vagabond, was that of anger; but there was something in the stranger's hollow voice which again startled him, and he restrained himself. Just then Blanche appeared with a light and all the family were horror-struck at the sight of the man, looking like a spectre, who standing with folded arms, gazed sadly at them. Looking at him as he stood there motionless, his appearance was so cadaverous, that one could almost have fancied that a vampire had sucked all the blood from his veins. The stranger looked, as if his bones were nearly through his skin, which was as yellow as that of an Egyptian mummy; his eyes dull and sunk in their sockets appeared to be without "speculation" like those of Banquo's ghost at the supper of Macbeth, the assassin

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* This scene between Mons. de St. Luc, who had escaped from the shipwreck of the "Augustus," and my grand-father Ignace Aubert de Gaspé, captain of a detachment of marines, is related just exactly as it was told to me fifty years ago by my paternal aunt Mme. Bailly de Messein, who was twelve years old at the time of the conquest.

prince. All were surprised, that there remained sufficient vitality in this body to enable it to move about.

After one moment's hesitation, captain d'Haberville threw himself into the stranger's arms, exclaiming:

" You here, my dear Saint-Luc; the sight of my bitterest enemy could not horrify me so much! speak, and tell us, that all our relations and friends, passengers in the "Augustus," are engulphed in the waves and you alone, having escaped death, bring us the sad news."

The unbroken silence of Monsieur St. Luc de Lacorne, the grief depicted on his countenance sufficiently confirmed his friend's conjectures.*

" Cursed be the tyrant," exclaimed captain d'Haberville, " who, in his hatred for the French, joyfully exposed the lives of so many worthy people, in an old vessel that was not seaworthy, and during the stormy season of the year."

" Instead of cursing your enemies," said Monsieur de St. Luc, in a hoarse voice " thank God that you and your family obtained from the English Governor, a respite of two years, before being obliged to go to France.† Now give me some brandy and a little soup; I have suffered so much from hunger, that my stomach refuses all solid food. Let me take a little repose also, before relating the sad occurrences, whose recital will make you shed many tears."

After the expiration of about half-an-hour, for this man of steel required but a short time to recruit his strength, Monsieur de St. Luc began his tale:

" Notwithstanding the British Governor's impatience to send from New France those who had so gallantly defended it, the authorities had placed only two vessels at our disposal; and they were insufficient to carry the large number of French and Canadians who were compelled to embark for Europe. I remarked this to General Murray, and proposed buying one, at my own expense. He refused me; but two days afterwards placed at our disposal the 'Augustus,' which had been hastily got ready for the purpose. By means of the sum of five hundred Spanish dollars, I obtained from the English captain, the exclusive use of his cabin for myself and my family."

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* The old Canadian families who remained in Canada after the conquest, used to relate that general Murray acting only from his hatred of the French, insisted on their precipitate ejectment; that he made them embark on board an old vessel that had long been condemned, and that, previous to their departure he would often say, with a volley of oaths: " One cannot tell the " conquerors from the conquered when one sees those d. . . . d French- " men walking about with their uniforms and their swords." This story was current in my young days.

† The author has always heard that his grandfather was the only person who obtained a respite of two years, so as to enable him to dispose of the wrecks of his property. This was being far more fortunate than many others who had to sell at an enormous sacrifice.

"I then made general Murray remark the danger, to which we should be exposed, in the stormy season, with a captain who did not know the St. Lawrence river; offering to engage a river pilot, at my own expense. His answer was that we should not be more exposed than the others. However he at length despatched a little boat, with orders to escort us to the last anchorage."

"We were all sad and discouraged, and we were a prey to sad forebodings, when we raised the anchor on the 15th of last October. A great many among us, obliged to sell their movables and immovables in a hurry, had done so at an immense sacrifice, and only looked forward to a very sad future, even on the soil of their mother country. Our hearts were very full then, when, sailing along with a favorable wind, we saw disappearing from our view the isles so long familiar to us, which recalled such sacred memories.

"I will speak briefly only of the dangers, which we ran at the commencement of our voyage, and come at once to the great disaster, from which only I and six other men escaped alive. On the sixteenth we were within a hair's breadth of shipwreck, near l'Ile-aux-Coudres, where we were blown by a strong breeze, after having lost our large anchor.

"On the fourth of November, we were overtaken by a frightful storm, which lasted two days, and did us great damage. On the seventh, a fire, which we had much trouble in extinghuising, broke out for the third time in the kitchen, and we were nearly being burnt on the open sea. It would be difficult to paint the scenes of distress, which took place during our efforts to obtain a mastery over the flames.

"On the 11th, we were nearly perishing along the coast of l'Isle Royale, on an enormous rock, which we passed within gunshot of, and which we did not see till the ship was, so to say, dashing herself against it.

"From the 13th to the 15th, we were driven at the mercy of a violent storm, without knowing where we were. We were obliged, as we best could, to replace the crew; for the men, worn out with fatigue, had taken refuge in their hammocks and would not leave them ; threats, promises, even blows had been tried in vain. Our mizen mast being broken, our sails torn to shreds and incapable of being clewed up, or lowered, the first mate proposed as a last resource, in this extremity, to run into shore; it was a desperate act ; the fatal moment arrived ! The captain and mate looked sadly at me with clasped hands. I but too well understood this mute language of men, who from their profession were accustomed to brave death. We made the land to starboard, where we perceived the mouth of a river, which might prove to be navigable. Without concealing anything, I informed the passengers of both sexes of this manœuvre, which was for life or death ! How many prayers were then offered to the Supreme Being ! how many vows made ! But alas ! the prayers and the vows were ineffectual.

"Who could describe the fury of the waves ! The storm had burst upon us in all its fury ; our masts seemed to reach up to the clouds, and then to plunge into the abyss. A terrible shock announced to us that the ship had touched the bottom. We then cut away the cordage and masts to lighten her and try to float her again ; this came to pass, but the force of the waves turned her over on her side. We had run aground, about a hundred and fifty feet from the shore, in a little sandy cove, which barred the entrance of the little river, where we had hoped to find a shelter. As the ship was already leaking in every part, the passengers all rushed on deck ; some even thinking themselves in safety, threw themselves into the sea and perished.

" Just then madame de Mézière arrived on the deck, holding her young infant in her arms ; her hair and her clothes were in disorder : she was the very picture of despair personnified. She knelt down; then perceiving me, she exclaimed " My dear de Saint-Luc, it seems that we must die ! "

" I was running to her assistance, when an enormous wave broke over the deck, and washed her away." (*b*)

" My poor friend ! companion of my childhood." exclaimed madame d'Haberville sobbing violently ; " my poor sister, nursed at the same bosom as myself! They tried to make me believe, that I was a prey to nervous over-excitement, brought on by anxiety of mind, when in my sleep on the 17th november, I saw you bathed in tears, on the deck of the Augustus, with your child in your arms, and then I saw you disappear beneath the waves ! I was not mistaken ; poor sister ! she wished to bid me farewell, before mounting to heaven with the angel she was bearing in her arms ! "

After some little time had been spent in indulging the painful emotions, which this recital had given rise to, monsieur de Lacorne went on with his narrative :

" The crew and passengers had lashed themselves to the shrouds and spars in order to resist the waves which, breaking over the ship, were every moment snatching fresh victims as their prey ; what else indeed could be expected from enfeebled men and weak women ! Our only remaining resource was the two boats, the larger of which was carried away by a wave, and dashed in pieces. The other was lowered into the water, and a servant, named Stephen, sprang into it, as well as the captain, and several others. I only perceived it when one of my children whom I was holding in my arms, and the other who was fastened to my belt, called out to me, "try and save us, the boat is in the water." I hastily seized a rope, and by means of a tremendous leap, fell into the boat; the same wave which saved my life, carried away my two children."

The narrator after having paid the debt, which nature exacted at the remembrance of his cruel loss, made a great effort to conquer the emotion, which his friends had shared in, and resumed:

"Although we were under the lee of the ship, a wave nearly filled the boat; a second wave bore us away from the vessel, a third threw us on the sand. It would be difficult to describe the horror of this terrible disaster, the cries of those still on board the ship, and the harrowing spectacle, presented by those who, having thrown themselves into the waves, were making useless efforts to gain the shore.

"Of the seven living men, who now found themselves on the shore of that unknown land, I was, so to speak, the only sound one. I had just lost my brother and my children, and I had to crush back my grief into the depths of my heart, to occupy myself in saving the companions of my misfortunes. I succeeded in reviving the captain, who had fainted. The others were benumbed with cold, for a chilling rain was falling in torrents. Not wishing to lose sight of the ship,* I gave them my powder flask, tinder, flint and steel; enjoining them to light a fire at the entrance of the wood, which was a short distance from the shore; but they could not manage it; they had hardly strength even to come and tell me so, so overpowered were they with cold and fatigue. After many attempts, I succeeded in lighting a fire, and it was time; for these unfortunate men could neither speak nor move; it was I who saved their lives.

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* Mme. Elizabeth de Chapt de Lacorne, Monsieur de St. Luc's daughter, who died at Quebec, March 31st 1817, and was wife to the Hon. Charles Tarieu de Lanaudière, the author's uncle, used to tell us that the life of her father and of his companions in misfortune had been saved, through his having, at the commencement of the disaster, taken the precaution of placing a piece of tinder in a little leather bag, under his armpit.

"I at once returned to the shore, so as not to lose sight of the vessel, which was given up to all the fury of the storm. I was in hopes of being able to succor some of the unfortunate creatures, that the sea was continually throwing up on the shore, for every wave which broke over the wreck, carried of some fresh victim. I remained therefore on the beach from three o'clock in the afternoon when we went aground, to six o'clock in the evening when the vessel went to pieces on the shore. It was a heart-rending sight, which presented itself when the hundred and fourteen corpses were stretched on the sand, many of them with arms and legs broken, or bearing other marks of the fury of the elements!

"We passed a sleepless and nearly silent night, so great was our consternation. The morning of the 16th, we returned to the beach, where the bodies of the unfortunate companions of our shipwreck were lying. Several had taken off their clothes, to try and swim to land; all more or less bore the marks of the fury of the waves. We passed the day in performing to them funeral rites, as far as our sad situation and strength permitted.

"The next day we had to leave the mournful and inhospitable shore, and penetrate into the interior of this unknown land. The winter had come in all its severity; we had to travel through snow, up to our knees. Often we were obliged to go a long distance round, in order to cross the frozen waters of the rivers which intercepted our way. My companions where so exhausted with hunger and fatigue, that I often had to make these little journeys several times, in order to carry their packages, which they had not had the strength to carry. They were completely disheartened, and I was often obliged to make shoes to protect their bleeding feet.

"We thus dragged ourselves, or rather I took them as one might say in tow, (for neither my courage nor my strength failed me), till the 4th december when we met with two Indians; to paint the joy, the extacy of my companions, who had been every moment expecting that death would put an end to their sufferings, would be beyond any powers of description. The aborigines did not recognize me at first, seeing me with a long beard, and so altered, as I was by so many sufferings. I had formerly rendered great service to their nation, and you know these children of nature are never wanting in gratitude. They received me with the liveliest demonstrations of joy; all of us were saved. I then learnt that we were on Cape-Breton island, thirty leagues from Louisbourg.

" I at once decided on leaving my companions at the first Acadian settlement we passed, quite sure that they would receive every attention; and on proceeding myself to Quebec to give General Murray the first news of our shipwreck. It is useless, my dear friends, to relate to you all the particulars of my journey since then; my crossing from the island to the mainland, in a birch canoe, in the midst of the ice, where I was nearly perishing; my marches and counter-marches through the woods; let it suffice to say, that according to my reckoning, I have travelled five hundred and fifty leagues on snow-shoes. I was often obliged to change guides; for at the end of a week's march, the strength of Acadian and Indian alike was exhausted."

After this affecting narrative the d'Haberville family passed a part of the night in weeping the loss of so many relations and friends, who had been expelled from their new country by a barbarous mandate; of so many French and Canadians, who were hoping to console themselves for their losses, in the land of their forefathers. It was, indeed, a cruel fate which befell these unfortunate people, whose bodies, the sea in its fury had hurled back on the shore of that very New

France which they had colonised and defended with heroïc courage.*

Monsieur de St. Luc only took a few hours rest, as he wished to be the first to communicate the catastrophe of the Augustus to the English general, and to present himself before him as a living protest, against the sentence of death which seemed to have been pronounced in cold blood, against so many unfortunate victims, against so many brave soldiers, whose valor on the field of battle he ought to have appreciated, and whom he must have esteemed had his heart been capable of exalted feeling. Perhaps his defeat of the preceding year rankled too deep in that heart, to leave room for any other feelings than those of hatred and revenge.

" Do you know d'Haberville " said Mons. de St. Luc during breakfast " who the powerful protector is, who has obtained for you from General Murray a respite of two years, to enable you to sell your property to better advantage? do you know to whom you and your family owe your lives, which you would probably have lost in our wreck? "

" No," said Mons. d'Haberville " I am quite unaware who this protector can be, who is sufficiently powerful to obtain such a favor for me; but, on my honor as a gentleman, I shall be everlastingly grateful to him for it."

" Well, my friend, it is to the young Scotchman, Archibald Locheill, that you owe this eternal gratitude."

" I have forbidden " exclaimed the captain " that the name of that viper which I warmed in my bosom, should be pronounced in my presence ! ”

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* After Mr. de St. Luc's narrative, my aunt Bailly de Messein would say, we passed the reste of the night weeping and lamenting the loss of our relations and friends who had perished in the "Augustus."

The author had first written the account of the shipwreck of the "Augustus," from his recollection of the account given of it by his two aunts when he was quite young; he could also remember, though not very distinctly, having sixty years previously read the statements made by Mr. de St. Luc, which were published at Montreal in 1778, and which were in the possession of Mme. Charles de Lanaudière. In spite of these reminiscences this version could only be a very inaccurate one, but, after many researches, he learnt that this pamphlet was in the possession of the nuns of the General Hospital, who had the kindness to lend it to him, and thus enabled him to correct some errors he had made in his first account.

And Monsieur d'Haberville's large black eyes flashed fire.*

“ I presume, ” said Monsieur de St. Luc, “ that this prohibition does not extend to me ; I am the friend of your childhood, your brother in arms, and I know the whole extent of the duties, to which honor obliges us ; and you shall not answer me as you answered your sister, the superioress of the General Hospital, when she wished to plead the cause of an innocent young man : “ enough my sister ; “ you are a holy woman, obliged by your state to “ pardon your bitterest enemies, even those who are “ sullied by the blackest ingratitude towards you ; “ but I, my sister, you well know never forget an “ injury ; I cannot help it ; it is a part of my nature. “ If it be a sin, God has denied me the necessary grace “ to correct myself of it. Enough, my sister, never “ pronounce his name in my presence, or I shall “ cease to hold any communication with you.” No, my dear friend, continued Monsieur de St. Luc, you will not answer me thus, and you will listen to what I am going to say.”

Monsieur d'Haberville knowing too well the duties of hospitality, to attempt to impose silence on his friend beneath his own roof, was silent, knit his thick eyebrows, lowered his eyelids, so as to hide his eyes and resigned himself to listen to Monsieur St. Luc with the amiable look of a criminal to whom the judge undertakes to prove in a very eloquent discourse, that he has deserved the sentence he is going to pronounce on him.

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* The author thinks that vindictiveness is the most difficult to conquer of all the passions. He once knew a man excellent in very other respect, who had frequently to struggle with this terrible passion. He tried to pardon, but superhuman efforts were necessary to enable him to do so. He did pardon, and yet could not pardon, it was a continued struggle with him, even after having pronounced pardon and amnesty ; for if any one mentioned the name of the person who had offended him, his countenance would suddenly alter, and his eyes dart fire ; it was very sad to see him when he was thus struggling against his own vindictive disposition.

Monsieur de St. Luc gave a concise account of Locheill's conduct, whilst striving against his implacable enemy Major Montgomery. He spoke forcibly of the duty of a soldier, who must obey even the frequently unjust orders of his superior officer ; he drew a touching picture of the young man's anguish and added :

" As soon as Locheill was informed that you had received the order to embark with us for Europe, he requested an audience with the English General, which was at once granted."

" *Captain* Locheill" said Murray presenting him with the commission of this new step, I was just going to send for you. " A witness of your exploits on our glorious field of battle in 1759, I hastened to ask the command of a company for you ; and I must add that your subsequent conduct has also proved to me, that you are worthy of the favors of the British Government, and of all that I individually can do to obtain them for you."

" I am happy, General," replied Locheill " that your recommendation has been the cause of my obtaining promotion, far above my feeble services, and I beg you to accept my thanks for this favor, which emboldens me to ask you another service, since you assure me of your good wishes. Oh ! yes, General, it is a very great favor that I have to ask."

" Speak, Captain," said Murray " for I am willing to do a great deal for you."

" Were it for myself," replied Archy " I could desire nothing further ; but it is for others that I have to ask a favor and not for myself personally. The family of d'Haberville, ruined like so many others by our conquest, has received orders from your Excellency to depart very soon for France ; and they have been unable to sell even at a very great sacrifice the small property which remains to them from the wreck of a fortune, that was formerly a handsome one. I beg of you, General, grant them two years, to put their affairs a little in order. Your Excellency knows, that I owe much to this family, who heaped kindnesses on me, during ten years' residence in this colony. It was I, who, obeying the orders of my superior officer, completed their ruin by setting fire to their property of St. Jean-Port-Joli. General, I ask as a favor for a two years' respite for them, and by granting it you will releave my conscience of a heavy burden ! "

" Captain Locheill," said General Murray in a severe tone of voice " I am surprised to hear you intercede for the d'Habervilles, who have shewn themselves our most determined enemies."

" It is only doing them justice, General," replied Archy, " to acknowledge that they fought bravely in defence of their country, as we also did to conquer it; and it is with confidence that I plead to a brave and gallant soldier for brave and gallant enemies."

Locheill had touched a wrong chord, for the defeat of the previous year rankled in Murray's heart, and besides he was not a man of refined feelings. He therefore replied sharply :

" It is impossible, Sir ; I cannot revoke the order I have already given: the d'Habervilles will leave to-morrow."

" In that case," said Archy, " will your Excellence be so kind, as to accept my resignation."

" What, Sir ! " exclaimed the General turning white with anger.

" Will your Excellency," replied Locheill quite coolly, " be so kind as to accept my resignation, and allow me to serve as a private soldier; those who seek to point their finger in scorn at the monster of ingratitude, who, after having been loaded with kindness by a whole family, aliens to him by birth, completed its ruin without being able to mitigate its woes, will have more trouble in recognising him in the ranks, in the uniform of a private, than at the head of irreproachable men."

And anew he offered his commission to the General. The latter changed from white to red alternately, turned on his heel as on a pivot, bit his lip, passed his hand several times across his forehead, muttered something like an oath between his teeth, appeared to be considering for a moment whilst walking up and down the room, and then suddenly becoming calm, held out his hand to Archy, and said to him:

"Captain Locheill, I appreciate the feelings which prompt your conduct; our sovereign must not be deprived of services, which a man, who is ready to sacrifice his future for the sake of a debt of gratitude, would be capable of rendering him in the far highest grades; your friends shall stay."

"I thank you, a thousand times, I thank you, General," said Archy, "rely upon my devotion whenever you put it to the proof, even if you tell me to walk up to the cannon's mouth alone. I have had a great weight on my heart, but now I feel as light as our mountain-deer.

Of all the passions, which torture man's heart, revenge and jealousy are the most difficult to overcome; it is indeed very rarely that they are entirely extirpated. Captain d'Haberville after having listened to Monsieur Lacorne's recital knitting his brows, only said:

"I see that Monsieur Locheill's services have been appreciated at their full value; as for me, I was not at all aware that I owed so much to him."

And he changed the conversation.

Monsieur de St. Luc looked from one to the other of the family who, with heads bent down, had not dared to take part in the conversation, and rising from table, added:

"This respite, d'Haberville, is a very fortunate circumstance for you; for you may rest assured that in two years time from now, you will be free to stay in Canada or go to France. The English Governor has too much to answer for to his government, in having devoted to nearly a certain death, so many distinguished people, so many gentlemen allied to the most illustrious families, both of this continent, and of England, not to seek, by conciliating the Canadians to conceal the consequences of this deplorable catastrophe."

"Now farewell, my dear friends; it is only the weak-minded, who allow themselves to be cast down by misfortune. One great consolation remains to us; we did all that brave men could do; and if it had been possible to keep our new country, our hearts and our arms would have done so."

It was late at night when, on arriving in Quebec, Monsieur de St. Luc presented himself at the gate of St. Louis castle, where entrance was refused him; but he begged so earnestly, saying he was the bearer of news of the greatest importance, that at last an aide-de-camp consented to awaken the governor, who had long been in bed.* At first Murray did not recognise Monsieur de St. Luc, and angrily asked him how he had dared to disturb him and what pressing affair he had to communicate to him at so unseasonable an hour.

"A very important affair, indeed, Sir, for I am Captain de St. Luc and my being here tells you the rest."

A livid paleness spread over the General's features; he had some refreshments served, treated Monsieur Lacorne with the greatest consideration, and made him relate every detail of the shipwreck of the "Augustus." He was no longer the same man who had so heartlessly devoted to death (so to speak) all those brave officers at whose uniforms he had taken umbrage.†

Monsieur de Lacorne's predictions were verified; Governor Murray, considerably softened after the "Augustus'" catastrophe treated the Canadians more kindly, even with more consideration, and all who wished to stay in the colony had liberty to do so. Above all, Monsieur de St. Luc, whose revelations perhaps he feared, became the object of his attentions; and could congratulate himself on the attentions the Governor shewed him. This worthy man, who, like so many others, had suffered much in his means, which, before the cession of Canada, had been very considerable, applied himself energetically to repairing his losses by embarking in profitable speculations. (*c*)

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* Historical.—My aunt, Mr. de St. Luc's daughter, has often described to me her father's interview with General Murray.

† The author, whilst recording the traditions of his youth, must remark that there must have been a great prejudice against Governor Murray, and that most probably calumny did not spare him. Mr. de St. Luc, in his journal, speaks more in his praise than otherwise, but report says, that this leniency arose from the Governor's subsequent conduct towards the Canadians; particularly from the high favor in which he, Mr. de St. Luc, was held by Murray.

CHAPTER XVI.

DE LOCHEILL AND BLANCHE.

After enduring cruel privations, for the space of seven long years, peace and even happiness began to dawn again on the d'Haberville family. It is true that a house of a somewhat humble appearance had replaced the large and opulent manor-house, which this family had occupied before the conquest; but it was a palace, compared to the mill, which they had left that spring. The d'Habervilles had suffered less than many others in the same position: loved and respected by their tenants, they had never been exposed to the humiliations, which the vulgar love to heap upon their superiors when in distress; as it is peculiar to well born people to treating their inferiors with consideration, the d'Habervilles had in consequence suffered less, in their comparative poverty, than many others in the same circumstances. All vied with each other in offers of service; and when it was decided to rebuild the manor-house and its out-buildings, the whole parish at once sent volunteer relays of men to help on the work; and from the zeal with which all worked, it seemed as if they were each of them rebuilding his own dwelling. All these fine-hearted people tried to make their seignior forget the misfortunes, which they themselves had likewise experienced, but which they seemed to say they alone had deserved. With that delicate tact of which only Frenchmen are capable, they never entered the private rooms of the family at the mill without being invited; it seemed as if they feared to humiliate them. If they were affectionate and polite to their Seignior in his day of opulence, it was a sort of worship which they paid him, now that the iron hand of misfortune had crushed him down.* It is only those who have experienced great reverses of fortune, who have been exposed to long and painful privations, that can appreciate the contentment, joy, and even happiness of those who have partly repaired their losses, who begin once more to feel some hope of a happy future. Before, every one respected the grief which preyed upon Captain d'Haberville: the family party spoke in low tones: and French light-heartedness had seemed for ever banished from this melancholy dwelling. Now, all was changed, as if by enchantment. The captain, who was naturally gay, laughed and joked about his misfortunes; the ladies sang incessantly whilst busied with household cares, and my uncle Raoul's sonorous voice again woke the echoes of the promontary, on the calm of fine evenings.

The faithful José was in every place at once, to prove his zeal in his master's service; and by way of recreation, he related to the neighbors, who always came to spend part of the evening, the untoward meeting, (as he called it) of his defunct father with the goblins of the Isle of Orleans; his troubles with La Corriveau, and other tales of which his audience were never tired, without considering the night-mares to which they exposed themselves during their nocturnal dreams.

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* Historical. The author recalls with pleasure the proofs of attachment towards his family which the habitants of St. Jean-Port-Joli have shown for more than the last hundred years. Nine years ago, at the time that the seignorial rights were abolished, the churchwardens of the parish of St. Jean-Port-Joli, decided that, notwithstanding the Act of parliament being adverse to it, I should remain in possession of the seignorial pew during my life-time. This gratifying mark of attachment was communicated to me by Peter Dumas, Esquire, who was then the churchwarden in office.

It was the end of August of the same year 1767. Captain d'Haberville, who was returning in the morning from the little river Port-Joli, with his gun upon his shoulder, and a gamebag well filled with plovers, woodcocks and teal, noticed, that a boat putting off from a vessel which anchored between the land and the *Pillier-de-Roche*, seemed to be rowing towards his domain. He sat down on the edge of a rock to wait for it, thinking it must contain sailors in search of vegetables, milk, and other refreshments. (*a*) He hastened to meet them, when they neared the shore, and saw, with surprise, that one of them, very well-dressed, gave a packet to a sailor pointing out the manor-house to him; but at the sight of Monsieur d'Haberville, he seemed at once to alter his mind; advanced towards him, handed the packet to him and said:

"I should not have ventured to deliver this packet to you myself, Captain d'Haberville, although it contains news which will please you very much."

"And why, Sir," replied the captain, racking his memory to find out who this person could be, whom he thought he had seen before; "why, Sir, would you not have ventured to deliver this packet into my own hand, if chance had not made me go and meet you?"

"Because, Sir," said the speaker hesitating, "because I should have feared that it might have been disagreeable to you to receive it from my hand; I know that captain d'Haberville never forgets a kindness nor an injury."

Mons. d'Haberville looked fixedly at the stranger, knit his eyebrows, shut his eyes close, and for some time kept silence, a prey to an internal struggle; but regaining his self-possession he answered him with the greatest politeness:

"Let us leave the wrongs of the past to be settled by our consciences; you are my guest, captain Locheill, and besides, being the bearer of letters from my son, you have a right to be well received by me; all my family will be glad to see you again. You will receive at my house a hospitality."....(he was going to say bitterly, *princely*, but feeling the reproach that would be implied by his words) "you will receive a cordial hospitality; come, let us go."

The lion was only half appeased.

Archy acting on a natural impulse put out his hand to shake that of his old friend, but he had to stretch out his own very far, the one he clasped remained cold and stiff in his grasp.

A deep sigh escaped from the Scotchman. Overpowered by painful emotions, he, for some moments seemed undecided what to do, but at last said in a broken voice:

"Captain d'Haberville may harbor resentment against a young man, whom he formerly loved and loaded with favors, but he is too high-souled and kind-hearted wantonly to inflict on him a punishment beyond his strength: to see once more the spots, which recall such sad remembrances to his mind will of itself be sufficiently painful, without meeting there only the cold reception that hospitality towards a stranger demands."

"Farewell, captain d'Haberville; farewell, for ever to him whom I formerly called my father, though he now no longer looks on me as a son; though that son has always felt for him the affectionate gratitude due to a tender father. I take heaven to witness Mons. d'Haberville that my life has been embittered by remorse, ever since the fatal day when the imperious duty of a subaltern compelled me to perform acts of vandalism, at which my very soul revolted; that a crushing weight was on my heart, as much amid the intoxication of military triumph and the delirious joys of balls and feastings, as in the silence of my long sleepless nights.

" Farewell, for ever; for I see that you have refused to listen to the good superioress' account of my remorse, my anguish, my despair, before and after the work of destruction, which, as a soldier, subject to military discipline, I was obliged to accomplish. Farewell, for the last time; and since all intercourse must cease between us, tell me, oh! tell me, I beg of you, that your excellent family are again in peace, and that joy once more irradiates those countenances, on which formerly tranquillity and lightheartedness were pictured! oh! tell me, I beg of you that you are not still unhappy! And now all I can do, is on my knees to pray God to shed his blessings on a family that I love so dearly! To offer to repair the losses I have caused, by means of my fortune which is now considerable, would be an insult to the noble d'Haberville!"

If Mons. d'Haberville had refused to listen to any explanations offered by his sister, still he had not been insensible to Mons. St. Luc's récital of how Locheill, in his sublime self-devotion, was ready to sacrifice his fortune and his future to his exalted ideas of gratitude. Thence arose the half-cordial reception which he had at first offered him; for we can easily imagine that had he not received this favorable impression, he would at once have turned his back on him.*

The words, *pecuniary compensation*, first made Mons. d'Haberville shudder as if he had been scorched with a hot iron; but deeply occupied with other thoughts, and other internal struggles, this impatient gesture was but transient. He clutched at his breast with both hands as if he was trying to root out the rest of the poison, which, in spite of him, clung round his heart, turned two or three times first towards

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* The author, who, in spite of desiring above all things to do so, could never bear ill-will to even his most inveterate enemies for 24 hours, has studied this passion in others, with painful interest. This perpetual rebelling of a vindictive nature against noble and generous impulses, has always been an enigma to him.

Locheill, and then in a contrary direction, made a sign for him to remain where he was, then walked quickly up and down the sand on the shore, and then took slower steps ; at last returning to Locheill, he said to him :

" I have done all I can Archy, to get rid of the last vestige of ill-feeling ; but you know me ; it will be the work of time to efface the last traces. All that I can tell you, is, that in my heart I forgive you. My sister, the Superioress, has told me all ; I made up my mind to listen to her after my friend St. Luc had told me of your intercession with the Governor in my behalf. I have thought that one who was ready to sacrifice rank and fortune for his friends, can have acted under constraint, in the circumstances to which I allude for the last time. If from time to time, you remark some coldness in my demeanor towards you, do not pay any attention to it, but let time do its own work."

And he cordially pressed Locheill's hand. The lion was entirely tamed.

" As it is likely," said Monsieur d'Haberville, " that this calm weather will last some time, send away your sailors, after I have sent them some refreshment ; and if by chance a favorable wind springs up, I will have you taken to Quebec in six hours, on my celebrated mare " Lubine," that is to say, if your business will prevent your giving us as long a time as we should be happy to keep you beneath our roof. That is settled, is it not ?"

And passing his arm familiarly within Archy's, they took the road to the house.

" Now, Archy," said the captain, " how comes it that you are encharged with these letters from my son, which, as you have just said, contain good news ?"

" I left Jules in Paris," replied Archy, " seven weeks ago, after having passed a month with him at his uncle, Monsieur de Germain's, who did not wish to separate me from my friend during my stay in

France; but as it will be more agreeable to you to learn all about this good news from his own handwriting, allow me now to say no more."

If Locheill was grieved at seeing what used to be called before the conquest, the hamlet of Haberville, replaced by three or four buildings, nearly similar to those belonging to wealthy habitants, yet he was agreeably surprised at the smiling aspect of the domain. The new and recently white-washed buildings, the garden, enamelled with flowers, the two orchards filled with the finest fruits, the hay-makers returning from the meadow, with two carts loaded with fragrant hay, all helped to dissipate the feeling of sadness which he had at first experienced.

With the exception of a sofa, twelve mahogany arm-chairs and some little articles of furniture, which had been saved from the fire, the interior of the house was furnished very simply; the tables, chairs and other pieces of furniture were of common wood, the partitions were unpainted and the floors uncarpeted. The family portraits, which were the pride of the d'Habervilles no longer occupied their proper place in the dining room, the only ornaments of the new rooms, consisted of some fir-trees placed in the corners, and an abundance of flowers, placed in baskets made by the natives of the country; still there was a charm, even in this absence of costly furniture; the emanations of these firs, flowers and new resinous wood, which one inhaled freely seemed to strengthen the body and rejoice the sight. Everywhere there was the fragrance of cleanliness, which more than compensated for the absence of more sumptuous furniture.

All the family, who had seen Mons. d'Haberville coming accompanied by a stranger, had assembled in the salon to receive him. With the exception of Blanche, no one recognised Archy, whom they had not seen for ten years. The young girl turned pale and trembled at the sight of the friend of her childhood, whom she thought she would never have seen again; but quickly recovering her composure with that strength of mind with which women conceal even their liveliest emotions, she, like the other two ladies, made him the deep courtesy she would have made to a stranger. As for my uncle Raoul, he bowed with cold politeness; he did not like the English, and since the conquest had been in the habit of swearing against them with an unction that was far from edifying to pious ears.

"May an Iroquois broil me," said the captain addressing Archy, "if a single one of them knows you. See; look well at this gentleman; ten years can not have effaced him from your memory, I recognised him immediately. Speak Blanche, you, being by far the youngest, ought to have better eyes than the others."

"I think," said she in a low voice, "that it is Mons. Locheill."

"Why! yes!" said Mons. d'Haberville, "it is Archy who has recently seen Jules in Paris; and he brings us letters which contain good news. What are you doing, Archy, that you do not embrace your old friends?"

All the family, who till then had not been aware of the captain's change in favor of Archy, (whose name they had never ventured to pronounce in his presence), all the family who were only waiting for the head of the family's permission to give Archy the most friendly reception, now showed their joy in a manner which affected Archy to tears.

Jules' last letter contained the following passage:

"I have been drinking the Barège waters for my "wounds, and although I am still weak, I am rapidly "getting well. The doctors say that repose is ne-"cessary for me, and that the exertions of war will "long be beyond my strength. I have an indefinite "leave of absence to give me time to regain my "strength. My relation the minister D........ and "all my friends, advise me to leave the army, to "return to Canada my whole family's new country,

" and to establish myself there definitively after
" having taken the oath of allegiance to the English
" Crown; but I do not like to do anything without
" consulting you. My brother Archy, who has powerful
" friends in England, has remitted me a letter of
" introduction to your governor Guy Carleton, who is
" said to be very attentive to the Canadian nobility,
" whose glorious antecedents he well knows. If
" therefore I decide on settling in Canada, I shall
" have hopes of being of use to my poor countrymen.
" God willing, I shall have the happiness of embracing
" you all, towards the end of next September. Oh!
" what a pleasure, after such a long separation." *

Jules added in a postscript:

" I was forgetting to tell you, that I have been presented
" to the king who received me kindly; and
" even complimented me very highly on what he
" called my noble conduct, naming me Chevalier-
" Grand-Croix of the right honorable royal and military
" order of St. Louis. I do not know what sorry-
" jester of a grand personage got this favor for me;
" as if, every Frenchman, who wore a sword, had
" not made use of it at least as well as I did; I could
" mention ten officers of my division who deserved
" being decorated instead of me. It is true that I
" had the precious advantage over them of having got
" myself slashed about like a madman at every encounter
" with the enemy. It is really a pity, that
" the order of madmen has not been instituted, for
" then I should have been more justly entitled to my
" rank of knight, than I am to that which his most
" Christian Majesty has just conferred on me. Still I
" hope this act will not close the gates of paradise
" against him; and that St. Peter will find some
" other peccadilloes to object to, for otherwise I should
" be in despair."

Archy could not help smiling at the words " Most

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* Lord Dorchester always treated the Canadian nobility with the highest consideration; he always evinced great sympathy when speaking of their misfortunes.

Christian Majesty," he thought he saw his friend's satirical look when writing this phrase !

" Always the same !" said Monsieur d'Haberville.

" Only thinking of others !" they all cried in chorus.

" I will wager my head against a shilling," said Archy, " that he would have been far better pleased to see one of his friends decorated."

" What a son !" said the mother.

" What a brother !" added Blanche.

" Ah ! yes ! what a brother," said Archy, with much feeling.

" And what a nephew I have formed then," exclaimed my uncle Raoul, cutting the air up and down with his cane, as if he had been armed with a cavalry sabre.

" That is a prince who knows how to appreciate merit and reward it ; that Majesty of France is no fool, it knows that with a hundred officers like Jules, it can resume the offensive, overrun Europe with victorious armies, cross the straits like another William, crush proud Albion, and retake its colonies !

And my uncle Raoul again cut the air with his cane, to the imminent peril of those who wished to preserve intact their eyes, nose and teeth, which were seriously endangered by this new style of charge. The chevalier then looked at every one with a proud and well-satisfied look, and with the assistance of his cane, went and seated himself in an arm-chair to repose himself, after the laurels he had gathered for the King of France with a hundred officers like his nephew.

Locheill's arrival with Jules' letters, gave the greatest pleasure to all this excellent family ; they were never tired of questioning him about one so dear to them ; about relations and friends that they had little hope of ever seeing again ; about the 'Faubourg St. Germain ;' about the French Court, and about his own adventures after he left Canada.

Archy then wished to see the servants ; he found the mulatto Lisette busied in the kitchen, preparing the dinner; she threw her arms around his neck, as she used to do of old, when he arrived at the manor-house, during the college vacation, in company with Jules, whom she had nursed; and her voice was broken by her sobs.

This mulatto, whom the captain had bought when she was only four years old, was, in spite of her faults, very much attached to all the family. The master was the only one of whom she was the least afraid; as for the mistress, going on the principle that she herself was of longer standing in the house, she only obeyed her in proper time and place. Blanche and her brother were the only ones who, by kindness, made her do as they wished; and although Jules often put her out of temper, she only laughed at his tricks, and was besides always ready to hide his peccadilloes and to take his part when his parents scolded him.*

Monsieur d'Haberville, quite out of patience, had emancipated her long ago, but "she just cared that, for her emancipation," she would say, snapping her fingers, "for she had just as much right to stay in the house where she had been brought up, as he or his had." If her exasperated master put her out at the north door, she immediately entered by the south one, and *vice versâ.*

This woman, whose temper was so ungovernable, had nevertheless been as affected by her masters' misfortunes, as if she had been their own daughter; and what was strange, all the time that she saw the captain brooding over the gloomy thoughts which preyed on his mind, she was tractable and obedient to all the orders she received, doing her utmost to do the work of two servants. When she was alone with Blanche, she often fell on her neck sobbing, and that noble girl had to make a truce with her own sorrows in order to console the poor slave. To the credit of Lisette be it said, that no sooner had happiness been restored to the family, than she again became as self-willed as before.

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* Lisette is taken from a mulatto-girl, whom my grandfather bought when she was only four years of age.

Locheill on leaving the kitchen, ran to meet José, who was coming out of the garden singing, loaded with vegetables and fruits.

"Excuse me," said José to him, "if I give you my left hand, I left the other on the Plains of Abraham; and I cannot say anything against the short petticoat (saving your presence) who rid me of it; * he did it conscientiously, for he cut it off so neatly, just at the wrist-joint, that he did half the work of the surgeon who had the dressing of it. I may say with truth, that that short petticoat and myself are about quits; for ducking down, I caught up my gun which I had dropped, and ran my bayonet through his body. After all it was for the best, for what could I do with my right hand, now that there is no fighting? Why, there's no more war going on, now that the English are the masters of the land," added José, sighing.

"It seems, my dear José," answered Locheill, laughing, "that you know very well how to dispense with your right hand, so long as you have your left one."

"It's true," said José, "it will do in cases of emergency, like that of my skirmish with the little petticoat; but to tell you the truth, I have regretted much being one-handed! Both hands would not have been too many to serve my good masters with; the times have been hard, but thank God the worst is over."

And a tear shone in the eye of the faithful José.

Locheill then went to the haymakers, who were raking up and loading the hay; they were all old acquaintances who greeted him warmly; for, with the exception of the captain, the whole family, and Jules also before his departure for Europe, had made it their duty to exculpate him.

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* The Canadians of old always called the Highlanders "the short petticoats."

The dinner, which was served with the greatest plainness, was still very abundant; thanks to the game with which the shore and woods abounded at that season of the year. The plate consisted of only what was barely necessary; with the exception of the spoons, forks, and necessary goblets; but one tankard of antique form, and engraved with the d'Haberville arms, bore witness to the former opulence of the family. The dessert consisting entirely of the fruit in season, was served on maple leaves, or in the *cassots* and baskets which shewed the industry of the aborigines. A small glass of black-currant liqueur to sharpen the appetite, spruce-beer made from the branches of that tree, some Spanish wine which they almost always drank diluted, were the only liquors which the seignior d'Haberville's hospitality enabled him to offer his guest; but this did not prevent the greatest cheerfulness from reigning during the meal; for after their long privations and sufferings, this family seemed to have commenced a new life. If Monsieur d'Haberville had not feared wounding Archy's feelings, he would not have failed to have made some playful allusion to the champagne being replaced by sparkling spruce-beer.

"Now that we are a complete family party," said the captain, smiling at Archy, "let us talk about my son's future prospects. As for myself, prematurely old and worn out by the fatigues of war, I have a good excuse for not serving the new government; besides at my age, I could not draw a sword against France, the country I served for thirty years; a hundred times rather would I die!"

"And," broke in my uncle Raoul," we can all say like Hector of Troy—

. . . . Si Pergama dextra
Defendi possent, etiam hâc defensa fuissent.

"Never mind Hector of Troy," said Monsieur d'Haberville, who not being of so literary a turn as his brother, did not much enjoy his quotations "never

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mind Hector of Troy, who cannot take much interest in our family affairs, but let us talk about my son. His state of health compels him, perhaps for some little time, perhaps even for always, to retire from the service; his dearest affections are centred here where he was born: Canada is his native land, and he cannot have the same attachment to that of his ancestors. Beside, his position is very different to mine; that which would be cowardice in me, on the borders of the grave, is a positive duty for him, since he is now only commencing life. He has gloriously discharged his debt to the land of his ancestors. He retires with honor from a service which the physicians have pronounced incompatible with his state of health. Let him now consecrate his talents and his energies to the service of his fellow Canadians. The new governor is already well disposed towards us, he receives favorably such of our fellow countrymen as have business with him; on several occasions, he has expressed himself as sympathising in the misfortunes of those brave officers whom he had met face to face on the field of battle, and whom fortune and not their own courage had betrayed (*g*). At all the assemblies at the St. Louis castle, he shows the same consideration to Canadians as to his own countrymen, to those among us who have lost everything, as to those more fortunate ones who can still present themselves there with a certain display. Under his administration, and furnished besides with the introductions that our friend Locheill has procured him, Jules has every hope of holding a high position in the colony. Let him tender his oath of allegiance to the British crown, and my last words to him in my dying hour shall be: 'Serve your English sovereign with as much zeal, devotion and loyalty, as I have served the French monarch; and receive my last blessing.'" *

Every one was struck with this sudden change of feeling on the part of the head of the family; they had not considered that misfortune is a hard master and makes the most intractable dispositions bend beneath his iron grasp. Captain d'Haberville though too proud and too loyal to acknowledge openly how badly Louis the Fifteenth had treated subjects whose devotion had amounted even to heroism, did not the less resent the ingratitude of the court of France. Although wounded to this heart's core by this neglect, he would still have been ready to shed the last drop of his blood, for that voluptuous monarch who was entirely given up to his mistresses' caprices; but his abnegation went no further than this. For himself he would have refused any favor from the new government, but he was too right-minded to allow over-sensitiveness to interfere with his son's prospects.

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* These were my grandfather's last words to his only son.

" Now let every one give his opinion frankly " said the Captain, smiling; " and let the majority decide." The ladies only answered this appeal by throwing themselves into his arms, and weeping for joy. My uncle Raoul seized hold of his brother's hand and wrung it heartily, saying:

" Nestor of old could not have spoken more wisely."

" Nor could we have been more glad," said Archy, " if we had had the advantage of listening to that venerable personage's words."

As the tide was high and the evening fine, Locheill proposed to Blanche that they should walk on the shore indented with sandy coves, which stretches from the manor as far as the little river of St. Jean-Port-Joli.

" I find everywhere," said Archy, when they were walking beside the river on which glanced the rays of the setting sun, " everywhere I find objects, and spots which recall memories of the past ! It was here that when a child you used to play with the shells which I would pick up along the shore ; it was in this cove that I gave my brother Jules his first lessons in the art of swimming; here are the same strawberry plants and raspberry bushes where we used to gather the fruit which you were so fond of; it is here that you used to sit on a rock with a book in your hand, awaiting your brother's and my return from shooting, in order to congratulate us on our prowess, or laugh at us when our game-bag was empty; there is not a tree, nor a bush, nor a fragment of rock that is not an old acquaintance, and which I do not revisit with pleasure. Childhood and youth are happy seasons! Always enjoying the present, oblivious of the past, careless of the future, life flows on as calmly as the water of the little brook we are now crossing! It was then that Jules and I were truly wise, for our ambitious dreams were confined to passing our days together on this domain, only occupied by rural labors and amusements."

"This peaceable and monotonous life," interrupted Blanche, "is that to which we are condemned by the weakness of our sex; God, in giving strength and courage to man, appointed a nobler destiny for him. What excitement a man must feel when he is in the midst of a battle! What spectacle can be more sublime, than that of the soldier, facing death a hundred times in the conflict, for the sake of all he holds dearest on earth! What intoxication the warrior must feel when the clarion announces victory!"

That noble young girl knew no other glory but that of the soldier, her father who was nearly always under arms, was, when with his family, constantly relating to them his fellow-countrymen's exploits, and Blanche who was but a child, would be in raptures at the recital of their almost fabulous deeds of arms."

"These, alas!" said Archy, "are but sad triumphes, when we think of the disasters they are the cause of; of the tears shed by the widow and the orphan, bereaved of those the dearest to them on earth; of their painful privations, of their often utter destitution! But here we are at the Port-Joli river: it is well named with its smiling banks, covered with wild roses, and thickets of fir and spruce. How many memories this charming river recalls to my mind! I think I can still see your excellent mother and your good aunt seated on the grass, on a fine August evening, whilst we, in our little green canoe, would row up the river to the little island of Babin, repeating the burden of your pretty song in chorus, and keeping time with our oars,

We will on the river row, row
We will on the island play

I think I can hear your mother's voice calling out: "are you ever going to bring Blanche back, you "naughty boys; it is supper time, and you know "your father insists on punctuality at meals." And Jules rowing hard towards her calling out: "do not "be afraid of my father's being out of temper; I will "take it all on myself, and will make him laugh by "telling him that like His Majesty Louis the "Fourteenth, he was nearly having to wait. You "know I am always spoiled during the holidays."

"Dear Jules!" said Blanche, "and yet he was sad enough, Archy, when you and I found him in the thicket of firs, where he had hidden himself after his escapade, until my father's first ebullition of wrath should be over."

"He had only been guilty of some slight peccadilloe," said Archy laughing.

"Let us enumerate his misdeeds," said Blanche counting them on her fingers; "first he had infringed my father's orders by harnessing to the carriage a wild three years old horse which shied and was perfectly unmanageable even in a sleigh; secondly, the said horse after a tremendous fight with the rash driver, had taken the bit between its teeth, and as the first fruits of its liberty, had run over the cow of our neighbor, widow Maurice."

"A fortunate accident for the said widow," replied Archy, "for in the place of the old animal she had lost, your excellent father gave her the two finest heifers of his stock. I can not recall unmoved," continued Locheill "the poor woman's vexation when she found out that some officious passer-by had informed your father of the accident of which his son had been the cause. How comes it, that it is those very people whom Jules has tormented the most, that are the most attached to him. By what charm does he make himself beloved by every one! We certainly gave the widow Maurice no peace during our holidays, and yet she always wept heartily when she bade your brother farewell:"

"The reason is quite simple" said Blanche "it is that every one knows how good-hearted he is. And besides, Archy, you know by experience that he always prefers teasing those that he likes best. But let us go on with the list of his misdeeds on that unlucky day; thirdly, the horrid horse plunged, and breaking the wheel of the carriage against the fence, threw the driver at least fifteen feet into the adjacent meadow; but Jules, like a cat which always falls on its feet, was happily not the least injured by his fall. Fourthly, the mare after having broken the carriage into splinters against the stones in the Three Salmons river, ended by breaking her leg on the shingles at L'Islet.

"Yes" resumed Archy "and I remember your eloquent pleading in favor of the criminal who, in desparation at having displeased so kind a father, might perhaps be driven to extremities! 'What, dear papa!' you said 'should you not rather feel happy, and thank Heaven which has watched over your son's life when he was exposed to so much danger. What signifies the loss of a horse, of a cow, of a carriage? you ought to shudder when you think that the bleeding corpse of your only son might have been brought home!'

"'Come and let us have done with it,' said Monsieur d'Haberville, "and go and find your rascal of a brother, for of course you and Archy know where he has hidden himself after his deeds of valor!"

"I think I still see" continued Archy, "Jules' serio-comic look of contrition, when he knew the storm had passed; 'what! father,' he ended by saying after having submitted to a pretty severe scolding, 'would you have preferred that like another Hippolytus, I had been dragged by the horse fed by your hand, to become your son's murderer! and that the dripping thorns should have been tufted with my bloody locks! 'Come, let us go to supper' said the captain 'since there is a protecting Deity who watches over madcaps like you.' "

' That is what I call speaking to the point,' Jules replied.

' Did you ever see such a fellow!' your father ended by saying laughingly.

" I could never understand " added Archy " why your father who is generally so implacable, always pardoned Jules so easily without appearing even to remember his offences?"

" My father " said Blanche " knows that his son adores him, that he always acts on the impulse of the moment, without reflecting on the consequences of his thoughtlessness, and that he would support the severest privations himself to spare him the slightest grief. He knows that during a severe sickness, caused by the dangerous wounds he received at Manongahela, his son, nearly mad with grief, made us all fear for his reason, as you know: if I may make use of such an expression, Jules cannot seriously displease his father."

" Now " replied Archy " that we have recalled so many agreeable recollections, let us seat ourselves on this bank where we have so often rested formerly, and let us speak of graver matters. I have made up my mind to settle in Canada; I have recently sold an inheritance bequeathed to me by one of my cousins. Although my fortune would be but moderate in Europe, it would be considerable when invested here in this colony, where I have passed my happiest days, and where I hope to live and die near my friends. What do you say about it, Blanche?

" Nothing in the world would give me so much pleasure. Oh! how happy Jules will be, for he loves you so! How happy we shall all be!

" Yes, very happy, without doubt; but Blanche, my happiness cannot be perfect unless you deign to complete it by accepting my hand. I have......"

The noble girl bounded as if a viper had stung her; and pale with anger, and with trembling lip, exclaimed:

"You are insulting me, captain Archibald Cameron of Locheill! You do not consider how humiliating and painful your offer is! How can you make such a proposal to me now when the incendiary torch, which you and yours have sent through my unhappy country, is hardly extinguished! When the smoke is still rising from our ruined dwellings, do you offer me the hand of one of the incendiaries? It would be too bitter an irony to light the hymeneal torch at the smoking ashes of my unfortunate country! It would be said, captain Locheill, that now that you are rich, you have bought the poor Canadian girl's hand with your gold; and a d'Haberville could never submit to such a humiliation! Oh! Archy! Archy! I should never have expected this from you, the friend of my childhood! you surely cannot have considered the offer you were about to make me!"

And Blanche, overpowered with emotion, sat down sobbing.*

The noble Canadian girl had never appeared so beautiful in Archy's eyes, as at the moment when, with proud contempt, she rejected the alliance of one of her unhappy country's conquerors.

"Be calm Blanche," replied Locheill, "I admire your patriotism and I appreciate your highminded delicacy, though you are not just towards me, your childhood's friend. Surely you cannot think that a Cameron of Locheill would insult any noble young lady whatever, and still less the sister of Jules d'Haberville, and the daughter of his benefactor. You know, Blanche, that I never act without reflexion; you used all formerly to call me the grave philosopher and consider that I had sound judgment. It is perhaps only natural for a d'Haberville indignantly to reject an Anglo-Saxon's hand, so soon after the conquest; but, Blanche, you know that I have long loved you, in spite of my silence you cannot have been ignorant of it, the poor and proscribed young man would have been wanting in honor, had he declared his love for the daughter of his rich benefactor.

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* A fact. A Canadian young lady, whose name I will not mention, under similar circumstances refused the hand of a rich Scotch officer in General Wolfe's army.

"And because I am now rich" continued Locheill, "and because the fortune of war made us the victors in the terrible struggle that we had with your countrymen; and because fate made me an involuntary instrument in the work of destruction, am I to crush back into my heart for ever one of the noblest feelings of our nature, and acknowledge myself vanquished without making an effort to obtain her whom I have loved with so much constancy? Oh! no Blanche you cannot think so; you spoke unreflectingly; say that you already regret the unkind words that escaped you, and which you surely could not have meant for your old friend. Speak, Blanche, and say that you do not mean them, that you are not regardless of feelings of which you must have long been aware."

"I will be frank with you Archy, "replied Blanche" as candid as a young country girl who has studied neither her sentiments nor her answer in books, as a rustic who knows nothing of the manners of a society which she has long ceased to frequent, and which might impose a conventional reserve on her; and I will open my whole heart to you; Locheill, you had everything which might have captivated a young girl of fifteen; illustrious birth, intellect, beauty, athletic strength, a generous and high minded disposition: what more was wanting to fascinate a romantic and susceptible young girl! Therefore, Archy, if the poor and proscribed young man had asked my hand of my parents, and if they had promised it you, I should have been proud and happy to have obeyed them; but, captain Archibald Cameron of Locheill, there is now a gulf between us, which I can never pass."

And the noble young lady's voice was again drowned by sobs.

" But I beg of you, my brother Archy," she continued taking his hand, "not to let this alter your intention of settling in Canada. Buy a property near this seigniory, so that we may see each other often, very often. And if, in the ordinary course of nature (for you are eight years older than me) I have the misfortune of losing you, rest assured, dear Archy, that your sister Blanche will water your tomb with tears as abundant and as bitter, as she could have shed had she been your wife."

And affectionately taking his hand in hers she added :

" It is late Archy, let us return home.

" You will not surely be so cruel to me, to yourself," replied Archy, " as to persist in your refusal ; yes, towards yourself, Blanche ; for the love of a heart such as yours, does not become extinct like a common love ; it survives the lapse of time, and the vicissitudes of life. On his return from Europe, Jules shall plead my cause, and his sister cannot refuse him the first favor which he asks for their mutual friend. Ah ! say that I can, that I may be allowed to hope ! "

" Never," said Blanche, " never my dear Archy. The woman, as well as the men of my family have never failed in what duty required of them ; they have never shrunk from any sacrifice, however painful it might be. Two of my aunts who were then quite young, said to my father one day.* 'As it is, d'Haberville, your fortune is barely sufficient to keep up the rank and dignity of our house : our marriage portion,' they added smiling, 'would make a considerable breach in it ; to-morrow we shall enter the convent where everything is prepared for us.' The prayers, threats, and frighful anger of my father, could not alter their determination : they entered the convent where they have edified every one by their constant practice of those virtues that befit that holy state.

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* A fact that occurred in the author's family.

"As for me, Archy, I have to fulfil very different duties, duties which are very congenial to me; they consist in rendering my dear parents' lives comfortable, so as if possible to make them forget their misfortunes, and in watching over their declining years with tender affection, so that their last sigh may be breathed in my arms. After receiving their dying blessing, I will incessantly pray that God may grant them that repose, which he refused them in this world of sorrow. My brother Jules will marry, and I will watch over his children with the tenderest care, and share his good and evil fortune like an affectionate sister."

Locheill and his friend silently took the path that led homewards; the rays of the setting sun which were mirrored in the calm waters, and the silvery sands on the shore, lent a fresh charm to the charming landscape, but they had suddenly become indifferent to the beauties of nature.

The next day, a favorable wind sprang up towards evening; the vessel which had conveyed Locheill, immediately weighed anchor, and Monsr. d'Haberville entrusted José with taking his young friend to Quebec.

On the way the conversation did not flag between the two travellers; the subject was inexhaustible. About five o'clock in the morning, having come to the Beaumont hills, Lochiell said to José:

"I am as sleepy as a dormouse; we sat up late last night, and I was so feverish that I passed the rest of the night without sleeping; do be so kind as to sing me something to keep me awake."

He well knew how hoarse and out of tune his companion's voice was, and this gave him great confidence in the anti-soporific effects of his singing.

"It is not for me to refuse you," said José, who like nearly every one who sings out of tune, prided himself on being a good singer, "it is not for me to refuse you; and besides, you run some risk of breaking your head against the stones which, since la Corriveau passed over them, have hardly ever been able to keep in their places; but, I do not quite know where to begin. Would you like a song on the taking of Bergen-op-Zoom?*

"Let us have Bergen-op-Zoom," said Archy, "though the English were pretty badly treated there."

"Ah well!" said José, "any way it was just a little retaliation on the enemy, who pitched into us pretty well in '59."

And he struck up the following song:

Here's to the man who took Bergen-of-Zoom (bis)
He's a regular mill to grind out a *Te Deum.* (bis)
I can tell you indeed, he's a wonderful man
And dispatches his sieges as fast as he can.

"But that is quite charming in its simplicity," exclamed Locheill.

"Is it not so, captain," said José quite proud of his success.

"Oh! yes, my good José, but do please go on, I am longing to hear the end of it; you surely will not leave off in the middle just as you are getting on so well."

"As you wish, captain," said José, raising his hand to his cap, which he took half off.

Like Alexander he is quite small (bis)
But his intelligence beats all, (bis)
And like him he's very valiant
And like Cœsar very prudent.

"'But his intelligence beats all,'" repeated Archy, "is a most happily turned phrase! where did you get that song?"

"A grenadier who had been at Bergen-op-Zoom used to sing it to my defunct father. He said that there was pretty hot work there, never fear, and he bore the marks of it; he had only one eye remaining, and from his forehead to his jaw all the leather had been carried away; but as all this damage was on his left side, he could still take aim well enough on his right side. But only let him alone he'd do; that fellow was no fool, and I feel quite easy in my mind about him. Now let us go on to the third verse, which is the last.

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* Bergen-op-Zoom, the maiden, taken Sept. 16th 1747, by Count de Löwendhall, who was commanding the French army.

He curry-combed the English there, (bis)
Though to shew fight they thought they'd dare: (bis)
But they soon found they'd soldiers met
When such a dressing they did get.

"Upon my word that's delicious!" exclaimed Locheill, "those English who 'thought they'd dare to shew fight!' those soldiers who gave them a 'dressing'! altogether charming in its simplicity! Yes" he continued, "these quiet and peaceable English who take it into their heads to shew fight, and get such a good dressing; now I had thought that the English were always quarrelsome and wicked! But it is charming! perfectly charming!

"Well! but you see captain" said José "it is the song that says all that; for my own part, I have always found the English pretty boorish and crabbed; and besides not always easy to give a dressing to, like our horse Lubin who is sometimes full of whims and out of temper, when he is curried too hard; for instance there's the first battle on the plains of Abraham."

"Was it the English who used the curry-comb there?" said Archy.

José by way of answer only pointed to the stump of his arm, around which he had wound the thong of his whip, for want of something better.

The two travellers continued their way for some time in silence; but José, perceiving that his companion was nearly overpowered by sleep, called out to him:

"Come, come, captain! you are falling asleep, take care, or, you must excuse me, but you will break your neck: I think you must want another song to keep you awake. Would you like me to sing you Biron's lament?" *

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* An old Canadian seignior who was very touchy about the Kings of France, used to blame my father when I was a child, for allowing me to sing Biron's complaint.

“What Biron is that?” said Locheill.

“Ah! well! my uncle Raoul, who is a very learned man, says that he was a prince, a great warrior, the relation and friend of the defunct king Henry the Fourth, to whom he had rendered great services; which however did not prevent his having him put to death as if he had been less than nothing. And when I pitied his fate, he and Monsieur d'Haberville told me that he had been a traitor to his king, and never to sing the lament in their presence. It seemed strange to me, but I have obeyed them.”

“I have never heard of this lament, and as I am not quite so sensitive as your masters with regard to the kings of France, be so kind as to sing it to me.”

José then entoned the following lament, in a voice like thunder:

Thus spake unto the king, one of his men-at-arms,
His name it was LaFin, the captain of the guards:
“Sire, of young de Biron, I beg you to beware,
For to plot treason 'gainst you, he, alas! doth dare.”

No sooner had he spoken, than Biron entered there,
Bowing low unto him, with courtesy so fair;
And saying “may it please you, Sire, with me at dice to play
For a thousand Spanish doubloons, that I have won to-day?”

“If you have them there, Biron, go straight unto the Queen,
Go straight unto the Queen, that she with you may play,
For your worldly goods from you, I fear, ere long will pass away.”

He had thrown but only twice, when the Provost enter'd in
Bowing low unto him, with courtesy so fair,
And saying: “Will it please you Prince, with me to come away
For this evening at the Bastille, you will have to stay.”

“If my sword were at my side, or my bayonet to my hand,
If I had but my sabre, or my gilded dagger fair
There's not a Provost in the land, who me to arrest would dare.”

He had been there a month, e'en six weeks had passed away,
And not a single knight or dame, a visit did him pay,
There only came three justices, pretending to know naught
They said to him “my noble Prince, by whom were you here brought!”

“I was brought here by those who had full power to treat me so:
It was the King and Queen themselves whom I have served so long,
And they give me as my recompence a traitorous death to die.

"Does not the King recall the wars, we fought in fair Savoy,
When I myself received a wound from a ball that came whizzing by
Yet he gives me for a recompense, a traitor's death to die.

Oh! let the King remember well, though I am doom'd to die,
That yet another will be left of the Biron lineage high;
A brother do I leave behind, the next in age to me,
Who'll have me in his memory, when he the King shall see.

For once Locheill was completely aroused; José's stentorian voice would have aroused the Sleeping Beauty of the Wood, who for a century was plunged in a profound slumber: which by-the-by was a pretty good nap, even for a princess who might be supposed to have carte-blanche in indulging her fancies.

"But, Sir," said José, "perhaps you, who are nearly as learned as the chevalier d'Haberville, can tell me something about this wicked king who caused this Biron to be put to death, though he had rendered him so many important services."

"My dear José, kings never forget a personal affront; and like many other people never forget others' misdeeds, even after they have been expiated, but have very short memories for the services that have been rendered them."

"Well, that seems funny, for I thought God had not refused them anything: a short memory, that is very funny!"

Archy replied, smiling at his companion's simplicity.

"The king Henry the Fourth had nevertheless a very good memory, although it played him false on that particular occasion; he was an excellent prince who loved his subjects as his own children; and who did everything in his power to make them happy; it is not surprising therefore, that his memory should still be so dear to every good Frenchman, even after the lapse of a hundred and fifty years."

"Well," said José, "that is not surprising, if subjects have better memories than princes! still it was cruel of him to hang poor monsieur Biron!"

"The nobility in France were not hung," said

Archy, " that was one of their great privileges ; their heads were cut off."

" That was a privilege worth having, for though, perhaps, it was more painful, it was more glorious to die by the sabre than by the halter."

" To return to Henry the Fourth," said Archy, "we must not condemn him too severely; he lived in difficult times, during a period of civil war ; Biron, his relation, formerly his friend, had betrayed him, and doubly deserved death."

" Poor monsieur Biron," said José, " how well he speaks in his lament."

" It is not always those who speak the best, who are the oftenest in the right," said Archy, " nothing is more like an honest man, than an eloquent knave."

" What you are saying is very true, Mr. Archy ; we have a poor thief in our part of the country,and as he has nothing to say for himself, every one tears him to pieces, whilst his brother, who is a hundred times whorse than him, manages, by means of his smooth tongue, to pass for a saint. In the meantime, here is the city of Quebec, but with no more white flag waving over it, than my hand has," added José, ' sighing.'

And to compose his countenance, he felt in all his pockets for his pipe, murmuring the usual burthen of his song :

" Our good folks will come back."

José stayed two days in Quebec, and returned loaded with all the presents that Locheill thought he would be most pleased with. He would have liked to have sent some handsome presents to the d'Haberville family, and under other circumstances he would not have failed to have done so, but he feared to wound their feelings. He therefore only said to José, when bidding him farewell :

" I have left my prayer-book at the manor-house ; beg of Miss Blanche to keep it till my return : the name of the Prayer book was a " Pensez-y-bien."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

Many sad events had happened since the day when Jules' relations and friends, seated around Captain d'Haberville's hospitable board, had bade him farewell before his departure for France. Time had done its usual work of destruction on the old men; the enemy had carried fire and sword into the dwellings of the peaceable habitants of the colony; famine had claimed many victims; the soil had been drenched with the best blood of its gallant defenders; and the waves had swallowed up a great many of those officers of noble extraction, that had been spared by the chances of war. All the elements of destruction were drunk with the blood of the best families in New France. The prospects for the future were sombre enough, particularly for those gentlemen who had been already ruined by the enemy's depradations; for those who, in laying down the sword, their only resource, and their only means of support for their families, knew they would be exposed to the greatest privations; for those who, looking into the future, saw their impoverished descendants, vegetating on the very ground which had been rendered illustrious by their noble ancestors.

The city of Quebec, which, firmly seated on its rock, had formerly seemed to brave the thunders of artillery, and the assault of the most valiant cohorts,—the proud city of Quebec, still covered with rubbish, was hardly rising from its ruins. The British flag waved triumphantly over the lofty citadel; and the Canadian, who, from habit, raised his eyes to the summit, thinking still to see there the fleur-de-lys flag of old France, soon cast them down again sadly, saying to himself with a heavy heart: "Still we shall see the old folks back again." *

For some years, there had things come to pass, which must have rent the heart of the natives of that fair land, which had formerly been called New France.

We hope, that after so many disasters, the reader will be pleased to meet his old acquaintances again, at a little party given by Mons. d'Haberville to celebrate his son's arrival. Even "the good gentleman," although nearly a hundred years old, had responded to the appeal. Captain Des Ecors, the companion-in-arms of Mons. d'Haberville, a brave officer, who had been ruined by the conquest, his family and a few other friends were also present at the little gathering. A small inheritance, which had come to Jules whilst he was in France from one of his relations who had perished in the "Auguste," by making the family easier in their circumstances, allowed of their again exercising that hospitality which they had so long been unable to do.

All the guests had taken their places at table, after having in vain waited for Archibald Locheill whose absence no one could account for, as he was generally so punctual on every occasion.

"Well, my dear friends," said Mons. d'Haberville at dessert, "what is your opinion of the omens which troubled my mind so much ten years ago? First give us your opinion, curé, of the mysterious warnings, which seemed as if sent me by Heaven itself?"

"I think," replied the curé, "that all nations have had, or have thought they had had their warnings, even in the most remote ages. But without seeking very far; in times comparatively modern, Roman history abounds with prodigies and omens. The

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* The author, during his youth, fifty years even after the conquest, often heard the old people, and particularly the old women, making use of these touching words.

most insignificant occurrences were looked on as good or bad omens : the augurs consulted the flight of birds, the entrails of the victims offered for sacrifice ; I cannot tell whether it is true, but they say that two of these veracious and holy persons could not look at one another without laughing."

"And what conclusion do you draw from that," said Mons. d'Haberville?

"That we should not attach too much importance to such things," replied the curé ; "that even supposing it pleased Heaven, under certain exceptional circumstances, to give some visible signs of what was going to happen, it would be only one more misery to add to the already innumerable ones to which poor humanity is exposed. A man who was naturally superstitious would be in a constant state of feverish excitement, which would be a hundred times more unbearable than the misfortune he would be incessantly dreading."

"Well," said Monsieur d'Haberville, who, like many other people, only asked others their opinion for form's sake, "I myself think, judging by my own experience, that generally we ought to attach credit to them. All I can say is, that omens have never misled me. Besides those of which you yourself have been an eye-witness, I could mention a great number of others.

"About fifteen years ago, I was commanding an expedition against the Iroquois, consisting of Canadians and Huron Indians. We were on our march, when all at once I felt a pain in my thigh, as if some hard body had struck it ; the pain was sufficiently sharp to stop me for a moment. I mentioned it to my Indian warriors ; they looked at one another uneasily, anxiously searched the horizon, drew a deep breath, turning in every direction, like dogs in search of game. And satisfied that there were no enemies near us, they resumed their march. I asked Little Stephen, the Huron chief, who was looking uneasy, whether he feared some surprise."

" Not that I know of," said he, " but the first time we meet the enemy, you will be wounded just in the place where you have just felt the pain."

" I only laughed at the idea, but that made no difference, for two hours afterwards an Iroquois ball went through my thigh at that very place, though fortunately without fracturing the bone (*a*). No, gentlemen, warnings have never deceived me.

" And what do you thing about the matter, chevalier ? said the curé.

" My opinion is," said my uncle Raoul, " that the wine has been placed on the table, and we ought to attack it at once." *

" An excellent decision," echoed from all parts of the table.

" Wine is the most infallible of omens," said Jules, " for it announces joy, open-hearted gaiety, and happiness ; and as a proof of its infallibility, here is our friend Locheill coming up the avenue ; I will go and meet him."

" You see, my dear Archy," said the captain welcoming him, " that we have treated you unceremoniously, as if you were one of ourselves, by sitting down to table, after waiting for you only half an hour. Knowing your military punctuality, we feared that some important business had prevented you from coming."

" I should have been very sorry had you treated me otherwise than as one of yourselves," replied Archy. " I had made all my arrangements so as to arrive here early this morning; but I had not allowed for that delightful swamp of Cap St. Ignace. (*b*) First, my horse fell into a morass, and in getting him out, I broke the harness which I had to patch up as I best could. Then, I broke one of my wheels in a bog, and had to seek assistance at the nearest dwelling, at half a league's distance ; and I arrived there half dead with fatigue, having several times sunk up to my knees in the marsh."

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* Formerly wine was not placed on the table till the dessert, when the servants, who had been busy during the first course, performed the office of cup-bearers.

" Ah ! my dear Archy," said Jules, who, as usual, turned everything into a joke : "*quantùm mutatus ab illo !* as dear uncle Raoul would have said, if he had spoken first, or as you yourself would say. What have you done with those long legs of your's, which you used to be so proud of when we had to cross that same swamp ! Have they lost their strength and agility since the twenty-eighth of April, 1760 ? You made precious good use of them then at the retreat, as I had foretold."

" That's true," said Archy, laughing heartily " they certainly did not fail me, in the retreat of 1760, as you call it out of regard for my modesty ; but, my dear Jules, you should also sing the praises of your own legs though they are short, for you made good use of them in the retreat of 1759 ; one good turn deserves another, you know ; with due respect to your soldierly modesty."

" My dear fellow, you have not hit it yet, you are a little out in your reckoning ! a scratch that I had got from an English ball, which just grazed my ribs, was considerably slackening my pace in retreating, when a grenadier who had taken a strange liking to me, (I am sure I can not tell why) threw me over his shoulder, treating his superior officer with no more respect than if he were a knapsack, and never stopped running till he had deposited me within the very walls of Quebec. It was about time ; for in his haste, the stupid animal had carried me with my head hanging down his back, like a calf that is being carried to the butcher's, so that I was nearly suffocated when he put me down. Only think of the rascal having the impudence, some time afterwards, to ask me for some thing to drink for himself and his friends, who were glad to see their little grenadier on his legs once more, and I was fool enough to stand treat for him and his companions ! I never could owe any one a grudge in my life," said Jules quite seriously. " But see, here is your dinner smoking hot, for your friend Lisette had kept it warm on her stove ; you deserve to have your diner given you on the block to punish you for the anxiety you caused us (as the party would not have been complete without you) but for the present I will grant you an amnesty, so sit down to table (*c*). Here is José bringing you the " coup d'appétit " which is taken by all civilized nations ; the poor old fellow is so pleased to see you that he is grinning from ear to ear. I assure you is not backward when he has to offer a glass to his friends ; nor when, like his defunct father, he has to take one himself."

" The young master," said José putting the empty plate under his arm, so as to take the hand that Archy held out to him, " has always something funny to say ; but Mons. Locheill knows well that if I had but one glass of brandy left, I would offer it to him with my whole heart, rather than drink it myself. As for my defunct father, he was a steady-going man ; he took so many glasses a day and no more. I do not mean when there were weddings and merry-makings, for he could do as others did, and made little slips from time to time, the worthy man ! but all I can say is that when he saw his friends, he did not keep the bottle under the table."

In that master-piece of Goldsmith's, the Vicar of Wakefield, he makes the vicar say " I cannot say whether we had more wit amongst us than usual ; but I am certain we had more laughing, which answered the end as well." We may say the same of the guests at this gathering, where there reigned triumphantly that delightful French light-heartedness which now, alas ! is gradually disappearing in " these degenerate days," as Homer would have said.

" My dear neighbor " said Monsieur d'Haberville to captain Des Ecors, " if your little affair with general Murray has not silenced you for ever, do pray set us a good example by singing us something."

" I heard, " said Archy, " that you had had some difficulty in extricating yourself from the clutches of our crabbed general, but I do not know the details of the affair."

"When I think of it, my friend," said Monsieur Des Ecors, "I feel a sort of strangling sensation in the bronchial regions; but still I cannot complain too much, for the general acted conscientiously towards me; instead of hanging me at once, he came to the sage conclusion that the more regular course was to bring the prisoner to trial first, and not to put him to death till after conviction. The fate of the unhappy Nadeau the Miller, whose prison I shared, and who was accused of the same crime as myself, that of having furnished the French army with provisions, and whose trial only took place after he was executed; the sad fate of that worthy man, of whose innocence he was convinced when too late, made him consider, I believe, that it would be better to begin by putting me on my trial, than to hang me first of all; a determination I decidedly approved, and which I advise all governors present and future to adopt as their rule of conduct under similar circumstances. During my captivity I passed many sad moments, for I was forbidden all external communication, and had no means of learning what fate was reserved for me. Every day, I asked the sentinel who was on guard just under my window, if there were any news; and my only answer was generally just a downright G....m. At last, a less unapproachable and more good natured soldier, who could jabber a little French, answered me one evening 'Vous pendar sept heures matingue.' I think that this good fellow must have taught this gibberish to all the guard, for afterwards I always received the same decisive answer to all the questions I put: 'Vous pendar sept heures matingue' (you will be hung at 7 o'clock in the morning). Faulty, as the language was, it was nevertheless easy for me to understand, that I was to be hung at seven o'clock in the morning, without finding out, however, which day was fixed on for my execution. My prospects were sad enough; for three mortal days, had I seen the body of the unfortunate Nadeau, hanging on the yards of his own windmill, the plaything of wind and weather; every morning I expected to take his place on that newly invented gibbet."

"But that was infamous," said Archy, "and the man was innocent!"

"So it was shewn by the evidence," replied Mons. Des Ecors, "on the enquiry that took place after the execution. I ought to add that General Murray seemed to repent bitterly of the murder he had committed at an angry moment. He loaded the family of Nadeau with benefits and adopted the two young orphan girls, whose father he had killed, taking them with him to England. Poor Nadeau!" (*d*)

And every one sighing repeated after him:

"Poor Nadeau!"

"Alas!" said captain Des Ecors philosophically, "if we are to pity the fate of all who lost their life by...But let us quit this distressing subject."

And he sang the following song:

A new Narcissus do I pine,
Every one admires me;
'Tis not in water but in wine
That I my image see;
And when I view the color bright
That mantles in my cheek,
With love transfixed at the sight,
To drink it down I seek.

All that's in this world below
To thee, doth homage pay!
Even the winter's frost and snow
Is forc'd to own thy sway!
The earth herself to nourish thee
Lavishes her wealth!
The sun but shines to ripen thee!
I but live to drink they health!

Songs, accompanied by choruses, succeeded each other rapidly: Mme Vincelot's heightened still more the gaiety which was already noisy enough:

MME. VINCELOT'S SONG.

At this joyous fête
  Every one can see (*bis.*)
That the hospitable host
  Welcomes us with glee, (*bis.*)

Bidding us aloud make merry
  Charivari! charivari! charivari!

Pour me out a brimming glass (*bis.*)
  Of this sparkling wine,
I'll drink it to the hostess fair
  Of this fête divine, (*bis.*)
For she bids us all make merry
  Charivari! charivari! charivari!

MME. D'HABERVILLE'S VERSE.

If this little joyous fête
  Really pleases you (*bis.*)
Welcome will you be, my friends,
  Its pleasures to renew. (*bis.*)
And I bid you now make merry,
  Charivari! charivari! charivari!

JULES' VERSE.

Without a little jealousy
  Love soon dies away; (*bis.*)
But a little of this folly
  Strengthens much his sway: (*bis.*)
Love and Bacchus here make merry
  Charivari! charivari! charivari!

At the end of each verse, every one rapped the table or the plates, with their hands, knives, or forks, so as to make the greatest uproar possible.

Blanche being requested to sing "Blaise and Babet," her favorite song, tried to excuse herself by proposing to sing another, but the young ladies insisted exclaiming: "Blaise and Babet!" the minor part is so beautiful!

"I must say," said Jules, "that that minor, with its "I shall love eternally," must touch a very sensitive chord in the feminine heart, which is so noted for its constancy! Do, give us that beautiful minor part, and rejoice the heart of these charming young ladies."

"We will pay you off at blind-man's-buff," said one, "or at forfeits," said another.

"Look out for yourself! old fellow," added Jules, "for you have no more chance against these good ladies than a cat without claws would have in the lower regions. But no matter, please sing my dear sister; perhaps your voice, like that of Orpheus, may calm my enemy's wrath; according to all accounts, that virtuoso's voice must have been of wonderful power, when he visited the infernal regions."

"What a shame," exclaimed the young ladies," "to compare us to ...... No matter; we will pay you off for everything together; but in the meantime, Blanche, do please sing."

She still hesitated; but fearing to draw every one's attention on herself by a refusal, she sang the following verses in a tearful voice: it was the despairing cry of the purest love which seemed to burst from her in spite of her efforts to crush it back into her heart:

From out the blossoms in my bower,
I've culled dear Blaise, this bouquet rare,
Of blushing rose, of orange flower,
Of jessamine white and lily fair;
Let not the rose thy emblem be,
Her beauty blooms but for a day;
But I will love eternally,
Till life itself shall pass away.

Nor like the fickle butterfly
That roams about from flower to flower;
Do thou for ev'ry maiden sigh
That dwells in humble village bow'r;
Let not the rose thy emblem be,
Her beauty blooms but for a day;
Whilst I shall love eternally,
Till life itself shall pass away.

And when my beauty and my youth
Beneath the hand of time depart,
Think on my past unchanging truth,
Think on my constant loving heart;
Nor let the rose thy emblem be,
Her beauty blooms but for a day;
Whilst I shall love eternally,
Till life itself shall pass away.

Every one was struck by Blanche's plaintive accents of the real cause of which they were in ignorance, attributing them to the emotion she felt at seeing her dearly-loved brother, who, having escaped death at so many battles, had now returned to these whom he held dearest on earth. To make a diversion in his sister's favor, he exclaimed :

" I have brought a very pretty song from France."

" Let us hear your pretty song," was heard from every one.

" Ah ! no," said Jules, " I keep it for my fair friend, Mademoiselle Vincelot, to whom I am going to teach it."

Now the said young lady, who was already a little elderly, had for some years expressed herself as being opposed to marrying, and having a very decided taste for celibacy ; but every one knew that a certain widower, who was only waiting for a decent time to elapse before marrying again, had overcome the repugnance of this tigress, and that the wedding-day was already fixed. This declared enemy of marriage was in no hurry to thank Jules, whose love of tricks she well knew, and she was therefore silent ; but every one called out :

" The song ! the song ! you can afterwards give it to Eliza."

" As you like," said Jules ; " it is short, but not wanting in wit."

Maidens are very like young birds,
Who dearly love the shelt'ring cage,
They've liv'd in from their earliest age,
At least, if you believe their words ;
But open wide that cage so dear,
And very soon they'll disappear,
Nor evermore return again,
Nor evermore return again.

They all laughed heartily at Eliza's expense, and she, like all prudes, did not know how to take a joke in good part. Madame d'Haberville perceiving this, gave the accustomed signal, and rising from table, they adjourned to the drawing-room. Eliza, as she passed Jules, pinched him so hard, that she drew blood.

" Now then, fair one with the cat-like claws," said the latter, " is that one of the caresses you destine for your future husband, an instalment of which you distribute among your best friends? O happy husband! may heaven long spare him to enjoy his good fortune!"

After the coffee, followed by the customary glass of liqueur, every one went out on the lawn to dance country dances, and play at hunting the hare and "my lady's toilet." There can be nothing gayer or more picturesque than this last game, when played in the open air on a lawn planted with trees. Each of those who are playing, both ladies and gentlemen, takes his post by a tree, only one remaining in the centre. Every one furnishes his contingent to my lady's toilet; one a gown, another a necklace, another a ring, &c. As soon as the one who directs the game, calls for an article, the person who has chosen this article is obliged to leave his post, which another one immediately takes possession of; thus, as each article of my lady's toilet is called out, there commences an animated race from tree to tree, which lasts as long as the person who directs the game, may choose. At last, when "all my lady's toilet" is called out, every one tries to get a tree, for whoever fails in so doing, has to pay a forfeit. All this went on amidst the screams and joyous laughter of all present, particularly when any one lost their equilibrium and saluted the ground instead of reaching the desired post.

When the ladies were tired, every one re-entered the house to play at less fatiguing games, such as 'How do you like your companion'—'Hide and seek,' &c. They wound up with a game, which generally caused great amusement.

The Canadians of old, though terrible on the field of battle, amused themselves with very childish games when they met together. Nearly every one being relations, connexions, or friends from infancy, many of those games, which now-a-days would be objected to as not compatible with the refined manners of the ladies in the higher circles, were then looked on as appropriate. Every thing was so well conducted that it was like a family party of brothers and sisters amusing themselves in the wildest manner.*

Jules, who had taken Eliza's pinch very much to heart, purposely proposed a game at which he hoped to repay her. The game consisted of this : a lady, seated in an arm-chair, began by selecting some one for her daughter ; she was then blindfolded, and had to guess which was the one she had chosen, by feeling only the face and head of those who knelt down before her with their heads covered over with a shawl or table-cover ; every time that she guessed wrong, she had to pay a forfeit. It was often a young man, or an elderly lady or gentleman who knelt down and covered their heads, and hence arose many amusing mistakes.

When it came to Eliza's turn, she of course chose Jules for her daughter, or rather son, if the reader prefers it, so that she might torment him whilst inspecting him. The game began ; as each person in turn knelt before the lady who was blindfolded, they all sang in chorus :

Madame, is this your daughter, (*bis.*)
With buckles of silver and buttons of gold ?
On their bench sit the watermen bold.

The veiled lady has to answer with the same burden :

Yes, this is my daughter, (*bis.*)

Or—

This is not my daughter, (*bis.*)
With buckles of silver and buttons of gold ;
On their bench sit the mariners bold.

After feeling several heads, Eliza, hearing Jules' stifled laughter from under the shawl, thought she had at last got hold of her victim. She felt the head ;

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* These games, which, sixty years ago, used to be the delight of Canadian social meetings, have been gradually discontinued in town, since the foreign element has entered so much more largely into the best French society.

The Canadians of old, even at their smallest gatherings, were accustomed to sing both at dinner and supper ; the ladies and gentlemen alternately.

it was certainly Jules', or very like it; the face was perhaps rather elongated, but that devil Jules had so many ways of disguising himself. Had he not on one occasion mystified a large party for a whole evening, disguised in a costume of Louis the Fourteenth's time, and passing for an old aunt who had, that very day arrived from France? Whilst thus disguised had he not even had the impudence to kiss all the pretty ladies there assembled, Eliza herself included? How abominable it was of him! Jules is certainly capable of anything! Acting on this impression and trembling with joy, she pinched his ear; a cry of pain was heard, then a low growling, followed by a formidable barking. Eliza tore the bandage from her eyes and found herself face to face with a row of threatening teeth: it was Niger. Like Sir Walter Scott's farmer Detmond, who called all his dogs "Pepper," the d'Habervilles called all their dogs Niger or Nigra, according to their sex, in remembrance of their two ancestors who had been thus named by Jules during his early college days, in order to shew the progress he was making.

Eliza, without being the least disconcerted, took off her high-heeled shoe, and falling upon Jules, (who, having Niger still in his arms, made use of him to ward off her blows), chased him from room to room, followed by the rest of the party laughing frantically.

Happy times! when wild merriment supplied the place of wit, in which however the French race were by no means deficient. Happy times! when the host's hearty welcome atoned for the absence of luxury in the furniture, and expense at the tables of the Canadians whom the conquest had ruined. The houses seemed to become larger for the sake of hospitality, like the hearts of those who inhabited them! Dormitories were improvised for the occasion; everything comfortable was given up to the ladies; whilst, the rougher sex, consigned to no matter where, put up with whatever they could get.

Men like these, who had passed half their lives bivouacking in the forests during the most rigorous season of the year; who had travelled four or five hundred leagues on snow-shoes, often passing the night in holes which they dug in the snow, as had been the case during their expedition to surprise the English in Acadia; these men of iron could easily dispense with eider-down for their nocturnal couch.

The merriment only ceased whilst they were asleep, for it recommenced in the morning. As every one wore powder in those days, those who were the most handy acted as hair-dressers, and even as barbers to the others. The patient, wrapped in a large sheet, seated himself on a chair; the impromptu hair-dresser generally exceeded his duty either by taking the powder-puff to mark out an immense pair of whiskers on those who had none, or by immoderately lengthening one side of the whiskers to the detriment of the other, on those who were provided with these appendages, or by powdering their eyebrows. It often happened that the victims of these jokes perceived nothing of them, till, on their entering the drawing-room, they were greeted by the ladies with shouts of laughter.*

The party broke up at the end of three days, notwithstanding Mons. and Mme. d'Haberville's efforts to detain them longer. Only Archy, who had promised to pass a month with his old friends, kept his word and remained with the family.

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* The author is painting Canadian society without exaggeration, and such as he knew it in his childhood.

CHAPTER XVIII.

> Ainsi passe sur la terre tout ce qui fut bon, vertueux, sensible! Homme, tu n'es qu'un songe rapide, un rêve douloureux; tu n'existes que par le malheur; tu n'es quelque chose que par la tristesse de ton âme et l'éternelle mélancolie de ta pensée.
>
> CHATEAUBRIAND.

CONCLUSION.

After the departure of their guests, the family party lived on their former terms of intimacy. Jules, who had regained his strength in the bracing air of his native land, passed the greater part of his day hunting, and shooting with Locheill; the abundance of game at that time of year, rendering it an agreeable pastime. They supped at seven o'clock, and went to bed at ten; and the evenings always appeared too short, even without the help of cards.*

Jules, who was in ignorance of what had passed between his sister and Locheill on the shores of Port-Joli, could not help being struck by his friends fits of sadness, without however being able to penetrate the cause of them. He only received evasive replies to all the questions he put to him on this subject. Thinking that he had at last guessed the cause of it, he one evening, which they passed together, made up his mind to broach the subject.

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* The Canadians of old, when only a family party, used to breakfast at 8 o'clock. The ladies used to take coffee or chocolate, the men a few glasses of white wine with their meat which was generally cold. At noon they used to dine: a plateful of soup, some boiled meat and one other dish, either a ragout, or broiled meat used to constitute this meal. The joint used to be cooked only for supper, which they used to take about 7 o'clock; by changing the names of the meals, this is our present way of living, what used to be their dinner is our luncheon, their supper is our dinner.

"I have remarked, my dear brother," he said "your fits of melancholy, in spite of your efforts to hide the cause of them from us. You do not do us justice, Archy, nor do you do justice to yourself. Your conscience acquitting you, as to your performance of duties which a soldier cannot shirk, you ought not to think about the past any more. Besides, you have rendered such service to all my family by saving their lives, which they would have lost in the shipwreck of the Auguste, as to have repaid them every obligation; it is we, indeed, who owe you a debt of gratitude of which we shall never be able to acquit ourselves. It was quite natural, that prejudiced against you by information gathered from those whom the disasters of 1759 had reduced to indigence, and forgetting your noble qualities, friends like ourselves even, soured by misfortune, should have believed the slanderous reports; but you know that a little explanation sufficed to dissipate these feelings, and to make us give you back our former affection. If my father bore you ill-will for some time, it was only because it is a part of his nature not to listen to any explanations when he once thinks himself insulted. He is now as attached to you as ever; our losses are in a great measure repaired and we live more tranquilly under the British government than under the French dominion. Our habitants, have, as my uncle Raoul says, like new Cincinnati, exchanged the musket for the ploughshare. They are opening up fresh lands and in a few years this seigniory will be of great value. By the help of the little property, which I came in for, we shall soon be as well off as before the conquest. Therefore, my dear Archy, do throw off these fits of depression which it grieves us to witness, and resume your former joyousness."

Locheill was silent for some little time, and it was only after a painful struggle that he replied:

"My dear brother it is impossible: the wound is more recent than you think for, and will bleed for the rest of my life, all my dreams of future happiness are at an end. But let us drop the subject; my noblest feelings have been wounded; an unkind word from you would rankle in my heart.

"An unkind word from me, do you say Archy! What can you mean? my friend and brother, at whose expense I have often amused myself, well knows that my heart was not in fault,; and that I was always ready to ask pardon for my offences. You shake your head sadly! What can there be the matter, that you cannot confide to your early friend? May I not say, Archy, to your brother? I have never had anything hid from you; you have read in my heart, as in your own, and you always seemed to reciprocate my confidence. You never seemed to have any secrets from me. A curse upon those circumstances which have cooled your friendship!"

"Stop, my brother! said Archy; stop, the time has come! However painful it may be for me to tell you all, I would rather do so than expose myself to suspicions, which, as coming from you, would be most painful to me. I will speak openly to you, but on the express condition, that like an impartial judge, you will hear me to the end without interruption. To-morrow, but not till to-morrow, we will return to this painful subject; till then promise me to keep the secret I am about to confide to you."

"I give you my word" said Jules, pressing his hand.

Locheill then related to him the conversation he had recently had with Blanche without omitting the smallest particular; then, lighting his candle, he retired to his bedroom, sighing deeply.

Jules passed a very restless night. He, having only studied woman in the drawing-rooms, and amidst the frivolous society of the Faubourg Saint Germain, could hardly understand the grandeur and sublimity of the sacrifice which his sister was making: her sentiments appeared to him romantic, or arising from an imagination that was perverted by misfortune. Only too happy at the thought of an alliance which fulfilled his dearest wishes, he made up his mind, having obtained Archy's consent, to have a serious conversation with Blanche, feeling certain he would overrule her objections: "she loves him, he thought to himself, so I shall gain my cause."

Man, with all his apparent superiority; man, in his absurd egotism, has never yet completely sounded the depths of the female heart; of that inexhaustible store of love, self-denial, and boundless devotedness. The poets have sung in every tone the praises of this Eve, this master-piece of beauty, fresh from the hands of her creator; but what is this material beauty compared with that of the soul of a virtuous woman, struggling with adversity! there is where she shines forth in all her glory! it is on the moral qualities of such a woman that the poets should have exhausted their praises! see, what a pitiable being is man when he has to face misfortune! it is then that, like a despicable pygmy, he leans tottering on his giant-like companion, who, like the fabled Atlas carrying the material world on his robust shoulders, bears all the pains and sorrows of suffering humanity without bending under the burden! It is not to be wondered at that Jules, who only knew the grosser qualities of woman, thought he should easily triumph over his sister's scruples.

"Come, Blanche," said Jules to his sister after dinner the day succeeding his conversation with his friend; "come Blanche, see there is our Scotch Nimrod setting off with his gun upon his shoulder, so as to give us some teal for supper; let us see if we cannot climb the narrow path that leads to the top of the cape, as quickly as in our childish days!

"With all my heart, dear Jules; run on, and you will see that my Canadian legs have not lost any of their agility."

The brother and sister, by the help of the projecting stones, and the shrubs which grew in the clefts of the rocks, soon arrived at the summit of the promontory; and there after a moment's silence, employed in gazing on the magnificent panorama which lay open before their eyes, Jules said to his sister:

"It is not unintentionally that I have brought you here, I want to talk to you privately on a subject of the greatest importance. You love our friend Archy, you have long loved him; and still for reasons which I cannot understand, arising from exagerated feelings of delicacy that warp your judgment, you impose a sacrifice on yourself which is against nature, laying up for your future life much unhappiness, as the victim of a love you will never be able to eradicate completely from your heart. As for me were I to love an English girl, and were she to respond to my feelings, I would marry her as willingly as I would marry a country-woman."

Blanche's eyes filled with tears; she took her brother's hand, and tenderly pressing it in her own, she replied:

"If you were to marry an English woman, my dear Jules, I would take her to my heart as a beloved sister; but what you could do without the slightest impropriety, it would be cowardly in me to do. You have nobly acquitted yourself of your debt to your country. Your war-cry of 'Follow me, grenadiers' electrified your soldiers in the thickest of the fight; twice were you borne bleeding from the plains which were still wet with the blood of our enemies, and on the other continent you have received three wounds. Yes, my dear brother, you have nobly acquitted yourself of your debt to your country, and might indulge yourself by marrying a daughter of Albion! But I, a weak woman; what have I done for this subjugated and now silent land; for this land which has so often resounded with my countrymen's shouts of triumph! Shall a d'Haberville be the first to give the example of a double yoke to the noble daughters of Canada? It is natural, and even it is to be wished, that the French and Anglo-Saxon races, who after centuries of hatred and strife have now but the one country, and live under the same laws, should become united by the closest bonds, but it would be unworthy of me to be the one to set the example, after so many disasters; as I told Archy, it would give people room to believe that the proud Briton, after having conquered and ruined the father, had bought with his gold the hand of the poor Canadian girl, who was only too glad to give it to him at that price. Oh! never! never (*a*)!

And the noble girl, leaning her head on her brother's shoulder, wept bitterly.

"No one will ever know," she continued; "even you yourself will never understand the full extent of my sacrifice; but fear not, Jules, that the sacrifice will be beyond my strength: proud of the honorable sentiments which have prompted my conduct, I will devote myself to my parents, and my days will flow on peacefully and calmly in the midst of my family. Rest certain," she continued proudly, "that she who has loved the noble Archy Cameron of Locheill with constancy, will never sully her heart with another earthly love. You chose a bad spot for your desired conversation, for from this headland I have often proudly contemplated the splendid manor-house of my ancestors, now replaced by yon humble dwelling which has been built at the cost of so many sacrifices and privations. Now let us go down; and if you love me, never return to this painful subject."

"Yours is a lofty soul!" exclaimed Jules.

And the brother and sister remained for some time sobbing in each other's arms.

Archy, after having lost all hope of marrying Blanche d'Haberville, applied himself in earnest to discharging the debt of gratitude he owed to Dumais. Blanche's rejection of his suit, altered his intentions in this matter, and left him greater latitude; for he also determined to remain single. Archy, whom misfortune had early matured, had, whilst still young, dispassionately studied men and things; and he had come to the wise conclusion that marriages are seldom happy where mutual love does not exist. Far from possessing the self-conceit of almost all young men, who honestly believe that every woman adores them, and that they have only to choose from among the large harvest of hearts at their disposal, Locheill had but a humble opinion of himself. Gifted with unusual good looks, and with all the qualities which captivate women, the simple elegance of his manners was remarked by every one, whenever he appeared in society; but he was as diffident as he was fascinating, and thought like Molière's Toinette that feigned love, "was very like the real thing" (*c*). "I was poor and proscribed," he thought to himself, "and I was loved for myself alone; now that I am rich, how could I tell, whether it was any thing beyond my rank and riches which any other woman might love in me, supposing even that my first and only love could be extinguished in my heart." It was for these reasons that he decided to remain single.

The sun was disappearing behind the Laurentides, when Locheill arrived at Dumais' farm. He was agreeably surprised with the order and cleanliness that was everywhere visible. The farmer's wife who was busy in her dairy and assisted by a servant girl, came to meet him without recognising him, and begged him to walk into the house.

"I believe that this is serjeant Dumais'," said Archy.

"You are right, sir, and I am his wife; my husband will soon be back from the fields with a load of wheat, I will send one of my children to hasten him."

"There is no hurry, madam; I have come here to give you tidings of one monsieur Archy Locheill whom you knew formerly; you may perhaps have forgotten him."

Mme. Dumais came nearer to the stranger and after looking silently at him for a short time, said:

"You are certainly something like him; are you not some relation of his? Forget Mr. Archy! oh! do not tell me that he can believe us capable of such an ingratitude! do you not know that he exposed himself to nearly certain death, in order to save my husband's life, and we pray God every day to watch over him, and bestow every blessing on our benefactor! Forget Mr. Archy! oh, sir! you hurt my feelings very much."

Locheill was much affected. He took Dumais' youngest child, the little Louise who was seven years old, on his knees and while caressing her said:

" And you, my pretty one, do you know Mr. Archy?"

" I have never seen him," said the child, " but every day we say a little prayer for him."

" What prayer do you say," replied Archy ?"

" My God, pour down Thy blessings upon Mr. Archy, who saved Papa's life, if he is still living; and if he is dead, give him Thy Holy Paradise."

Locheill went on talking with Mme. Dumais till the latter hearing her husband's voice near the barn, ran to tell him that a strange gentleman was waiting at the house to give him news of Mr. Archy. Dumais, who was preparing to unload his cart, threw down his pitch-fork, and made but one bound from the barn to the house. It was sufficiently dark when he entered for him not to be able to distinguish the stranger's features.

" You are welcome," said he, saluting him, " as you bring me news of one who is very dear to me."

" You are, of course, serjeant Dumais," said Locheill.

" And you Mr. Archy !" exclaimed Dumais throwing himself into his arms: " do you think I could ever forget the voice which called out 'courage' to me when I was hanging over the abyss, that same voice too which I so often heard during my illness."

" My dear Dumais," resumed Archy, towards the end of the evening, " I have come to ask a great service of you."

" A service !" replied Dumais; " can I, a poor habitant, be fortunate enough to be of use to a gentleman like you? It would be the happiest day of my life."

"Well, Dumais, it rests with you to restore me to health; for as you now see me, I am sick, more sick than you imagine."

"You really do look paler and sadder than formerly. But what is the matter with you?"

"Have you ever heard of a sickness," replied Lochiell, "to which the English are very subject, and which is called the spleen or blue devils?"

"No," replied Dumais; "I have known several of you English, who, be it said without offence, seemed to have some sort of a devil in them, but I always thought that they were darker-colored devils."

Archy began to laugh.

"What we call the blue devils, my dear Dumais, is what you Canadians call trouble of mind."

"Now I understand," said Dumais," but what I cannot understand is, how a man like you, who has everything he can wish for, possesses so many talents, and has so many ressources to chase away sad thoughts, can allow himself to be troubled with the blues."

"My dear Dumais," said Archy, "I might reply that every one in this world has his troubles, even those that appear the happiest; suffice it to say, that, with me, it is a malady, and that I rely on your assistance to cure myself of it."

"Make what use you can of me, Mr. Archy, I am at your service night and day."

"I have tried everything," continued Archy; "study and literary work; I was better by day, but my nights were sleepless; and even if I had the good fortune to sleep, I awoke as unhappy as ever. I have been thinking, that it was only strong manual labor which could cure me, and that after a hard day's work, I might taste that refreshing slumber which has been so long denied me."

"That is true," said Dumais; "when a man has worked hard all day, I defy him to pass sleepless nights; but what are you thinking of doing? and in what way am I fortunate enough to be able to be of use to you?"

"My dear Dumais, I expect to be cured by you. But now listen without interrupting me whilst I impart my plans to you. I am now rich, very rich even; my idea is, that, since Providence has sent more riches than I ever hoped for, I ought to employ a part of them in doing good. In this parish and neighborhood, there is an immense extent of waste land, to be either sold, or granted. My plan is to take a considerable extent and not only to superintend the clearing, but work at it myself; you know I have good strong arms; and I could do as well as any one else at it."

"I know that," put in Dumais.

"There are many poor people," Archy went on, "who would be only too happy to find work, particularly when they would get good wages. You see, Dumais, that I could not see to everything myself, and that I must have some one to help me; for what could I do of an evening, and in the bad weather all alone in a tent, without a friend to keep me company; I should die of dullness."

"Let us set off to-morrow," said Dumais, "and visit all the best lots, with which I am, in fact, already well acquainted."

"I thank you," said Archy, pressing his hand. "But who would take care of your farm during your frequent absences?"

"Do not be uneasy about that, Sir: my wife herself could do that very well, even without her brother, an old bachelor, who lives with us: my land has never been any the worse for my absence. I do not know how it is, but it is a sort of malady with me preferring the musket to the plough. My wife often reproaches me on this head, without our being any the worse friends however."

"Do you know," said Archy, "that over there on the edge of the river, near the maple thicket, there is the most charming site for building a house, which I know of. Yours is old; we will build one large enough to hold us all. I will undertake this, on condition that I myself shall be entitled to occupy one half of it during my lifetime; and at my death, well, all shall belong to you. I have vowed to remain single."

"Men like you," said Dumais, "are only too rarely to be met with; it would be a pity that the race should become extinct. But I am beginning to see that instead of thinking of yourself, you are thinking of me and my family, and it is us that you are wishing to benefit."

"Now let us speak openly," resumed Archy, "the only real friends that I have in the world are the d'Haberville family and your's."

"I thank you, Sir," said Dumais, "for putting us poor habitants in the same category as that noble and illustrious family."

"I only consider," said Locheill, "the virtues and good qualities of men. I certainly love and respect nobility; but that does not prevent my loving and respecting all estimable people, and rendering them the justice they deserve. I intend giving you the fourth part of my fortune."

"Ah! Sir," exclaimed Dumais.

"Now listen well to me, my friend. A gentleman never tells a lie. When I told you that I had trouble of mind, I told you the truth. I have found the remedy for this frightful malady: plenty of occupation and manual labor; and doing good to those I love. My intention then is to give you a fourth of my fortune during my lifetime; now take care Dumais; I am as persevering and obstinate as the Scotchman which I am; if you demur, instead of a quarter, I am just the man to give you half. But to speak seriously, my dear Dumais, you would make me very unhappy by refusing me."

"If it is indeed so," said Dumais with a tearful voice, "I accept your gifts, which, any way, it is only with a bad grace that I could refuse from a man like you."

Let us leave Locheill occupied in enriching Dumais, and let us go back to our other friends.

The good gentleman, nearly a centenarian, only lived a year after Jules' arrival. He died surrounded by his friends, after having had every affectionate care bestowed on him by Blanche and her brother, during the month that his illness lasted. A few minutes before his death, he begged Jules to open the window of his room, and casting a dying look on the little river which was flowing calmly before his door, he said to him;

"It was there, my dear friend; under that walnut-tree that I related my misfortunes to you; it is there that I gave you advice prompted by the experience which age brings. I die happy, for I see that you have profited by it. After my death take that little taper-stand; whilst recalling to your mind the long sleepless nights of which it has been a witness in my solitary chamber, it will also remind you of the advice I have given you, if by chance it might be fading from your memory."

"As for you, my dear and faithful Andrew," continued Monsieur d'Egmont, "it is with deep regret that I leave you behind on this earth, where you have shared all my sorrows. You will be very lonely and solitary after my death! You have promised me to pass the rest of your days with the d'Haberville family, they will take every care of your old age. After your decease you know the poor will be our heirs."

"My dear master," said Francœur sobbing, "the poor will not have long to wait for their inheritance."

The good gentleman, after having bade all his friends a most affectionate farewell, addressed the curé, begging him to recite the prayers for the dying. And at the words: "Go forth, O Christian soul from "this world, in the name of God the Father Almighty "who created thee;" he gave his last sigh. Sterne would have said that: "The recording angel dropped "a tear on the errors of his youth, and wiped them

" out for ever." The angels are more compassionate than men, for men never forget or pardon the faults of others.

Andrew Francœur was struck with paralysis as they lowered his master's body to its last resting-place, and only survived him three weeks.

When Jules had said to his sister " were I to love " an English girl, and were I to find that she responded " to my feelings, I would as willingly marry her as I " would marry one of my country-women," she was far from suspecting her brother's real intentions. In fact, Jules, on his passage across the Atlantic, had made the acquaintance of a young English lady of great beauty. Jules, like another Saint-Preux, had given her other lessons than those in the french language and grammar, during their two months voyage. He had likewise shewn his good taste; for the young girl, in addition to her great beauty, possessed all those qualities which inspire an ardent and sincere love.

At length, all obstacles being removed, and all difficulties surmounted by the two families, Jules, the following year, married the fair daughter of Albion, who very soon learnt to win the hearts of all around her.

My uncle Raoul, who had always owed the English a grudge for having broken his leg in Acadia, but who was too gentlemanly to be wanting in good manners, at first shut himself up in his room whenever he wanted to swear at his ease against his beautiful niece's fellow-countrymen; but at the end of a month's time he was so complelely won by that charming young woman's attentions and amability, that he all at once suppressed his oaths, to the great benefit of his soul and of the pious ears he had so often scandalized.

" That rascal Jules," my uncle Raoul would say, " did not shew any want of taste in marrying that English girl; and that holy pope was right enough in saying that the young islanders would have been angels, had they only been christians: *non angli, sed angeli forent, si essent christiani,*" he added with a determined look.

It was quite another thing when poor dear uncle, holding a little nephew on one knee and a little niece on the other, danced them to the pretty tunes sung by Canadians travellers. How proud he was when their mama called out to him.

" Do pray come to my assistance, my dear uncle, these little wretches will not go to sleep without you."

My uncle Raoul had announced that he intended himself to look after his nephew's military education; from four years of age, therefore, the embryo soldier, armed with a wooden gun, was perpetually charging furiously at the abdomen of his instructor, who was obliged to defend the attacked part with his cane.

" The little rascal," said the chevalier straightening himself, " will have the d'Haberville's fiery courage, combined with the tenacity and independence of the proud islanders he springs from on his mother's side."

José had at first been very cool towards his young mistress, but he ended by being sincerely attached to her. She had soon discovered his vulnerable point: José, like his defunct father, liked wine and brandy, and they certainly took no more effect on his Breton brain than if the liquor he swallowed had been poured on the weathercock which surmounted the seignior's may-pole, in order to hinder that venerable bird from performing its proper functions; the good lady therefore was constantly presenting José, sometimes with a glass of brandy to warm him, sometimes with a glass of wine to cool him. José ended by acknowledging that though Englishmen were somewhat boorish, Englishwomen did not at all resemble them.

Monsieur and Mme. d'Haberville, after so many vicissitudes, feeling at ease about their children's prospects, passed many peaceful and tranquil years, living to extreme old age. The captain's last words to his son were:

" Serve your new sovereign with as much fidelity as I have served the King of France; and may God bless you my dear son, for the consolation you have been to me."

My uncle Raoul, whose decease occurred three years before that of his brother, had but one regret in dying; that of quitting this life before his grand-nephew had embraced the military profession.

"There is but one career worthy of a d'Haberville," he incessantly repeated, "that of arms."

However he found some consolation in the hope that his nephew, who had distinguished himself at college, would be a learned man like himself, so that science would not die out in the family.

José, who had an iron constitution and nerves of steel, José who had never had a minute's illness in his life, looked upon death as a somewhat hypothetical event. After the decease of his old masters, one of his friends saying to him one day:

"Do you know, José, that you are at least eighty years old, and that to look at you, one would not take you to be more than fifty?"

José lent on one hip, as a sign of his stability, blew the ashes out of the stem of his pipe, with the only hand he had still remaining fumbled in his breeches pocket for his tobacco-bag, flint and steel, and then without hurrying himself, in proof of what he was about to say, replied:

"As you already know, I am our defunct captain's foster-brother; I was brought up at his house; I followed him to all the wars he was at; I have seen his children grow up, and now you see, I have just begun again, by taking care of his grandchildren. Well! so long as a d'Haberville is in need of my services, I do not think of leaving!"

"Then you think of living as long as the defunct Methuselah?" said the neighbor.

"Still longer, if necessary," replied José.

Then having got all he wanted out of his pocket, he crammed his pipe full, put some lighted tinder on the top of it, and began to smoke looking at his friend like a person who is thoroughly convinced of the truth of what he has been laying down.

José kept his word for a dozen years ; but it was in vain that he tried to withstand old age, by busying himself about his usual occupations, in spite of his masters' orders to the contrary ; at last he was obliged to keep the house. All the family were anxious about him.

" What is the matter with you, my dear José ?" said Jules.

" Oh ! only idleness," said José, " or perhaps my rheumatics."

Now José had never had an attack of this malady; it was only a pretext.

" Give the good old fellow, ma'am, his morning glass, it will revive him," said Archy.

" I am going to fetch you a glass of excellent brandy," said Madame Jules.

" Not just now," replied José, " I have always some in my trunk ; but this morning I do not seem to want any."

They then began to be seriously alarmed; this was a bad symptom.

" Then I will make you a cup of tea," said Madame Jules, "and you will find yourself easier " (*b*).

" My English wife," said Jules, " thinks her tea a sovereign remedy for all ills."

José drank the tea, declared it was a fine medicine, and that he felt better ; this did not, however, prevent the faithful servant taking to his bed that same evening, never to leave it again alive.

When the good fellow saw that his end was approaching, he said to Jules, who was sitting up all night with him :

" I have prayed God to prolong my life till your children's next holidays, so that I may see them once more before I die ; but I shall not have that consolation."

" You shall see them to-morrow, my dear José."

An hour afterwards Locheill was on the road to Quebec ; and the next evening every one that was dearest on earth to that faithful and affectionate servant, was assembled round his dying bed. After having conversed with them for some time, and bade them the most tender farewell, he collected all his strength to sit up in his bed ; and Jules having approached to support him, felt a burning tear fall on his hand. After this last effort of that powerful nature, he, who had shared the d'Haberville's good and evil fortune, was no more.

" Let us pray for the soul of one of the most excellent men that I know," said Archy, closing his eyes.

Jules and Blanche, in spite of all remonstrances, would not confide to any one the task of watching beside their old friend, during the three days that his body remained at the manor-house.

" If one of our family had died," they said, " José would not have allowed any one but himself to have fulfilled this last duty."

One day, that Archy, during his frequent visits at the d'Haberville's, was walking before the manor house with Jules, he saw coming towards them on foot, an old man, tolerably well dressed, and carrying a seal-skin bag on his back.

" Who is that man ?" said he.

" Ah," said Jules, " that is our friend Mr. D——, carrying his deeds and papers on his back," (*c*).

" His deeds and papers ? how is that ?" said Archy.

" Certainly ; he is an itinerant lawyer ; he passes through certain localities every three months, drawing out fresh deeds, and copying and filling up the rough drafts which he always carries with him, so as not to be taken unawares. He is an excellent and amiable man, a Frenchman by birth, and very intelligent. On his arrival in Canada, he began by dealing in pictures, but he gained but little at it; afterwards, remembering that he had formerly studied for two years in France with an attorney, he boldly presented himself to the Judges, passed an examination, which, if it was not very brilliant, was sufficiently sound for his new country; and returned home triumphant, with a notary's commission in his pocket. I assure you, every one gets on very well with his deeds, which are prepared with the most scrupulous honesty; it is this which supplies the place of the purer diction (too often spotted by want of honesty) of more learned lawyers."

"Your wandering lawyer," replied Archy, "arrives very opportunately; I have something for him to do."

In fact, Locheill, who had already made great progress in the work of clearing he was so actively engaged in for the benefit of his friend Dumais, made over to him in due form, all that part of his property; reserving only for himself, during his lifetime, the half of the new and spacious house which he had built.

Archy's visits to the d'Haberville manor-house became more and more frequent, as he advanced in age; and he ended by residing there altogether, as soon as a devoted friendship had replaced the warmer sentiment which had clouded the best days of his youth. Henceforth Archy looked upon Blanche as his sister by adoption: and the sweet name of brother, which Blanche gave him, purified what still remained of love in her noble woman's heart.

Jules had been an affectionate and dutiful son; his two children were to him what he had been to his good parents.

As long as Monsieur and Madame d'Haberville lived, Jules remained always with them, only absenting himself on indispensable business, or to fulfil a duty to which his father, who, before the conques had been a strict observer of etiquette, attached much importance: that of being present, with his wife, at the Queen's ball, on the 31st December; as well as the next morning at eleven o'clock at a levee, held by the governor, when, as representative of the King, he received the respectful homage of all who had the entrée at the St. Louis Castle at Quebec (*d*).

The author has so much affection for the principal personages in this veracious history, that he cannot bear to make them disappear from the scene ; one gets attached to the fruit of one's own labors. He also fears to grieve such of his readers as share in his attachment to his heroes, should he despatch them with a stroke of the pen ; time will do its work of death, without any assistance from the author.

It is eleven o'clock, on an evening towards the end of October ; all the d'Haberville family are assembled in a small drawing-room, which is sufficiently illumined, even without the assistance of the wax candles, by the vivid light shed by an armful of cedar wood, which is blazing in the large chimney. Locheill, who is now nearly sixty years of age, is playing chess with Blanche. Jules, seated between his wife and daughter, is teasing both of them, and yet not forgetting the chess-players.

Young Archy d'Haberville, Jules' only son, and Locheill's god-son, appears to be in deep thought, while following with an attentive eye the fantastic figures which his imagination creates in the embers which are slowly dying out on the hearth.

" What are you thinking about, grave philosopher ?" says his father to him.

" I have been following with ever-increasing interest," said the young man, " a small group of men, women and children, who are walking, dancing, jumping, ascending and descending ; and now, all has disappeared."

The cedar-wood fire had just gone out.

" You are, indeed, your mother's son, the worthy god-son of Archy Locheill," said Jules d'Haberville, rising to wish the family good night, on their all retiring to rest.

Like these fantastic figures on which young d'Haberville was gazing, my characters, dear reader, have moved before your eyes for a while, only to disappear suddenly, perhaps for ever, with him who set them in action.

Farewell then also, dear reader, ere my hand shall be colder than our Canadian winters, and refuse to trace my thoughts.

THE END.

NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS.

CHAPTER I.

(a) All the Pointe Levis boatmen being also farmers, it was no small thing, some sixty years ago, to cross the St. Lawrence to Quebec during the agricultural seasons. On market days there were fixed hours for crossing, but on other days travellers were often detained at Pointe Levis half a day at a time, and often were even obliged to sleep there. The boatmen who were generally pretty surly, only left off their work for their customers, and even then they often refused if they had any trifling matter in hand. Sometimes, however, it must be acknowledged that the women replaced their husbands; in fact by means of a little coaxing they were often persuaded to have pity on the traveller, and leaving their homes under the protection of the household gods, take the oar themselves. It is but justice to them to say that the oar once in their hands, they rowed the little canoes then in use, as skilfully as their husbands could do.

Failing the Canadians, however, people could always during the summer time have recourse to the Indians, whose huts covered nearly two miles of the shore, from Pointe Levis in a south-easterly direction. But these gentlemen were hardly ever sober! They held it a decided duty to drink to the health of their good father George III., even to the last remnant of the gifts received by them from the government; certainly a very praiseworthy sentiment, but one not much admired by travellers when they saw the frail birch bark canoes steered by half tipsy men.

This recalls to my mind a little anecdote which depicts the manners of that time. It was on a Sunday, a day of amusement for all without distinction of creed. The public houses were open to all comers; in spite of the prohibitive laws with regard to the Indians, they had in the course of the morning drank more *lom* (rum) than *raitte* (*lait*, milk.)

(I have never been able to find out why these Indians make use of the letter *l* instead of the *r* in the word *rum*, and in the same way of *r* instead of *l* in the word *lait*; also they use *b* instead of *f* in the word *frère* (brother); generally saying *mon brère* instead of *mon frère*. I leave the decision of this important question to those deeply versed in Indian idioms.)

It was Sunday then; several young men (and I was of the number) freed from the trammels of their offices, were to meet in the Lower Town during the afternoon, and cross over to Pointe Levis to dine. But when I arrived at the landing-place with one of my friends, the joyous band had already crossed the river in a boat that chance had procured them; it was very prudent in them considering the frightful wind that was blowing.

The first object that attracted our attention was four half tipsy Indians who were putting off from the shore in one of their frail craft. When at but a short distance from land the canoe upset. We saw the Indians reappear on the surface of the water immediately, and swim like beavers towards the shore, where a score of their friends were awaiting them, and holding out oars to help them to land on a little quay—level with the water, and from which they had only started a few minutes before their immersion. We then witnessed an amusing scene! the brandy must have warmed the hearts of these philosophers by nature, generally so cold and solemn; for the men and women crying, sobbing and yelling, threw themselves into the arms of their shipwrecked friends, who were also crying, sobbing and yelling; and there was no end to the embraces.

The adventure of the four Indians ought to have been a satisfactory warning to us of the danger to which we should be exposed on crossing the river during such weather, but we were determined to rejoin our friends and nothing could stop us. Besides the river St. Lawrence had been our childhood's friend; we had already been nearly drowned in it two or three times in the course of our aquatic expeditions, and certainly therefore it would not now be hostile to us.

In spite of our excellent reasoning, however, we decided that it would any way be more prudent not to employ any but a sober Indian to take us across, such was certainly *rara avis in terrâ;* but by looking well we perceived at a short distance a young Montagnais Indian, of singular beauty, tall and straight as an arrow, who, with folded arms, was contemplating the scene before him with a stoical and somewhat scornful look. We had at last found the man we were in want of.

"Will you take us across, mon brère?" I said to him.

"The Frenchman always moves, always moves, that not good when wind blow."

My friend assured him that we were two very steady Frenchmen, well used to birch canoes, besides that he would earn a shilling. As a proof of what he was saying he took up an oar. The Montagnais looked at him scornfully, snatched the oar rudely from him, and said to us: "Come." He then made a sign to a young woman, who appeared to us somewhat unwilling to risk crossing; in fact she had been looking at us rather ill-naturedly during the discussion, but at an authoritative sign from her husband, she took an oar and knelt down in the fore part of the canoe. The Indian made the two Frenchmen sit down in the middle of the boat, and in spite of our remonstrances seated himself on the edge of the canoe.

We had hardly gone a quarter of the way across when I perceived that he was tipsy. His beautiful black eyes, instead of being brilliant as they had been when we left, had become quite dull; and the palor, common to Indians when in a state of intoxication, spread itself over his countenance. I acquainted my friend with my discovery so as to be prepared for any thing that might happen. We agreed that the best plan for us was to continue our passage, as even if the Montagnais would consent to turn back, the doing so would expose us to imminent danger. However, we took the precaution of taking off our shoes.

I can safely say that we flew through the water like sea-gulls! the woman clove the waves most skilfully, whilst the husband rowing sometimes on the right side and sometimes on the left, balancing himself so as to preserve the equilibrium, impelled the light bark canoe with the arm of a Hercules. Our friends, who seated on the shore at Pointe Levis, saw our approach without suspecting we were in the boat, told us afterwards that they could often see the whole length of the bottom of the boat, as if we had been flying on the top of the waves. O how imprudent is youth!*

Ten years before this adventure, and again then also it was on a Sunday during the summer season, the town of Quebec offered a spectacle which would appear strange enough in these days; if the truth must be told, nearly three quarters of a century must have elapsed since then, as at the time, I could not have been more than nine years old.

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* My childhood's friend, my bosom friend, of whom I have above spoken, was Dr. Pierre de Sales Laterrière, then a medical student; and brother of the Honorable Paschal de Sales Laterrière, now member of the Legislative Council. It is now nearly 25 years since, like many others on the road of life, he has left me behind.

Towards one o'clock in the afternoon, an immense number of Indians who had crossed from Pointe Levis began to throng the streets in sufficient numbers, to cause some uneasiness to the commander of the garrison, who doubled the number of soldiers on guard at the city gates and at the barracks There did not appear to be any thing very terrible in their aspect, in fact the men had on only their shirts and their belts, and their only arms were their tomahawks which they always carry. Some human scalps fastened to the belts of the old Indians, shewed that they had taken an active part in the last war between the English and the Americans.

The Indians that I knew in my youth were real aborigines; their savage looks, their faces painted red and white, their bodies all tatooed, their heads shaven, all except one tuft of hair that they left to grow on the top of the head, in order to brave their enemies, their ears cut in small strips like our Canadian *croquecignoles*, of which some of the Indians only possessed a few shreds hanging down on their shoulders, whilst more fortunate ones had preserved them intact, and with a proud air shook the slit flesh loaded with silver rings, four inches in diameter, that had escaped during their frequent tipsy brawls; they were indeed, as I have said, real Indians, and everything about them bespoke barbarous and ferocious warriors, ready to drink blood out of an enemy's skull or to make him suffer the most cruel tortures.

I have never found out why they turned out in such numbers on that Sunday, within the city of Quebec. Had they received their presents the previous evening? or was it some holiday peculiar to their nation? Any way, neither before nor since have I ever seen such a number assembled together within the walls of the city. One remarkable circumstance was the absence of their women on that day.

The Indians having traversed the principal streets of the city in groups of from thirty to forty warriors, and after having danced in front of the houses of the principal citizens, who threw them pieces of money from the windows, either to reward them for their fine serenade or perhaps to get rid of them, finished by assembling on the Upper Town market place, just as the people were coming out from vespers at the cathedral. It was there that I saw them to the number of four or five hundred warriors, singing and dancing that terrible "war dance," so called among all Indians of North America.

It was easy to understand their pantomime. At first they appeared to be holding a council of war; then after some short harangues from their warriors, they followed their chief in files, with their tomahawks, imitating the action of the oar dipping in the water with a measured cadence. For a long time they went round in a circle, chanting a monotonous foreboding song; this represented the setting off in canoes for the projected expedition. The burden of the song, which I still remember, from having so often sung it while dancing the "war dance" with the other boys in the streets of Quebec, was as follows, only I cannot vouch for the spelling: "sâhontès! sâhontès! sàhontès! oniakéin ouatchi-chicono-ouatche."

At length, at a signal from their chief, all became silent, and appeared to be gazing at the horizon, whilst repeatedly scenting the breeze. According to their expression, they had smelt the approach of an enemy. After having for several minutes crawled about the arena, flat on their stomachs like snakes and advancing cautiously, the principal chief uttered a frightful howl, to which the others answered in chorus, and throwing himself among the crowd of spectators, brandishing his tomahawk, seized a young stupid looking man, threw him across his shoulder, re-entered the circle formed by his companions, stretched the young man on the ground, with his face downward, and putting his knee on his loins, appeared to be tearing off his scalp. Then turning him quickly over, he seemed to cut open his breast with his tomahawk, scoop out the blood with his hand, which he put to his mouth, as if he wished to drink his full of it, all the time uttering savage howls.

Those spectators who were at a distance, thought for a moment that the scene had really become tragic, when all at once, the Indian springing [illegible] his feet, uttered a cry of triumph, waving in the air a real scalp, dyed red, which he had adroitly taken from his belt; whilst those nearer the scene of action exclaimed in fits of laughter:

"Run, run, Pete, the *canaouas* will skin you like an eel next."

Poor Pete did not wait to be told a second time, he darted amongst the crowd which opened to let him pass, ran at full speed along Fabrique street, amidst the shouts of the people, who kept calling out, "Run, Pete, run!"

The Indians after having danced some time, uttering cries of joy which seemed to us like the yells of a number of demons, whom Satan, in a fit of good nature, had let loose for that day, finished by dispersing; and by dark the town resumed its wonted calm; such of the aborigines as were not too much intoxicated, returned to Pointe Levis, whilst those who had been overcome in the long fight they had kept up with the lum (rum), slept peacefully on the breast of their mother-earth, in every available corner of the Upper and Lower Town of Quebec.

Two years after the scene I have just described, I was witness of a bloody deed which made a painful impression on all Quebec; the scene was the same, but the actors instead of being "red-skins" were "pale-faces." The hero was David McLane who had been condemned to death for high treason.

The government having little confidence in the loyalty which the French Canadians had proved during the war of 1775, wished to strike terror into the people, by the preparations for the execution. From the early morning was heard the noise of the pieces of artillery that were being dragged to the place of execution outside St. John's gate; and strong detachments of armed soldiers paraded the streets. It was a parody on the execution of the unfortunate Louis 16th, and all to no purpose.

I saw McLane conducted to the place of execution, he was seated with his back to the horse on a wood-sleigh whose runners grated on the bare ground and stones. An axe and a block were on the front part of the conveyance. He looked at the spectators in a calm, confident manner, but without the least effrontery. He was a tall and remarkably handsome man. I heard some women of the lower class exclaim, whilst deploring his sad fate:

"Ah! if it were only as in old times, that handsome man would not have to die! There would be plenty of girls who would be ready to marry him in order to save his life!"

And even several days after the execution, I heard the same thing repeated.

This belief then universal among the lower class must, I suppose, have arisen from the fact that many French prisoners, condemned to the stake by the savages, had owed their lives to the Indian women who had then married them.

The sentence of McLane, however, was not executed in all its barbarity. I saw all with my own eyes, a big student named Boudrault, lifted me up from time to time in his arms, so that I might lose nothing of the horrible butchery. Old Dr. Duvert was near us, he drew out his watch as soon as Ward, the hangman, threw down the ladder upon which McLane was stretched on his back, with the cord round his neck made fast to the beam of the gallows; thrown sideways by this abrupt movement the body struck the northern post of the gallows, and then remained stationary, with the exception of some slight oscillations.

"He is quite dead," said Dr. Duvert, when the hangman cut down the body at the end of about twenty-five minutes; "he is quite dead, and will not feel the indignities yet to be inflicted on him." Every one was under the impression that the sentence would be executed in all its rigor, and that the disembowelled victim, still alive, would see his own entrails burnt! but no; the poor unhappy man was really dead when Ward cut him open, took out his bowels and his heart which he burnt in a chafing dish, and cut off his head which he showed all bloody to the people.

The spectators who were nearest to the scaffold say that the hangman refused to proceed further with the execution after the hanging, alleging "that he was a hangman, but not a butcher," and it was only after a good supply of guineas, that the sheriff succeeded in making him execute all the sentence, and that after each act of the fearful drama, his demands became more and more exorbitant. Certain it is that after that time Mr. Ward became quite a grand personage; never walking in the streets except with silk stockings, a three-cornered hat and a sword at his side. Two watches, one in his breeches pocket, and the other hanging from his neck by a silver chain, completed his toilet.

I cannot refrain, in parting from this doer of worthy deeds, from relating a fact which I have never been able to account for. When I arrived in Quebec in order to go to school, at about nine years of age, people seemed to regret a certain *good* hangman named Bob; he was a negro, whom every one praised. This Ethiopian ought to have inspired the same horror which is always felt towards men of his calling; but, on the contrary he visited at all the houses like the other citizens, enjoyed a name for unimpeachable honesty, ran errands, in fact was a universal favorite. As well as I can remember, there was something very touching in Bob's history; he was a victim of circumstances, which compelled him to become a hangman in self-defence. He used to shed tears when he had to perform his terrible task. I do not know why my memory, generally so tenacious concerning all I saw and heard in my early childhood, fails me in the matter of explaining the reason of the universal sympathy extended to Bob.

But I return to McLane. Such a spectacle as I have described could not fail to make a great impression on a child of my age; hence it arises that I have thought a great deal about the fate of a man, whom many people looked upon as a victim to the politics of the day. I have tried to satisfy myself as to his greater or less guilt. I could say a great deal on the subject; but I will be silent. Suffice it to say, that if in these days a boasting Yankee were to proclaim to all comers, that with five hundred able men, armed with sticks hardened in the fire, it would be easy to take the town of Quebec, the young men would crowd round him to humor him and encourage him to talk, and then giving him lots of champagne to drink, would laugh heartily at him, without the government dreaming of having him hung, drawn and quartered.

It has been said that McLane was an emissary of the French government; I do not myself believe so; the French republic, at war with all the European powers, had too much work on its hands to concern itself about a little colony, containing some millions of acres of snow; to use an expression not very flattering to us.

The policy of our then rulers was crafty and hence cruel. Every where they thought they discovered emissaries of the French government. There were two Canadians banished from the country, their crime being that they had been to Martinique in, I believe, an American vessel, to transact some commercial business: they granted them the favour of allowing them to take with them their wives and children.

In the year 1818, at an hotel in Albany, I met with an old man who came to pass the evening in a saloon where we were assembled. He had certainly the look of a Yankee, but though he spoke their language with ease, I at once detected a French accent; and as a Frenchman always hastens to reply to a polite question, (be it said without offence to other less civilized nations), I at once broached the subject and asked him if he were French?

"Certainly," he answered; "and I suppose you are a fellow countryman?"

"Something like it," I replied; "I am of French origin, and a citizen of Quebec."

"Ah, Quebec city!" said he, "recalls many sad remembrances to my mind! I was imprisoned within its walls for two years, and may I be hung like a dog if I know, even now, what crime I had committed. It was, it is true, just at the commencement of the French revolution, the republic was at war with England, but having long been a naturalized American, I thought I might safely visit Canada with my goods. In spite of that however, they laid hold of me directly I had crossed the frontier, and I was shut up in the Recollets' Convent, at Quebec, a part of it then serving as state prison."

"You were," I said to him, "in a good way to do penance in that sacred asylum."

"Oh yes!" he replied, "I did a somewhat severe penance. For a long time I was so closely confined as to be unable to communicate with any one, and I should have suffered still more had it not been for the kindness of some charitable souls who sent me changes of linen and other comforts."

"But," said my travelling companion, my friend the late Mr. Robert Christie, to him, "you ought to have availed yourself of your title of American citizen?"

"That is the very thing that I did," the old man answered, "I produced my letters of naturalization which were in due form, but all to no purpose. They detained me as an emissary of the French government. However, I was hardly likely to be busying myself about the government affairs, for whilst my countrymen were cutting each other's throats just like so many savages, I was only too glad to live quietly here under the government of my choice. No matter; at the expiration of two years of captivity they showed me the door, and even carried their politeness so far as to send a strong escort to reconduct me to the frontier. They might have spared themselves the trouble, I asked no better than to leave that inhospitable country, swearing never to set my foot in it again."

We invited him to supper; and he told us several amusing anecdotes about the different people, and the authorities of Quebec during his detention; anecdotes that I take very good care not to repeat, as he did not spare any one. To our great surprise he had known every body, and spoke of the weak points of this one, the follies and vices of that one, seasoning the whole by reciting pretty scandalous stories, of part of which I had been quite ignorant, but which on enquiry turned out to be true.

I spoke to him of my family, and he named four of my uncles to me. He had a happy way of telling stories, and if he poured down sarcasm most plentifully on those who had ill-used him, he spoke with the liveliest gratitude of those by whom he had been well treated.

I was forgetting to say that the first words he uttered when he found out I was from Quebec, were these:

"Is Mme. LaBadie still living?"

And then he launched forth into the praise of this good and charitable woman to whom he was under so many obligations, and large tears dropped from his eyes.

(b) I have said and done many foolish things in the course of my long life, but Baron sixty years ago prevented my repeating one that has been handed down from generation to generation to the present time.

The Pointe Levis ice-bridge had taken during the night, and the ice was smooth and good, nevertheless the boatmen had crossed with their boats and injured it a little. Baron, who was a very outspoken man, was at the Lower Town landing place surrounded by a group of men.

"Well, Master Baron," said a citizen, "you see the bridge has taken in spite of your efforts to prevent it."

"It is only you townspeople that are simple enough to believe in that piece of folly!" replied Baron. "We cross the ice-bridge with our boats, you simpletons, because we fear that when the ice is weak some accident may happen to those of our customers who cannot wait till the ice is stronger. Those idiots in the citadel fire a canon to disperse us when they see us occupied in the early morning cutting a way to bring down our boats or any thing else. We are generally but a handful of men; but you who are so clever, just set to work and see if with five, ten or even twenty thousand men, you will be able to cut through it."

Baron was right, I have seen hundreds of men working whole days to cut through about half a furlong of ice, to get out a schooner that had been frozen in but one night on quite a small river.

CHAPTER III.

(a) I was twenty years of age when I paid a visit to the so-called witch of Beaumont. I was returning from St. Jean-Port-Joli to Quebec, after a short visit to my parents. My father had given me, I suppose for my sins, one of his tenants as driver, he was a habitant in easy circumstances, but who was at least fifteen years in arrears with his rent. My father, and my grandfather before him, went on the principle of never suing their tenants for rent, they always waited patiently! it is a family failing. My driver was very grateful, it seems, for this leniency! he was one of those impudent braggers, and never-ending chatter-boxes that one sometimes meets with in the parishes on the south coast and who nearly all are descended from the same stock. Obliged, though reluctantly, to discharge a debt which was honestly due to the father, he took it out amply by indulging the son with a whole avalanche of coarse sarcasms, and low jokes, at the expense of the curés and seignors and gentlemen whom he honored with the name of "dos blancs,"* "habits à poche," &c.

I made up my mind to endure the infliction as patiently as I could; being under the impression that he only sought a pretext to leave me in the lurch. On arriving in the parish of Beaumont, he began talking of the "mère Nolette," the wise woman, the sorceress who knew the past, the present, and the future, confirming what he said by various wonderful stories of curés, seigniors, "dos blancs," and "habits à poche" that she had *fixed*.

At last I told him that men of education had the great advantage over him of not believing in such folly, and that she could only have *fixed*, as he termed it, simpletons like himself. Then burst from his lips another deluge of jokes.

"Will you make a bargain with me" I said to him; "we will stop at your sorceress'; if I prove to you that she is no more of a sorcerer than yourself, which is not saying much, will you promise not to speak to me again during the journey?"

"With all my heart," he said to me; "but take care; let me tell you without wanting to hurt your feelings that she has puzzled more cunning ones than you."

"Very likely," I said to him, "but we shall see."

The mère Nolette's habitation was a regular sorcerer's den; it was a little black, low house, built at the foot of a steep hill, and as destitute of white-wash both within and without, as if the wood of which it was built, had been still growing in the forest. Every thing announced poverty, but not extreme destitution. We conversed together for a time; it would have been very remiss in me, according to the habitant's ideas, to have entered immediately on the real object of my visit. The sorceress seemed to me to be a mild, unpretending woman and even somewhat simple; still she showed some sagacity afterwards in casting my horoscope.

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* The injurious epithet of *dos blancs* (white backs) probably arose from the powder which the gentlemen wore every day, and which whitened the collars of their coats.

"Is that indeed the woman," I thought to myself, "the extraordinary woman of whom I have heard so much? Is that indeed the sybil whose marvellous predictions astonished me in my childhood? It certainly was her,; and even now after the lapse of some forty years since she passed from life unto death, her name is still as renowned in the country parts on the south coast, as it was when I visited her, half-a-century ago.

At last I told her that I wished to consult her, as I had heard her spoken of as a wise woman.

"Do you wish" she said "to speak with me privately, or in the presence of your travelling companion?"

"In his presence," I replied.

And I fancy I can still see the insolent and triumphant face of my habitant.

The old woman took us into a sort of dark closet where she lighted a tallow-candle that was as yellow as saffron, then seated herself near a table from whence she took a pack of cards which were sufficiently ancient to have served to while away the leisure hours of the unhappy Charles the Sixth, and which were all patched together with thread that had been formerly white, but which now was as black as the cards themselves. A great black cat, thin and emaciated, adorned with a long sweeping tail, and coming from I cannot tell where, now made its appearance. After having taken a walk round looking at us with its tawny, cunning eyes, it jumped on its mistress' knees

It was quite the "mise en scène" of a good drama of witchcraft! every thing was ready for the divination! my companion looked at me and winked; I understood; he meant the "habit à poches" will be *sold!*

I had taken care to place myself opposite my friend the habitant, so that I could intercept any telegraphic signs that might pass between him and the sorceress.

"What do you desire to know?" said the sybil to me.

"It is now more than a month since I set out from Halifax; and I am very uneasy about my wife and children!"

The old woman shuffled the cards, spread them on the table and said: "you have gone through many hardships on your way?"

"Ah! yes, granny" I said to her; "one may say one has plenty of hardships when one is reduced to walking often eight leagues a day on snowshoes, and when in order to rest at night, one is obliged to dig a hole in the snow to sleep in; that does not suit a man very well!"

"Poor gentleman," said the old woman, looking at me compassionately.

Jean Baptiste * began to find the room warm, undid two buttons of his coat which was too tight about his throat, and fidgetted on his chair.

"But I do not want to know anything about my own hardships," I said to her; "they are passed; I think no more about them. Will you please give me news of my wife and children." The sorceress gathered together the cards, shuffled them again, spread them on the table and exclaimed "Oh! what a pretty creature!"

"She certainly is not ugly," I said bridling up.

My driver who knew that mine was but a pretended marriage, darted an angry look at me and unbuttoned his coat as far as his sash, which he untied. He was tenacious of the sorceress' reputation, and did not like to see her mystified; still less did he like to look like a fool himself.

"Your wife," the sybil went on "is well, quite well, and has every thing she wants. She is rather lonesome and is anxiously expecting a letter from you which she will soon receive."

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* A name often given to French Canadians, particularly to habitants.

"I am glad of that," I said, "for I wrote to her after leaving 'Portage,' and I was afraid my letter might have been lost."

"Now how are my children?"

She looked at all the cards and began to count "one, two," looking at me attentively.

"Ah, yes; granny" I said to her "it is two children, a little boy and a little girl."

Evidently relieved she exclaimed:

Oh! the dear little angels! how merry they are! still the youngest seems uneasy, but it is of no consequence; it is only suffering from its teeth."

"Just so, granny" I said to her.

After having thank her for the good news she had given me I threw her a piece of silver; lavishness that she was far from expecting; her tariff being 3 sous for the poor and 6 sous for the rich.

"Let us go," said my carter.

"Yes, it is rather warm here," I answered in a bantering way.

Once outside, he launched forth an oath, that made one's hair stand on end, sprang into his carriole, and to my great satisfaction, kept an obstinate silence till we came to the Pointe Levis ferry.

(b) There are said to be two very simple means of exempting oneself from any evil consequences arising from the tricks of even the worst intentioned jack-o'-lanterns. The first consists in asking whatever intercepts your path: "what day of the month is Christmas day?" The goblin, who is never well up in the in the calendar, does not know what to reply and immediately asks his interlocutor the same question. Woe betide the traveller if he only hesitates in replying categorically! He is a poor devil very much to be pitied if he falls into the hands of so malevolent a goblin.

Formerly, the children in the country would not fail to ask which day was Christmas-day as soon as they began to lisp, for fear of meeting a jack-o'-lantern. Those who had treacherous memories asked the same question twenty times a day. The second means which was still more infallible than the first, was to place any two objects whatever, in the form of a cross, as the jack-o'-lantern who was always a bad christian, could not pass them.

This recalls to my mind an anecdote which was well known when I was young. Some young men, returning home late from spending the evening out, all at once perceived a jack-o'-lantern which issuing from a little wood, came straight towards them.

They all immediately made a cross in the middle of the road with all the little articles they had in their pockets: knives, tobacco pouches, pipes, &c.; the young men turned back and ran away full speed. However when at a respectful distance, they turned again and saw the jack-o'-lantern, which, after hovering a long time over the articles they had deposited, plunged again into the wood from which it had sallied forth.

There was then a long discussion among the young men.

"I ask no better than to get home," said Baptiste, "so if François will just go first."

"No" replied François, "you go, José, you are oldest."

"I'm not quite such a fool!" said José, "let Tintin (Augustin) set us the example, and we will follow it."

These brave fellows would probably be still in the same place, if the Nestor of the party had not proposed the expedient of all holding each other by the hand and then advancing like soldiers in the line of battle. This plan was adopted: but, alas! there were none of the spoils left! the jack-o'-lantern had carried them all away! probably some cunning rogue had been wanting to cut up his tobacco and smoke a pipe at their expense.

CHAPTER IV.

(a) Speaking here of La Corriveau is a slight anachronism, as she was not really hung out in her iron cage till after April 15, 1763, as appears from the sentence of the court-martial, dated on that day. Three years after the conquest of Canada, i.e. in 1763, an atrocious murder was committed in the parish of St. Vallier, in the district of Quebec, and although a century has elapsed since the tragic event, the memory of it is still preserved, surrounded by a number of fantastic tales which gave it all the appearance of a legend. In November, 1749, a woman named Corriveau married a habitant of St. Vallier. After eleven years of matrimony, the man died in that parish on the twenty-seventh of April, 1760. There was a vague rumor that "La Corriveau" had got rid of her husband by pouring melted lead into his ear whilst he was asleep.

There is no evidence to show that the justice of that day took any steps to ascertain the truth or falsehood of the accusation; and three months after the decease of her first husband, La Corriveau was again married on the 20th July, 1760, to Louis Dodier, another habitant of St. Vallier. After having lived together three years, it is related that at the end of the month of January, 1763, La Corriveau took advantage of her husband being in a sound sleep, and broke his skull, by striking it repeatedly with a *broc*, which is a sort of three-pronged pitchfork. To conceal her crime, she dragged the corpse into the stable and placed it at the heels of a horse, so as to make it appear that the wounds inflicted with the pitchfork had been caused by the animal kicking. La Corriveau was in consequence, conjointly with her father, accused of murder.

The country being then under military law, the trial took place before a court-martial. The miserable Corrriveau exercised such influence over her father, that she persuaded the old man to proclaim himself guilty of the murder; on this avowal he was condemned to be hung as is stated in the following extract of a military document, the property of the Nearn family, at Malbaie.

General Order.

Quebec, April 10th, 1763.

The Court-martial, whereof Lt.-Col. Morris was president, having tried Joseph Corriveau and Marie Josephte Corriveau, Canadians, for the murder of Louis Dodier, as also Isabelle Sylvain, a Canadian, for perjury on the same trial, the Governor doth ratify and confirm the following sentence: that Joseph Corriveau having been found guilty of the charge brought against him, he is therefore adjudged to be hung for the same.

The Court is likewise of opinion that Marie Josephte Corriveau, his daughter, and widow of the late Dodier, is guilty of knowing of the said murder, and doth therefore adjudge her to receive sixty lashes with a cat-o'-nine tails, on her bare back, at three different places, viz: under the gallows, upon the market place of Quebec, and in the parish of St. Vallier; twenty lashes at each place, and to be branded in the left hand with the letter M.

The Court doth also adjudge Isabelle Sylvain to receive sixty lashes, with a cat-o'-nine tails, on her bare back, in the same manner, and at the same time and places as Marie Josephte Corriveau, and to be branded in the left hand with the letter P.

Fortunately these sentences were not carried out, and this is how the true state of the case became known. The unfortunate Corriveau having made up his mind to die for his daughter, sent for Father Glapier, then Superior of the Jesuits at Quebec, to prepare him for death. After his confession, the condemned man requested an interview with the authorities. He then said he could not conscientiously accept death under the circumstances, since he was not guilty of the murder imputed to him. He then gave the authorities means to arrive at the truth and to exonerate Isabelle Sylvain of the supposed crime of perjury, of which she was innocent. After the usual proceedings the following Order came out:

General Order.

Quebec, April 15, 1763.

The Court-martial, whereof Lt.-Col. Morris was president, is dissolved. The General Court-martial having tried Marie Josephte Corriveau, for the murder of her husband, Dodier, the Court finding her guilty, the Governor (Murray) doth ratify and confirm the following sentence: that Marie Josephte Corriveau do suffer death for the same, and her body to be hung in chains wherever the Governor shall think fit.

(Signed,) THOMAS MILLS, Town Major.

Conformably to the sentence, Marie Josephte Corriveau was hung near the plains of Abraham, at the place called "les Buttes" at Nepveu, formerly the usual place of execution. Her body was put in an iron cage, and this cage suspended on a stake at the cross-roads in Point Levis, near the place where the Temperance Monument now stands, about twelve arpents to the west of the church, and one arpent from the road.

The inhabitants of Point Levis not much liking this spectacle, asked of the authorities to have it taken away, as the sight of the cage and the rumored nocturnal noises and apparitions frightened the women and children. As nothing was done, some courageous young men went during the night, and taking down La Corriveau and her cage, deposited them in the ground at the end of the cemetery, outside the enclosure.

This mysterious disappearance and the tales told by those who, during the night, had heard the grating of the iron hooks, and the rattling of the bones, made La Corriveau pass into the regions of the supernatural. After the burning of Point Levis church in 1830, they enlarged the cemetery, and this was how the cage was within the enclosure when it was found by the grave-digger in 1850. The cage, which then only contained the bone of one leg, was made of strong iron bars. It was in the form of a human being, having legs and arms, with a round box for the head. It was in good preservation, and was deposited in the sacristy cellar. This cage was secretly taken away some little time afterwards and shown at Quebec as a curiosity. It was afterwards sold to Barnum's Museum, where it may still be seen.

CHAPTER V.

(a) An islet, of which some remains are still left, but nearer to the saw mill, crowned the summit of the St. Thomas falls, when I was a child. At low water, it could be approached either along the causeway of the mill itself, or by crossing the mill-dam in a boat. During the frequent visits which my family paid to the Seignior Jean Baptiste Couillard, his son and I made frequent excursions to the islet, where we had made a little hut with branches of the cedar and fir that grew on it, notwithstanding the damage caused by the spring freshets.

One day my young friend asked his father to give up to him this little domain of which he had already taken possession.

"Willingly" said his father who was a learned and slightly pedantic man, what the French term a "savant en *us*," "but what name will you give it? think a little, and choose one yourself."

And he began to name all the islands known to the ancient Greeks and Romans, and the boy kept on saying.

"No! No! for the last hour I have been screaming myself hoarse in calling out to you that I will call it 'little Couillard's islet.' "

They put it to the vote; and every body was on the child's side in spite of his father's protestations against not giving it a scientific name.

Every one, in the afternoon, went to "little Couillard's islet" where an excellent collation awaited them, and my young friend took possession of his domain.

Oh! oldest and most faithful of all my friends! after an unclouded friendship of half-a-century's duration, you have left me in this world of sorrow, in order yourself to inhabit the place of rest. For you also, the worthiest of all the men I have ever known, you also drank of the bitter cup of sorrow! you saw your ancestor's domain pass into the hands of strangers! and when you descended to the tomb, out of all your vast possessions and even of the islet you loved so well in your childhood, you only carried away the handful of earth which the grave digger and your friends threw upon your coffin!

CHAPTER VI.

(a) Several people have asked me if the character of the old pastor was not taken from that of the old curé of the parish of St. Thomas who, also, had baptised and married all his parishioners, and had buried three generations of them. It was he indeed that I had in my mind's eye while writing "the breaking-up of the ice." From my childhood until his own death, I had been well acquainted with the worthy monsieur Verrault. He was an indefatigably zealous priest, as indulgent towards others as he was strict towards himself. He liked society, and when enjoying it laid aside the strictness necessary for a minister of the altar when engaged in his holy functions. In society he was a gay and agreeable old gentleman, eagerly enjoying the pleasure of conversation.

On one occasion, during a supper at the house of the seignior, the holy man's equanimity was put to a severe trial; I have already said in a preceding note, that the seignior Couillard, the father of my friend Doctor Couillard, so well and favorably known in the Quebec district, was a "savant en *us*," he spoke the Latin, English, and German languages with as much facility as his own. His memory was so extraordinary, that he would doubtless have become a distinguished linguist had he been in Europe where he would have had the opportunity of studying the idioms of several foreign Countries. A regiment of German troops being stationed at St. Thomas, Monsieur Couillard made the acquaintance of the officers, and at the end of three months spoke German as well as they did. But great was his despair, after the departure of his new friends, at not having any one with whom he could converse in the language that he liked so much.

The very day of the supper of which I spoke just now, he learnt that a German doctor who had arrived the previous evening, was going to take up his abode in the village of St. Thomas. This was a great piece of good fortune for him! He recalled the many pleasant hours he had spent a few years previously in the society of Dr. Oliva, who was married to his first-cousin and was equally distinguished in his profession and in his literary attainments; of course all German doctors must pretty closely resemble one another. He at once called on the stranger who received him most politely. For two hours they conversed in German enough to dislocate their jaws; and Monsieur Couillard ended by inviting the other to supper that very evening.

They were just sitting down to table, when the new doctor arrived *half seas over*, which means half drunk. I verily believe, that the unhappy man had only learnt in studying the French language all the oaths that are in use among the Canadian rabble and these oaths he retailed with pitiless unction. The poor priest who was seated between my mother and the lady of the house, who was at the head of the table, exclaimed every moment:

"Dites-donc un peu! (this was a favorite expression with him) just think for a moment, ladies, how much God must be sinned against by such a man as that!"

Every body was in a state of consternation: Madame Couillard cast anything but amicable glances at her learned spouse; probably her glances meant "where can you have fished up that extraordinary animal!" Mr. Couillard did all he could to carry on the conversation entirely in German, but if the holy curé's ears were spared, the devil was by no means the loser, for the doctor swore still more terrifically in his native tongue, at least, if one might form an opinion from the face of his interlocutor who was a very pious man.

The seignior Couillard ended at last, where he ought to have begun: he whispered to one of his servants and a few minutes afterwards a carriage was heard to stop at the door of the manor-house. A farm servant entered in a great hurry, saying that the doctor was sent for to a woman, who was dying. The farewells of this Esculapius were extremely touching; he was by this time completely drunk, and with tears in his eyes, shook his generous amphytrion's hand for at least five minutes, without being able to tear himself away.

When this unlucky guest was gone the venerable priest very much relieved, exclaimed:

"Just think for a moment, my friends, how God must have been offended by that man." He then resumed his ordinary good humor leaving the *schlinderlitche* to his fate.

I need hardly say, that from that day forward all relations between the doctor and good society ceased entirely, for the short time he lived in the parish.

I will indulge in relating another anecdote, so much do I like to speak of my old friends. My father, knowing that his friend the same monsieur Couillard, had arrived at Quebec, at once went to the hotel where he was staying in order to pay him a visit, and asked a German servant to shew him to the room which the Canadian gentleman occupied.

"I know no Canadian gentleman," said the servant, "there are three English gentlemen here and one German, who is a fine tall fair-complexioned man, with large blue eyes, and plenty of color in his face."

This was just the description of the seignior, and my father knowing that his friend spoke German, thought that the servant must have mistaken him for a fellow countryman, he therefore told him that that was the gentleman he wished to see, but that he was a Canadian.

"He himself says he is German," said the servant, "he speaks our language better than I do. He spoke to me of Germany and of Frederick the Great who often gave me a flogging when I was a soldier."

My father hearing some one laughing at the top of the staircase looked up and perceived his friend, who called out to him to come up to his room.

"What possessed you," said my father, "to pass yourself off, here, for a German?"

"It is not my doing," said monsieur Couillard pointing to the servant, "he would have it that I was a fellow-countryman and I played my part grandly, and I can assure you I am all the better off for so doing; he is all attention to me."

Poor monsieur Couillard! my father's friend from childhood, as his son was mine, I closed his eyes, fifty-six years ago in the street of Quebec which bears his name!

On his return from Montreal, he fell sick at a boarding house, and could not be removed to his own home. Like father, like son; they are the two best men that I have ever known.

Monseigneur Plessis, his old school fellow, often came to see him during his illness; and their long conversations were always carried on in Latin, a language that both were fond of.

I cannot pass over in silence the following fact, which we could never account for. I had often, during monsieur Couillard's illness, sat up at night with him, in company with his son; the night that he died I was also there with his son and the late Mr. Robert Christie, our friend. When the dying man was in his agony, I ran for his confessor, Monsieur Doucet, then curé of Quebec; he himself opened the presbytery door, saying:

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting."

"But I have only this moment arrived," I replied.

"My servant, however, came and awoke me a quarter of an hour ago, telling me to make haste, as monsieur Couillard was dying."

Was it an hallucination caused by the uneasiness felt by the priest about the alarming state of a sick person that he was much attached to? Was it the angel of death who stopped making his nocturnal rounds, stayed his flight by the bedside of the zealous servant of the Most High, in order to send the dying man the last consolation that he implored! His sad mission was hardly delayed, for as the priest pronounced the sublime words "Go forth, oh Christian Soul, in the name of Almighty God who created thee," that noble soul soared to Heaven on the wings of Jehovah's messenger!

(b) This note may perhaps be of use to several people in certain critical circumstances.

I may safely say that sixty years ago, the whole male population of Quebec, with very few exceptions, knew how to swim. During the fine season when the tide was high of an evening, the shores would be covered with bathers from the Queen's wharf (now the Napoleon wharf) as far as the wharves recently built on the river St. Charles, at the eastern extremity of the Palais. As for us children, we used to pass a great part of the day in the water, like little ducks. Besides in those days, the art of natation, was a good deal simplified; here is my first and last lesson in it.

I was nearly nine years old, and was already beginning to dabble about at the edge of the water imitating the frogs, but without attaining any remarkable result. The reason was simple enough; there was not sufficient body of water to make me float.

One day I was coming out of school at four o'clock in the afternoon, when in Fabrique street I heard a young rascal screaming out "cook! cook!" till he was hoarse. It was a gathering cry the origin of which, it is hard to trace; a serious loss, I must acknowledge, for this present generation. If I may be allowed however to express an opinion on so important a matter, I should say that the cry came from a game which had been introduced among us by the English children, and which was as follows: one of us, who had been elected king by acclamation, would, on a fine summer evening, seat himself majestically, we will say, on the steps of the church of the Recollets, which is now replaced by the Law Courts; and thence he would send his subjects to such posts as he selected at the corners of the adjacent streets, but unlike the potentates of all the other countries in the world, he generally was equitable enough to send the biggest to the greatest distance. Perhaps there was favoritism sometimes, but what sovereign or even what constitutional government can boast of being perfectly free from it?

Every one being stationed at his allotted post, the king would call out with the whole power of his lungs "A tanta! u tanta! bétri cook!" and each one would run as fast as he could, the last arrived being liable to a somewhat arbitrary forfeit.

I suppose the reader will be hardly any wiser than he was before this explanation; I will come to his assistance. At that time very few French Canadians spoke English and those who attempted it massacred the Queen's English frightfully, whilst the few English children that there were spoke French as well, or as badly, as we did. I can not help thinking that what we called "betri cook" must have been "Pastry-cook," an artist who has always been highly esteemed by boys of that age. As for the two words "a tanta," perhaps it was our way of pronouncing "attend all," it wast just like us.

But let us return to our story. I had hardly joined my before mentioned friend, when another little rascal, who was bowling the hoop of a barrel which was as high as himself and of which he had adorned the interior with all the pieces of tin that he could nail to it responded to the appeal by also crying out "cook! cook!" A third then came running along also rattling two immense beef-bones, a sort of castanets that was by no means expensive, and very much the fashion among these gentlemen. This last bawled out "Roule billot, la moelle et les os," which was another rallying cry. How could I tear myself away from such distinguished company? I was a little confused indeed and even ashamed of not being able to take part in this charming concert! In the first place I had no musical instrument, and I had not even acquired that sharp, piercing cry peculiar to the town street-boys, and so difficult to be acquired by a little rustic only just arrived amongst them. But these gentlemen, indulgent towards me on account of the coppers they got out of me, did not scruple to admit me to their delightful society.

Unfortunately for myself, I had then full liberty, as I was boarding with strangers; my father and mother were living in the country, and in my escapades, I carefully avoided such of my relations as were living in Quebec. Thus, at the end of two years I was a proficient in the arts of playing marbles, and peg-top, &c. "La marraine," alas! was the only game at which I shewed my inferiority. One had to take off one's shoes in order whilst balancing on one foot to push along a stone through a certain number of circles which were drawn on the ground; and these gentlemen, both those who often went bare-foot, and those who took off their shoes expressly, had a great advantage over me, as they could make use of their toes for this purpose with as much dexterity as so many monkies. Certain aristocratic habits, which I had contracted at home, prevented my taking off my shoes in the streets! this was being far too proud!

I had therefore made much progress in blackguardism, but very little in my studies, when my father, who did not duly appreciate my great and varied talents, made me all safe (as he expressed it when he was in a bad humor) by placing me as a boarder at the Quebec Seminary. I cannot deny that it was much better for me, but assuredly our good city lost one of its most accomplished little blackguards.

But let us return to my precious companions; for, at the rate I am going on, my story will last for ever, and have neither beginning nor end.

"What shall we do?" said "roule billot" chattering his castanets.

"Go and bathe," replied the leader of the gang.

Thereupon we ran down Hope Hill; and soon arrived on the shore opposite Sault-au-Matelot street; the tide was high and bathed the summit of a rock that was seven or eight feet high. In a moment my three friends were disporting themselves like dolphins in the cool waters of the St. Lawrence, whilst I remained sad, pensive and desolate, like the daughter of the sun after Ulysses' departure.

"Are you not going to bathe?" the young dolphins called out to me.

"I do not know how to swim!" I replied in a doleful voice.

"No matter," said the head boy, for whom I had a great admiration, "just jump into the water, stupid! do like the frogs, and if you are drowning, we will save you!"

How could I refuse so generous an offer "if you are drowning, we will save you;" for a minute or two I stood irresolute; my heart was beating fast: I had an abyss at my feet! shame won the victory, and I sprang into the water. To my great surprise, I immediately swam with as much facility as the other did. At first I did not go far, like a little bird, which on first leaving the nest, makes trial of its wings; and I again got on my rock. Ah! how my heart beat! but this time it was with joy! How proud I felt! I had conquered a fresh element! my friends had swam to some distance off; for a time I enjoyed my victory, then, again springing into the water, I soon joined them in the deep water. I only wanted muscular force to be able to swim across the St. Lawrence.

I do not advise any one to follow my example, unless there are skilful swimmers present. I should certainly have been drowned but for my lucky star: what else could be expected indeed from a child of my age? it is probable too that the town of Quebec would have had one or two other of her more turbulent rascals to deplore.

The art of swimming is never forgotten: why? because it entirely depends on one's confidence in one's own powers, for it is a very simple matter: any one can swim if he can only keep his presence of mind, and feel sure that he can do so. The first impulse of a person who falls into the water accidentally, is, upon rising to the surface, to throw back his head so as to get his breath, and this infallibly makes him sink. If on the contrary he keeps only his chin above water, and imitates the movements of a frog, or rather strikes the water alternately with his feet and hands like the quadrupeds, he will at once be able to swim.

At the time of the accident to the steamer "Montreal" which was burnt six years ago, opposite to Cap Rouge, and when so many unfortunate people lost their lives, if, keeping their presence of mind, these poor creatures had taken off their clothes, and fearlessly sprung into the river, feet foremost (for it is very dangerous to strike the water with the chest, even without springing from a great height, the blow being nearly as violent as that of a plank) if, I say, these people had adopted the plan I have just mentioned, twenty-five out of thirty of those who were drowned would have succeeded in saving their lives.

It is very dangerous, even for an expert swimmer to attempt to save a drowning person, unless they take great precautions. I myself once experienced this; I was one day walking on the banks of the St. Charles, near the old Dorchester bridge, with my young brother, who was fifteen years old: I myself was twenty. It was a very hot day in the month of July, and we thought we should like to bathe: the tide was low, but a long, deep trench, near the arches of the bridge remedied this inconvenience as regarded myself, and I at once availed myself of it. My brother, who had been brought up in the country, did not know how to swim, but yet would have liked to enjoy the coolness of the water in which I was playing about like a porpoise.

I was imprudent enough to give him only these instructions:

"Do not be afraid, come with me, just place your hand on my right shoulder, swim with the other one and your feet, as you see me do; and all will be well."

For a few minutes indeed all was well, but at last sinking deeper in the water, he was seized with sudden fear; and he caught me round the neck with both his arms pressing his chest against mine. Still I did not lose my presence of mind at this critical juncture, when my powers of swimming were so thoroughly paralysed; I made desperate efforts to get to land; in vain! his whole weight hanging from my neck, was every moment dragging me to the bottom of the ditch. Besides, I was necessarily obliged to strike the bottom forcibly with my two feet so as to rise to the surface to breathe, and this made me lose so much time that I hardly advanced at all. I then determined to remain under water, and helping myself along with both feet and hands, try, by means of laying hold of the rushes and stones, to get out of that terrible ditch. I got on a little faster; the seconds were appearing ages to me, when I heard a noise on the shore: by a powerful effort I raised my head above the water and distinguished a voice, saying: "lay hold of the pole": I caught hold of it anyhow, and our deliverer drew us both on shore. He proved to be a young man, who, being at work on the other side of the river, would have come to our assistance at first, had had he not thought that we both knew how to swim, and were only amusing ourselves in the river. My brother threw up a good deal of water; as for me, I had not swallowed a single drop.

I was often nearly drowned through my own imprudence, but this was the greatest danger I was ever in.

The proverb *"beau nageur, beau noyeur"* (he who swims well, drowns well) is true in many respects; we were all of us at that time foolhardy to a degree which I now shudder at. If one of us said: "you cannot swim as far as that vessel which is at anchor in the roads;" nothing would prevent the others accepting the challenge; neither adverse tide or wind, or even a storm. It must not be thought however that the art of swimming should be neglected. Here is one instance out of a thousand;

When a child, I was rowing in a very small boat on the river St. Lawrence, in company with one of my little friends; in inadvertently leaning over the edge of the frail bark, we caused it to capsize. Thrown backwards, we made a somerset which procured us the pleasure of making the acquaintance of some fish, two or three fathoms down, before we recovered our equilibrium and rose to the surface; but instead of being the least disconcerted, we only looked on it as an addition to our enjoyment. Our first impulse was to laugh heartily as we swam towards our boat, and after our hats, which the tide was carrying away. On mature deliberation we agreed on making a bundle of our cloths, i. e.: jackets, shoes, and hats; and by means of our shoe strings fasten them to the keel of the little boat, now transformed into a donkey's back with its saddle all ready. The tide being in our favor, we succeeded in towing the boat to land. We certainly, made very little progress, and even that took us a long time, but we had a place of refuge, by laying hold of the boat when we felt tired.

This is a striking example of the utility of knowing how to swim; what was only an amusing adventure to us would probably have been a fatal accident to others, under similar circumstances, had they not known how to swim.

(c) Although a friend of progress, I must acknowledge that there was a great and even poetic charm, to young people, in the primitive manner in which rivers were crossed, sixty years ago. There were then no bridges over the Mères River, the two rivers opposite the village of St. Thomas, nor the Ouelle River. As for the latter, as I used always to cross it in a ferry boat, with a horse and carriage I can well remember it. It certainly had its own delights; the cable would sometimes break during a storm, or from the strength and rapidity of the stream; and if perchance the tide was running down at the time, the ferry-boat and its load ran great risk of taking a little trip on the St. Lawrence. I heard of an accident of this sort, when several people nearly lost their lives.

The first three rivers used to be forded at low water, the carriage tottering along like a child walking over oyster shells barefoot; but this was delightful to young people who were passionately fond of dancing. Sometimes, serious accidents occurred; but then is not life always strewn with briars and thorns!

I once saw my father and mother upset in crossing the arm of the St. Thomas; but of course it was not the river's fault My father was driving a pair of horses which were rather wild: the reins caught in some part or other of the harness, one of the wheels ran on to an enormous stone, and they had to make a somerset into the water, which though clear and not very deep, was closely paved with large pebbles. As at that time, this was the only means of crossing the arm I never heard that my father bore it any will; he always laid the blame on the reins which he was holding. But the most delightful thing of all, was to cross these rivers when the water was too deep to ford them.

A traveller and his family would arrive at the village of St. Thomas in a calèche. Métivier, who was the only ferryman, lived on the other side of the river, and would not always be in the best of humors; I must however do him the justice to say, that after many signals, and the applicant screaming himself hoarse, the boatman would at last give signs of life by putting off from the opposite shore in a species of cockle-shell which he called a boat. The first difficulty would be getting the calèche across, as it would be far too large to be got into the boat; still, Métivier, after inveighing against all travellers in general who made use of such inordinately large carriages, and his unlucky customer in particular, would end by putting the carriage across the top of the boat, the wheels dragging in the water on each side. It was in vain that he would protest there was no danger in crossing with so pleasant a companion, and that provided one knew how to keep one's balance, no one ran any risk by so doing; and this we would decline on the pretext that the river was rapid and that one could hear the noise of the fall roaring like a bull, some little distance from the landing place. As nobody would wish to serve as live ballast, Métivier,* after having sent all timorous people to the devil would throw a few stones into the bottom of the boat; and like the acrobat Blondin, he knew so well how to preserve his equilibrium that in spite of the oscillations of the calèche, he would with safety cross, if not the Niagara, at any rate the South river.

And then the horse! Ah! the horse would be quite another affair. He would look uneasily at every thing and snort, whilst he was being held by the bridle, the only part of his harness remaining on him. As he would not care for plunging into the water, a fight would ensue between the animal and the men, who, by means of whipping, were trying to make him cross the river alone; but, as he would get the worst of it, he would end by giving way, and plunging into the water no doubt determined in his own mind to take his revenge on the other shore where they were watching for him. For this reason he would always take good care not to land were his enemies were awaiting him.

Oh! how heartily I would laugh, when I would see the noble animal, free from all restraint, jump the fences, and run about the fields and meadows whilst his enemies were perspiring profusely in trying to catch him.

I said above that I was a friend to progress; I retract it however. Civilisation has annihilated poetry; the traveller has now no more redoutable feat to perform than to pass over bridge as solid as a rock, seated comfortably in a carriage! I therefore owe monsieur Riverin a grudge, as in about the year year 1800, he was the first to deprive the traveller of the pleasure of crossing the Des Mères river in the former delightful manner. I have also some trouble in forgiving monsieur Fréchette, who, in 1813, built the splendid bridge over the South River, of which Montmagny is so proud. I think too, that I bear no good-will to the seignior of River Ouelle, for having built a handsome bridge over the river of that name. It was so delightful to sing while hauling the rope of the ferry-boat, after having been nearly upset out of the carriole in getting on it. It has been already said that these gentlemen were benefactors to their country! Benefactors they may have been, but certainly not poets.

(d) One fine night in the month of June, in the year 1811, I was going down to Kamouraska on circuit. My driver was a habitant of St. Jean-Port-Joli, named Desrosiers, a man who was not only naturally a clever right-minded man, but also a very witty one. I made him sit beside me, though at first he excused himself from so doing: my father and mother had accustomed me from my childhood, to treat our respectable habitants with great consideration, I never found that so doing made us less respected by those estimable people; quite the contrary in fact!

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* May the earth lay light which covers the remains of the brave and honest Métivier! and may his manes forgive me for having evoked his memory! If the ungrateful traveller has forgotten him, it is a pleasure to me to make him live again in this note: he has made the shadow on the dial of my life recede some sixty odd years. It is but momentary, it is true, but what a precious moment for an old man is that which recalls some of the happy hours of youth.

After having exhausted several subjects, we spoke of ghosts, in whom Desrosiers firmly believed, with some show of reason, founded on an adventure which he related to me.

"One evening, I met one of my friends, who had just got back from a long journey. It was near a garden where a Canadian rebel had been interred, the parish priest having refused him Christian burial.* It was a long time since we had seen one another, and we sat down on the grass to have a chat. In the course of conversation I told him that Bernuchon Bois was dead.

"Did he die," said he, "with that large pipe in his mouth, which he used to ornament with all the red and green cock's feathers he could collect?"

"Yes" I replied, "I think he only relinquished it when breathing his last sigh."

And thereupon we began an endless lot of jokes.

"You know, sir," added Desrosiers, "that habitants always smoke short clays; they are handier when working, but the defunct Bernuchon was a proud sort of a man, carried his head very high; and he was constantly, even on work-days, smoking a long pipe; he had another one, for Sundays, ornamented in the way my friend had been describing. The young fellows all laughed at him for it, but he would not give way. All these jokes were well enough during his life-time, but we ought not have made merry at his expense, when he was resting quietly in his coffin within ten feet of us. The dead are very touchy, and always find means to pay us out, one loses nothing by waiting; as for me, I did not have to wait long, as you will see.

It was in the month of July, and suffocatingly hot; all at once the weather clouded over, so that in a few minutes it was as dark as at the bottom of a saucepan. Lightning playing towards the south announced an approaching storm, and my friend and I parted after having laughed heartily about Bernuchon and his long pipe.

I was nearly three quarters of a league from my own house; and the further I went the more uncomfortable I felt, at having laughed at a defunct fellow-christian.... Boom! boom! came a thunder-clap; my pace began to slacken; I had some great weight on my shoulders. I did my utmost to hasten on, and thinking all the time of the defunct, begged his pardon for having laughed at him. Cri! cra! cra! a frightful thunder clap, and immediately I felt an enormous weight on my back, and a cold cheek pressed close against mine; I could hardly totter along.

"It was not, however," added Desrosiers, "the weight of his body that distressed me the most; even in his lifetime he had been a puny little man, and without boasting I was able to have carried four like him, and besides he must have shrivelled up a goodish deal during the three years that he had been under the ground. It was not his weight therefore that distressed me the most, but.... Now sir, you must please to excuse me, if I am obliged to swear; I know that it is not good manners before you." "Do as you feel inclined, my dear Desrosiers," I said to him; "you tell the story so well, that I would rather see you suffer a few months in purgatory, than suppress the very smallest particular of your interesting adventure."

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* Formerly, along the south coast, many of these graves were to be seen; They were those of a certain number of Canadian rebels who during the war of 1775 had taken part with the Americans; and to whom their curés had been reluctantly obliged to refuse Christian burial, on account of their persistance in not choosing to recognise their error. These unhappy people having learnt that the French were fighting for the cause of the independence, imagined, at the time of the invasion of 1775, that by taking part with the Americans they would soon see the French returning to Canada behind them. The conquest was still fresh in their memory, and the government persecutions had contributed in no small degree to stirring up the inveterate hatred of the Canadians for the English. It was therefore quite natural that the unfortunate vanquished should turn their sorrowing looks towards the old mother-country, whence they were always hoping to see "their own people" coming back. It is related that one of the rebels being on his death-bed, the curé came to exhort him to acknowledge his fault. The dying man half raised himself, and looking at him scornfully said "You savor of the Englishman?" Then turning towards the wall he expired.

"By your kind permission, then, my lord," he replied quite proud of my enconium.

Desrosiers was playing the courtier, I was then only seignior in perspective. If I had asked him what time it was, he would probably have answered: whatever time pleases your lordship, as some courtier, or other replied to Louis the Fourteenth with unparalleled flattery.

Desrosiers, therefore, being free from all restraint, thank to the permission my twenty-five years accorded him, went on with his story in the same terms.

"It was not his weight, therefore, which bothered me the most, but it was his d....d pipe which kept constantly striking me across the jaw."

"Certainly," said I to him, "a bishop himself might excuse you that oath, I think."

And just then I was overpowered by such a paroxysm of laughter that I could not stop myself. It was the hearty laugh of youth, while the heart is as light as the air we breathe. My companion did not share in my hilarity, but on the contrary seemed much displeased at it.

I then tried to joke with him saying that most probably it was a beggar, who not having enough money to pay for a conveyance, had mounted on his shoulders in order to travel more at his ease. And again I laughed heartily.

At length, seeing that he was getting out of temper with me, I tried to make him understand that what had happened to him was nothing more than was easily to be accounted for: that his earliest impressions, his fixed belief that the dead always revenge themselves on those that laugh at them, the heavy state of the atmosphere, the thunder-clap which had most likely completely electrified him, had all combined to produce a sort of night-mare; and that when fear took possession of a man, he did not listen to reason any more than would a frightened horse, who rushing madly on, dashes his head against a wall.

"There is a good deal of truth in what you say, sir," said Desrosiers, "and I can well remember when a child waking up in a fright; I was in my mother's arms, and she was trying to quiet me, but I still thought I saw our large red ox trying to run at me, and went on crying for a long time for I still thought I saw him threatening me."

"I know that educated people do not believe in ghosts," he added, "of course they ought to know better than poor ignorant people like us and indeed I think the whole thing must have been caused by my frightened imagination. However that may be; I was a little more at ease when I found myself once more in my own house, but I was not entirely quit of Bernuchon and his...... I was just going to swear again."

"Do not stand on ceremony, I beg of you," I said to him, "you really swear so appropriately that I think your story would lose half its point without it."

"No, no," said Desrosiers, "you can afford to take things coolly, with your few months of purgatory which cannot harm you much. I quite understand now that 'everybody for themselves' is the best maxim. I will conclude then by saying that I was only quit of Bernuchon and his *inseerable* pipe, when in my bed by the side of my wife."

"Can you, who are such a clever lawyer, tell me, continued my companion, who still owed me a grudge, if there is a different hell for each religion?"

"What do you mean! a different hell for each religion," I said?

"Yes sir; is there a hell for catholics, another for protestants, and another for Jews, and each apart from the others."

"I am not very well versed in theology," I answered in order to draw him out, "why do you ask me such a question?"

"Ah well! you see when there are a good many cattle, there must be some partitions in the stables and cattle-sheds. But what troubles me most is those poor Protestants, they must have a pretty hard hell to indure, since they have abolished Purgatory, and are so careful of themselves that they neither fast, nor keep Lent; it must be frightfully hot there, never fear. Don't you see, even the greatest sinners in our religion do a little bit of penance from time to time; every little bit is so much paid, and our hell will have to be so much the less heated."

"Do you know Desrosiers," I said to him, "that you make me quite uneasy."

"Don't be afraid sir, the lawyers will not be put in the same large hell as other people, if they were, they would soon turn it upside down with their pettifogging, so that Satan himself would not have devils enough to keep order."

"What would you have done with them, then?" I exclaimed bursting out laughing.

"They will have a little hell of their own, well enclosed, well heated, and even well lighted for them to see each other better, and there, after having devoured their poor clients on earth, they will tear each other to pieces without the devil having to help them."

Desrosiers had taken his revenge of me; it was his turn to laugh, and I joined in heartily.

"Now, that you have so charitably disposed of the lawyers," said I to him, "what are you going to do with the doctors?"

"One must not speak evil of one's neighbor," he answered: (It seems that Desrosiers did not count lawyers as his neighbors) "I only know one, eighty years of age, and I hope the devil will make him swallow all the pills of clay that he has made his patients take; my poor wife for one took six of them at a mouthful, and thought she would have died with the pain.* He had particularly told her to take but one at a time, night and morning, but as he attended her by contract, she thought, rightly enough, that it was just to save his medicine, and so she said whilst bolting the six all at once: "I am going to fix him nicely, for now he will be obliged to give me some more."

The sun, which had risen resplendent over the Pincourt hills, now shone on one of the most beautiful views in Canada, and put an end to our conversation. We were at Kamouraska, where four hundred fresh causes, to be got through in two days, were awaiting the judges, lawyers, clerks. We were but four lawyers, all recently admitted to practice, Messrs. Vallière, Leblond, Plamondon, and myself; and we got through all this work, I very much fear, at the expense of our poor clients. As I was the only one amongst us who was at all known in the lower parishes I had the choice of nearly all the causes, and I have, since then, often thought of the place assigned to the members of the bar by the charitable Desrosiers. We had set off from Quebec to be present at the assizes, which were then held but once a year in the parish of Kamouraska, and which comprised an immense district.

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* A doctor was carefully weighing a dose of an emetic for a habitant, in the author's presence "come, doctor," said Jean Baptiste "you get well paid! give good weight!"

CHAPTER IX.

(a) It was fifty years later that this adventure really happened; and it was under the following circumstances that it was related to me by one of those who had been so nearly falling victims to their own want of forethought. It was about the year 1817, that, whilst passing a month at St.-Jean-Port-Joli, monsieur Charron, a merchant, and two of the principal men of the place, Fournier by name, uncles to the present representative of the county of L'Islet, invited me and our respected curé monsieur Boissonnault, to a shooting party on the Loups-Marins flats.

It was the August spring tides, just the time when the shooting of the small birds began on this flat. When we landed on it, it was literally covered with plovers, curlew, and larks. What a chance for a city sportsman! carried away by my enthusiasm, I seized my gun, and springing on shore left my companions to break their backs dragging the boat on to the sand.

I had already fired seven or eight times, to the great amusement of my companions, who had only half finished their work, when Mr. Charron, who was always fond of a joke, called out to me laughing: "Well done your lordship! Fire again! try to leave the father and mother to prevent the race from becoming extinct! It is all very well this time; but look out for yourself at your next visit to the flats."

I only understood the first part of this ironical address, and went on massacring the small birds.

Then they all dispersed about the strand, and it was only at night-fall that we re-assembled at the hut where we at once prepared the *apola*, or stew of larks and potatoes, bread-crumb and *michigouen;* the partaking of that dish being incumbent on all hunters who visit the flats at that season, in spite of the ample provisions they are already supplied with. *Michigouen*, which has always kept its indigenous appellation, is a sort of parsley, very superior in flavor to that grown in gardens; it gives a most exquisite flavor to fresh salmon particularly.

Whilst awaiting the cooking of our apola, I asked Mr. Charron the meaning of the latter part of what he had said to me as I had not understood him. He then, in the presence of the two Mr. Fourniers, his companions in misfortune, commenced the recital which I have put unto the mouth of "my uncle Raoul." Although Mr. Charron was the youngest, and a man of athletic strength, he would certainly have been the first to succumb had it not been for the succors brought them by the Ile-aux-Coudres men. We will let him speak for himself:

"My strength was so exhausted, that I was dozing nearly all the time; and during this sort of sleep, I had one constant dream; I thought I was at a table covered with the most tempting viands, of which I was eating voraciously, without being satisfied. Do not imagine that when awake, it was only similar dainties that I coveted! oh no! In the midst of my terrible sufferings, I exclaimed: 'I would give all I possess for the food which my servants at home are giving to the meanest animals.'"

"You see that rock within half a gun-shot of us," Mr. Charron went on, "one day I came tottering out of the hut with my gun and perceived a crow perched on that very rock. I took aim at it, when instead of one crow, I saw three; I fired and the crow flew away: there was but one; and I, who without boasting can call myself an excellent shot, had missed it when quite close to it. I longed for it so eagerly, that I could have craunched it up feathers and all. I so realized the horrors of my position that I even shed tears."

"I cannot understand," I said to him, "how five men could live for seventeen days on one loaf and a bottle of rum."

"Still it is the truth," he replied, "for with the exception of some eel's heads and frozen potato-peelings that we found in the sand, we had no other food."

" Now please explain to me the words you addressed to me when I was shooting ? "

" I was only joking " he replied, " about the pains you were taking to shoot a dozen or so of larks, when they were dispersed about the flats, at low water; whilst had you, like us, waited for a couple of hours, you would have killed fifty, sixty, and even hundred of them at one shot." Besides he added, " it was meant for a gentle reproach for your not helping us to run our boat on to the sand, for it is pretty heavy, and since our unlucky adventure, we sportsmen have come to an agreement never to fire our guns a single time, before we have placed our boat completely out of reach of the tide; you being a stranger, this is nothing to you, it was only meant as a joke."

I afterwards repeatedly for ten years went out shooting with the same people, but I always took care to conform to so prudent a regulation.

(b) In my childhood, and even at a more advanced age, I was well acquainted with poor Mary, called by the habitants, " the witch of the domain," because she lived in a hut built in the midst of a wood that had been originally a part of my grand father's property. She was a tall, handsome woman, always walking very erect and with a proud and imposing appearance. In spite of her wandering life and renown as a sorceress, she still bore a good character. She took pleasure in confirming the habitants' belief in her weird powers, by frequently pretending to hold conversations with an invisable being, whom she would pretend to drive away, first with one hand, and then with the other.

She was the wife of a rich habitant, and it would be difficult to say for what reason she left her family and led so eccentric a life. Sometimes she would go to her husband's house in search of provisions, but more often she would eat at the houses of the other habitants, who, fearing her far more than they liked her, did not dare to refuse her whatever she asked for, even when it was to carry it away with her, as they were afraid of her casting a spell on them. In our own family we would often speak of this eccentric woman. We always imagined that there was as much malice as folly in her disposition which had been soured by domestic troubles, perhaps by an ill assorted marriage. My father and mother would often say to her, when she was practising her mummeries at their manor-house, where she would frequently come.

" You must know well, Mary, that we do not place the slightest faith in your pretended conversations with the devil! You may be able to impose on the superstitious habitants, but you cannot impose on us!"

This however did not hinder her from insisting that she often really conversed with the evil spirit, " who gave her more than her share of tormenting," she would say.

For a long time my father had been wishing to ascertain whether she was wilfully deceiving people, or whether she really in her folly believed that she saw and heard the spirit of darkness. One day therefore during my holidays, he put her to the proof he had decided on. We saw her at a distance, coming towards our house, and feeling sure she would pay us a visit, we prepared every thing for the purpose.

" I am glad to see you, my poor Mary," said my mother to her, " I will have some breakfast got ready for you."

" No thank you madame," said Mary, " I have taken all I wish for."

" No matter," replied my mother, ' you can still take a cup of tea."

It was difficult to refuse so kind an offer, for at that time tea was a rare luxury even at rich habitant's houses.

I cannot refuse a cup of tea," said Mary.

She had hardly taken two sips of the delightful beverage, when she began her usual monologue " go away, let me alone, I dont want you."

" Have you ever seen the devil, whom you so often speaks to ? " asked my mother.

I have seen him more than a hundred times, " replied the sorceress; he is not quite so bad as people think him, but at times he is very tormenting."

" Then if you saw him, you would not feel afraid?"

" What a question!" said Mary.

And she took another mouthful of tea, after having begun her cake.

At this moment on a sign from my father, the door opened admitting a species of demon about four feet high, dressed in a coarse linen shirt that was down to the knees, exposing bare arms, legs and feet which were as black as a mulatto's. The apparition had its face covered with a horrible looking mask adorned with a pair of horns; and held a pitchfork in its right hand. This imp was no other than Lizzie, a mulatto girl, that my grandfather had bought when she was four years old, and who then was about 16 or 17. As for the mask, I had brought it from Quebec. This was too much. The poor woman turned as pale as death, gave a fearful cry, and ran into a room where she barricaded herself in with all the furniture, which, with superhuman strength, she piled against the door.

We were all grieved at our own imprudent trick, which might have caused a serious injury to the unhappy woman. Although vexed, my mother did her utmost to try and pacify Mary by calling out to her that it was all a trick which had been played upon her, and that the pretended devil was no other than the mulatto girl. She at length persuaded her to listen to reason by shewing her the articles of the disguise through the window of the room in which she had shut herself up. She afterwards made her take a few drops of I do not know what, gave her some warm wine, and sent her away loaded with presents; but with a ferm resolution never again to countenance jokes of that sort. I have always understood that after that adventure, the witch of the domain gave up living in her hut.

CHAPTER X.

(a) Mr James Caldwell, a refugee in Canada after the capture of Detroit, and cousin germain to my wife, (his father having married a Miss Baby of Upper Canada) about the year 1814 related to me a somewhat similar anecdote. His brother, Captain John Caldwell, having rendered some service (like the one I have recorded) to an Indian, the latter who had been a great drunkard, but was now reformed, wished to show his gratitude, first, by offering rich presents, and afterwards in a manner, that, though singular, was in keeping with the manners and customs of these tribes.

Hearing that his benefactor was nearly dying from the effects of wounds which he had received in battle during the last war between the Americans and English, he presented himself at his bedside accompanied by two Americans whom he had made prisoners.

" Here, my brother," he said to the sick man, " I am going to split open the skulls of these two ' long knives' (a name given to the Americans by the Indians) and then the anger of the *manitou* being appeased, he will let you live."

Captain Caldwell had much difficulty in preventing this sacrifice to the *manitou*, but by means of urgent supplications, he worked on the Indian's feelings of gratitude and prevailed on him to make him a present of the two prisoners.

The circumstances which attended Caldwell's wound deserve to be recorded. In a battle that the English and their Indians allies were fighting against the Americans, he perceived a wounded enemy who was making useless efforts to rise from the ground; moved by compassion, he ran to him, intending to prevent the Indians putting him to death; but, as he was stooping to tell the American to fear nothing, as he would protect him, the latter drew a knife and struck it into his throat, Caldwell fell to the ground, and the American in his turn leaning over him, was going to repeat the blow when an Indian who was laying in ambush at fifty yards distance, seeing the danger that his friend was in, fired with so true an aim that the Yankee's brains bespattered his intended victim's face.

Wonderful to relate Captain Caldwell's wound soon healed; and very shortly afterwards he was present as a witness at a court-martial which sat at Montreal on, as near as I can remember, General Proctor.

When he began giving his evidence in a weak voice, the president of the court called out to him:

" Speak louder."

" I cannot," said Caldwell showing his neck which was still bandaged: " an American struck a knife into my throat "

It was certainly enough to make any one hoarse.

Caldwell was only a captain in the Upper Canada Militia whilst the officers, who composed the court-martial, belonged to the regular army, which was probably the reason that his answer was received with much hilarity by those gentlemen.

Captain Caldwell said to them indignantly;

" Before I received my wound I spoke as loud as any of you in presence of the enemy."

Several officers who served in the Upper Canada Militia during the war of 1812, told me that the officers of the regulars treated them with impardonable haughtiness; I cannot explain the reason of this, for the militia men of Lower Canada had, at this period, every reason to be satisfied with the attention shewn them by the regulars in their mutual relations.

CHAPTER XI.

(a) I think it was in 1806 that all the family being assembled at table at my father's at St. Jean-Port-Joli, about one o'clock in the afternoon, we experienced a similar phenomenon. As the sun was shining most brillantly, the report, which shook the manor-house to its very foundations, could not have been the effects of thunder, as we at first imagined. It seemed as if the immense meal-bin, ten feet long, which was in the loft, had been lifted as high as the roof by the electric fluid, and allowed to fall with all its enormous weight on the floor. I leave the task of accounting for this phenomeuon to the natural philosophers.

(b) The great poets study human nature carefully: nothing escapes them. When reading " Notre-Dame-de-Paris " that magnificent conception of Victor Hugo's, I was particularly struck with that touching scene, where the recluse covers Esmeralda's little shoe with tears and kisses. It recalled a similar scene to my memory.

My mother had lost a little girl of six years of age, my only sister; she fretted after her so much that we never dared mention the child's name in her presence. Nearly ten years after this sad loss, I, inadvertently, entered her bedroom without knocking at the door; I found her in tears and seated on the carpet near a chest of drawers, the lower one of which was wide open although generally kept locked.

" My dear mother, what is the matter? " said I, kissing her.

" I have now " she said, " nothing but this shoe, to recall her to my mind; I often kiss it and water it with my tears."

In fact, my family. soon after the child's death, had hidden from her sight all such articles as might have kept alive her sorrow; still, with ingenious tenderness, she had retained this little shoe, unknown to every one.

CHAPTER XII.

(a) Mme Couillard, seigniores of St. Thomas, South River, who has now been dead sixty years, described a somewhat similar scene to me, "my father" she said, "was lying very ill, when I saw a detachment of English soldiers approaching; I rushed out, as if I were out of my senses, and throwing myself at the feet of the officer in command, said to him, sobbing: "Mr. Englishman do not kill my old father, I entreat you! he is on his death-bed! do not cut short the few days he has got to live!"

This officer was the quarter-master Guy Carleton, afterwards Lord Dorchester.

"He raised me from the ground with great kindness," she went on to say, "treated me with the greatest respect, and in order to allay my fears, posted a sentinel before the house."

Lord Dorchester, having afterwards become the governor of Lower Canada, would often ask Mme. Couillard, when she was visiting St. Louis castle, "whether she was still very much afraid of the English."

"No," would answer the lady, "but you must acknowledge, my lord, that the Canadians had good reason to fear your fellow-countrymen, as they were not nearly as humane as yourself."

The prejudices of the Canadians of old were so great, that they would not have thought it possible to have blessed a protestant. A brave and valiant Canadian officer Monsieur de Beaujeu, used to relate that having mortally wounded an English soldier, at the taking of Acadia, the unhappy man as he fell exclaimed:

"Me Roman Catholic."

"Why did you not say so sooner, my dear brother," answered the officer, "I would have taken you in my arms."

"But" he added, "it was too late: his bowels were dragging on the snow."

And the old octogenarian was still quite affected by the recollection of this event.

These prejudices of the French-Canadian catholics against their brothers of another faith, are now completely effaced: I wish, with all my heart that I could pay the same compliment to a great number of our separated brethren.

The venerable old man who told me this anecdote was a Canadian by birth. His name was Louis Liénard Villemonble de Beaujeu, knight of the royal and military order of St. Louis, and grandfather to my son-in-law the Honorable Saveuse de Beaujeu, at present a member of the Legislative Council.

This gallant officer had commanded with honor, under the French Government, at Michilimakinak and Louisiana. He had distinguished himself at the taking of Acadia, and it was he, who, in 1775, got together nearly a thousand militiamen from his own seigniory and neighborhood, with which forces General Carleton set out from Montreal to meet Montgomery.

His brother, Daniel Liénard de Beaujeu, bought, with his own life, the glorious victory which he gained, in 1755, over Braddock, at Monongahela; and where the English general was killed at the same time as himself.

These two generals made a prelude to the scene, which, four years later, was enacted on the plains of Abraham when Wolfe and Montcalm, the two Commanders, perished also on the field of battle.

Mr. J. G. Shea, in his account of the battle of Monongahela, and our historian, Monsieur Garneau, relate that Washington, who, at the head of his militia, made good the retreat of the English who had escaped from the massacre, exclaimed: "We have been beaten, shamefully beaten by a handful of Frenchmen!"

The name of Beaujeu recalls to my mind another Canadian of the same family, who did honor to his country, in the other hemisphere.

The abbé Louis Liénard de Beaujeu was brother to the preceding. The de Beaujeu family is indebted to the venerable abbé Faillon, who so successfully occupies himself with our Canadian annals, for the copy of a letter from a superior of the Sulpicians at Paris, to the superior of the branch house at Montreal in which there is the following passage: "I have the pleasure of telling you that a young Canadian, the abbé de Beaujeu, has carried away the prize for a theological thesis, from all the French competitors." The abbé de Beaujeu was afterwards confessor in ordinary to the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth.

CHAPTER XIII.

(a) The Indians had a horror of the halter; they preferred the stake, where their enemies would often torture them for days together. A young Indian having killed two Englishmen, a few years after the conquest, his tribe would only give him up to the government on the express condition that he should not be hung. When he was convicted of the murder he was shot. The country must have been under military law at that time; no ordinary criminal court could have legally substituted a bullet for a halter in a case of murder.

There is a tradition in my family that my maternal great-grandfather, the second Baron de Longueuil, being at that time governor of Montreal had an Iroquois prisoner hung: and that this stern act of justice had the salutary effect of preventing these barbarians torturing the French prisoners they took afterwards, as the Baron de Longueuil had announced to them that he would have two Indian prisoners hung for every Frenchman that they burnt.

(b) On returning from their warlike expiditions, the Indians, before entering their village, always uttered as many death-cries as they had lost warriors. I once happened to hear these mournful cries which they utter from the depths of their chests. It was during the war against the Americans, in the year 1812. Eighteen great chiefs, deputies from the various tribes to governor Provost, came to Quebec, during the winter; they were all seated at the bottom of the *carioles*, and they began to utter their death-cries just opposite to the General Hospital, and only ceasing them when they alighted from their carriages to enter the house known by the sign of the "Chien d'or," where they were first received.

It appears that they were not very much pleased at being thus received in a house nearly bare of furniture, as they had been expecting to meet with a less cavalier reception; in fact, an aide-de-camp having been sent by the Governor to pay them a complimentary visit, one of the chiefs told him that if they had visited the President of the U. S., they would have been treated with far more respect at Washington. The next day they were taken to the best hotel in Quebec, where they were entertained at the expense of the government. It did not seem, however, as if they attached any value to the furniture of the rooms, never once using either the beds or chairs during their stay at the hotel.

Whilst in our city there were but two things which struck them; the first was the ebb and flow of the tide, a phenomenon which excited the greatest admiration in them, as they could not account for it; the other was the height of the citadel. They said that they were glad to see that the long knives were not likely to cast their Father (the governor) into the great lake.

They were accompanied by their interpreters. Some one observing to a Sioux chief that he resembled the Prince of Wales;

"I am not surprised at it," he answered, "for I also am a King's son."

Another person having asked him if he were a great warrior:

"I am so great a warrior," he replied drawing himself up proudly, "that when I go forth to battle, the earth trembles beneath my feet."

I have rarely seen a finer man than this Indian.

CHAPTER XIV.

(a) My grand-aunt, Mother St. Alexis, who was for many years the superior of the General Hospital, and whose name is still revered there, would often say to me, when speaking of this subject:

"All the linen of our house, including even our own body-linen, was torn up to dress the wounds of those who were brought to us of both nations, we had nothing left but the clothes we wore the day of the battle. We had not been rich and we were reduced to the most extreme poverty; for not only our linen, which was a most precious commodity in a hospital, but also our provisions and farm-animals were placed at the disposal of the sick. After the conquest, the English Government refused to indemnify us."

"In this extremity," she added, "we had no other resource than to close our house and disperse among the other convents in this colony, but Providence came to our assistance. One morning our chaplain found in his room, a purse containing a hundred portugaises (a gold coin worth eight dollars) and as we could never discover from what charitable hand we had received it, we have always thought God worked a miracle in our favor."

The General Hospital was still very poor fifty years ago, but the community has since sold lands sufficient to furnish a competence to this house consecrated to the support of the infirm.

(b) The Montgomery of this work, is an imaginary personage, but at the time of the conquest, his namesake did really commit many acts of cold-blooded and wanton barbarity against the Canadians. The memoirs of Colonel Malcolm Fraser, at that time lieutenant in the 78th or Fraser's Highlanders, bear witness to this: "There were several of the enemy killed and wounded, and a few taken prisoners, all of whom the barbarous Captain Montgomery, who commanded us, ordered to be butchered in a most inhuman and cruel manner."

The same Colonel Fraser, at the time of Wolfe's invasion of Canada, formed part of a detachment which set fire to the Canadian dwelling houses from River Ouelle as far as the Three Salmons River. When, after the conquest, he had become an intimate friend of our family, he replied to my grandfather when the latter was complaining of this act of vandalism.

"What would you have, my dear friend, war is war; you French, lying in ambuscade in the woods killed two of our men as we were landing at River Ouelle."

"At any rate," replied my grandfather, "you might have spared my flour-mill; my unhappy tenants would not then have been reduced to boiling their wheat, so as to make *sagamité* of it, like so many Indians."

"War is war," added my grand-mother, "I grant you that, but was it fair warfare assassinating my young brother Villiers de Jumonville, as Mr. Washington your fellow-countryman did at Fort Necessity?"

"Ah madam," replied colonel Fraser, "for pity sake and for the honour of the English, never speak of that atrocious murder."

And at that time all the English spoke in the same terms.

I gently reproached our celebrated historian, Mr. Garneau, with having passed over this horrible assassination too lightly. He told me it was a very delicate subject, that the shade of Washington was hovering over the writer, or something of that sort.

This may be so; but it is incumbent on me to clear the memory of my grand-uncle, whose character, Washington in his memoirs tries to sully, in order to exonerate himself from the murder.

The tradition in my family is that Jumonville was the bearer of a summons enjoining Major Washington, commandant of Fort Necessity, to evacuate the post as it was on the French possessions; that he hoisted his flag of truce and showed his despatches, but that nevertheless the English commandant ordered his men to fire on him and his litte escort, and that Jumonville fell mortally wounded, as well as some of those who accompanied him.

There is a slight discrepancy, easily explained however, between our family tradition and the historic truth. Besides, this discrepancy has nothing to do with the murder of the bearer of the flag of truce, whose mission was to summon the English to evacuate the French possessions, and not Fort Necessity, which was only finished after the ambuscade.

Now let us see whether history agrees with the tradition. The following is an extract from the 1st volume, page 200, of the "Collection of anecdotes and memorable facts," by Monsieur De la Place:

"In 1753, the English having crossed the Apalache mountains, the boundary between their possessions and ours in North America, they erected, on our land, a fort which they called Fort Necessity; upon which the French commandant deputed Monsieur de Jumonville, a young officer who had already distinguished himself against them more than once, to summon them to retire.

"He set out with an escort; and on his approaching the fort, the English opened a severe fire on him: He made signs to them with his hand, shewed his despatches from afar and asked a hearing. The firing ceased, he was surrounded, and after announcing himself as an envoy, he read the summons of which he was the bearer. The English put him to death: surrounded his escort; eight men were killed, and the rest of them put in irons. One Canadian only escaped, and carried the terrible tidings to the French commandant, Monsieur de Villiers, brother to the unfortunate Jumonville, who was encharged with avenging his brother's blood and the honor of France. In less than two hours, the fort was invested, attacked, and forced to capitulate...... De Villiers* saw his enemies at his feet, begging for their lives....... He sacrificed his resentment to the peace of the two nations to his own glory, to his country's honor, to the claims of humanity ......What a contrast!

"A patriotic Frenchman, when he shudderingly heard the frightful tidings, exclaimed in a voice that was broken by sobs:

"Treach'rous when at war, perfidious when at peace,
"Wanting in faith to e'en your own sworn treaties,
"Behold! ye English! where Jumonville now reposes,
"And, if ye can, blush red beneath each Frenchman's gaze!
"If by the assassin's knife, your fury made him bleed,
"And, on this young hero, ye thought, to wreak your hate,
"Why, like savage cannibals, did ye not crown the deed,
"And feasting on his body, your gory vengeance sate."

At the news of this murder, a cry of indignation and rage arose from both New and Old France, and a member at the French Academy, Thomas, wrote the poem of Jumonville.

Before recording the terms of capitulation which Monsieur de Villiers made Washington sign, I think I ought to give an extract from the Archives of the French marine in which we find the instructions that the former received from his superior officer.

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* My grand-uncle, Coulon de Villiers, died of the small-pox when he was over sixty years of age, incessantly reiterating "I, to die in bed like a woman! What a terrible fate for a man who has so often faced death on the battle-field! I had always hoped to shed the last drop of my blood in fighting for my country!"

"Monsieur de Contrecœur, on the 28th of June, sent Monsieur de Villiers,
"de Jumonville's brother, with six hundred Canadians, and one hundred
"Indians, to avenge his brother's death, &c.

"We order him (Monsieur de Villiers) to attack and utterly destroy them,
"if it can be done, in order to punish them *for the assassination* (sic) com-
"mitted by them, in violation of the most sacred laws of civilized nations.

"*Notwithstanding their unheard of deed*, we recommend Monsieur
"Villiers to avoid, as much as he can, practising any cruelty.

"He will take care to inform them (the English) that the Indians *in-
"dignant at what they have done*, have declared their intention of not
"restoring the prisoners whom they have in their hands, &c.

"Given at the camp of Fort Duquesne, 28th June, 1754.

(Signed,) CONTRECŒUR."

My grand uncle de Villiers had certainly nearly carte blanche; and had he been less noble-minded than he was, Washington would never have endowed his fellow countrymen with a large and independent empire; and would now occupy but a small place in history.

The following is an extract from the terms of capitulation:

"3rd July, 1754, 8 o'clock in the evening.

"Terms of capitulation granted by Monsieur de Villiers, captain of
"infantry, commandant of His Most Christian Majesty's troops, to such of
"the English troops as are at present at Fort Necessity, which has been
"built on the domains of the King:

"To wit: as our intention has never been to trouble the peace and
"harmony reigning between the two friendly princes, *but only to avenge
"the murder* which has been perpetrated on one of our officers, the bearer
"of a summons, and on his escort, &c."

"We afterwards read in the 7th article:

"That as the English have in their power an officer, two junior officers,
"and, in general terms, the prisoners they made *at the time of the assassi-
"nation* of Monsieur de Jumonville, &c."

"Given in duplicate at one of the posts of our blockade, &c."

"(Signed,) JAMES MACKAY,
G. WASHINGTON.

"(Signed,) COULON VILLIERS." *

There is certainly no one more ready than myself to render justice to the great qualities of the American hero; when my family would expatiate on the cruel and premature death of our relative, murdered just at the commencement of a career which bid fair to be a brilliant one, I always tried to excuse Washington on account of his extreme youth; in fact, he was then only twenty years of age. I drew their attention to his virtues and humanity, when, twenty-two years after this catastrophe he took his fellow countrymen's cause in hand, and created a great and independent nation.

I should not have thought of rescuing this deplorable circumstance from oblivion, if Washington himself had not given me reason so to do by trying, in the memoirs he published several years after the catastrophe to sully my grant uncle de Jumonville's reputation, so as to exculpate himself.

"We were informed," he writes, "that de Jumonville, disguised as an Indian, was for several days prowling around our posts, and I was justified in looking upon him as a spy."

This excuse is a very unprobable one, for Washington must have been aware that not only the soldiers, but also the officers, of the French army, when they were fighting in the forest, wore the same costume as the aborigines; a short *capot*, leggings, and deer-skin belt and shoes. This flexible and light dress gave them a great advantage over enemies who were always dressed in the European manner. Besides, Jumonville could not, without culpable temerity have gone straight to the English posts, unless he took precautions; the woods being invested by Indians, enemies to the French, who, on the first impulse, would not have much respected his flag of truce.

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* The duplicate of this document still exists in the Montreal record office. The other copy is in the Marine archives at Paris.

After having done justice to this accusation of being suspected as a spy, of which however Washington did not think till he was writing his memoirs many years after the murder, let us see what he said in his own justification in his despatches to his own government immediately after the murder. We must here take notice that France and England were at that time living at peace with each other, that it was only after this event that war was declared by Louis the Fifteenth; that the only hostilities were those committed by the English who had encroached upon the French possessions; and that it was against this very act that Jumonville was sent to protest.

But let us return to Washington's justification of his own conduct, as contained in his despatches. He says: "that he looked on the New England frontier, as invaded by the French, *that war seem to him to be existing, &c.* That the French had flown to arms before his eyes; that he had then ordered his men to fire; that a fight had ensued which lasted about a quarter of an hour, at the end of which time the French had ten men killed, one wounded and twenty-one taken prisoners; whilst the English had one killed and three wounded; that it was not true that Jumonville read the summons, &c. That there had been no murder; only a surprisal and a skirmish, which was fair warfare."

"Fair warfare," certainly, a strong detachment unexpectedly attacking a handful of men in the midst of peace! For only a major of twenty years of age, he knew well how to get out of the affair; many generals of the Northern army could not do better now-a-days, though they pride themselves on their capabilities in this line. The two following phrases particularly are wonderfully ingenuous: "That war seemed to him to be existing," "that the French had flown to arms before his eyes." Perhaps these French dogs had forgotten that it would have been more christian to let their throats be cut like so many sheep.

If we accept Washington's version of the affair, how can we account for the cry of indignation and horror that resounded through New France and even from Europe? No one has ever accused the French of weeping like women over the loss of their best generals, or even over a signal defeat; why then should they shew such indignation and fury at the news of the death of a young man, who was, so to say, making his first campaign, if he had perished in a battle taking place according to the rules of civilized nations. All this must strike the reader at first sight, even if he has never seen the French version of the story, which I will now give.

It is affirmed by all the French prisoners, by Manceau, who was the only man that escaped the massacre by means of flight and even by the Indians who were allied to the English, that Jumonville waved a handkerchief over his head, that, by means of an interpreter, he begged the English to pause, as he had something to read to them; that the firing ceased, that it was whilst the summons was being read aloud by an interpreter that he was killed by a ball passing through his head, that, had it not been for the Indians preventing it, all the little band would have been put to death.

Mr. Guizot, in his memoirs of Washington, after having cited the poem of "Jumonville," and extracts from Hassan, Lacratelle, and Montgaillard, all of which coroborate Mr. de la Place's version, slights all these authorities deposited in the archives of the French marine, and adheres to the version given by Washington alone.

Can the great shade of the republican hero have biased the judgment of this celebrated French writer? It is not for me, a weak pigmy, to dare to raise the veil. I ought to lower my flag before so high an authority, and content myself with saying: "Washington ought never then to have signed a writing where the words ‘ assassin ’ and ‘ assassination ’ are thrown in his teeth, as may be seen in the terms of capitulation that I have cited.”

No matter; let the reader judge for himself whether or no I have freed my grand-uncle’s memory from the charge of acting as a spy. If Jumonville had played the odious part that his enemy ascribes to him, in order to exonerate himself from the charge of a shameful assassination, the French would never have shed so many tears over the victim’s grave.

CHAPTER XV.

(a) Historical. Many of the old habitants have often told me that they had to eat their corn boiled, for want of mills to grind it.

Even during my childhood, mills were not very numerous. I remember that, one severe winter, my father’s on the Three Salmons River not proving sufficient for the tenant’s wants, they were obliged to take their corn either to St. Thomas at the distance of eighteen or twenty miles, or to Kamouraska at the distance of forty miles; and they were frequently detained for three or four days before being able to get their flour.

(b) The author has never been a credulous person, no one ever reproached him with such a weakness; still, even at the risk of appearing so in his old age, he will relate the following anecdote, as it was told to him by his maternal grand-mother and her sister Mme. Jarret de Verchères, both of them daughters of Baron Lemoine de Longueuil, and sisters of Mme. de Mezières, who perished with her child in the “Augustus.”

On the morning of the 17th of November 1762, an old servant who had nursed the Miss de Longueuil, made her appearance in tears.

“ What is the matter with you ‘ ma mie ’ (this was the term of affection made use of by all the family to her) “ why are you crying ? ”

She was some time without answering; but at last she related how in a dream during the night, she had seen Mme. de Mézière on the deck of the Augustus with her child in her arms; and how a tremendous wave had carried them away.

Of course we attributed this dream to her incessant uneasiness about the young lady she had nursed. The author in spite of his doubts as to the precise date of this vision could not help believing a circumstance the truth of which was attested not only by his own family, but also by several Montreal people. After all, who can tell? there is yet another chapter that might be written on ‘ who can tell? ’

(c) Mr. de St. Luc, a very agreable man, became eventually a great favorite with General Haldimand, who was often highly amused at the old man’s repartees, which, though witty were sometimes so little respectful, that the author thinks he had better not record them. One day that he was dining at St. Louis castle, in company with many others, he said to the general.

“ As I know that your Excellency is a good casuist, I will venture to submit to you a case of conscience which troubles me a little.”

“ If it is a case of conscience,” said the Governor, “ you will do better to speak to my neighbor, the reverend Father de Bérey, Superior of the Recollets.”

“ So be it ! ” said Mr. de St. Luc, “ but I hope your Excellency will sanction the reverend father’s decision.”

“ Agreed,” said general Haldimand laughing, for he liked to provoke Father de Berey into discussions with the laity, for he was a man sparkling with wit; many of the laity, clever men in other respects, but imbued with the same philosophical principles (prevalent in the 18th century) as the governor himself, let slip no chance of laughing pitilessly at the son of

St. Francis. It must be acknowledged however that none of them ever got off without receiving some home thrusts from the reverend Father, who, from having been chaplain to a regiment, was accustomed to this sort of fencing, and always got the better of his adversaries, however numerous they might be.

"Here is my case of conscience," said Mr. de St. Luc. "I went to France after the final cession of Canada in 1763, and there I bought a considerable quantity of thread lace, and gold and silver lace, besides other valuable materials. The duty on such things was considerable; but there was no help for it. I arrived at the English custom-house with four large trunks over and above my personal baggage which was free of duty. The officers of that department drew forth from the first trunk that they opened, an immense mantle of the richest scarlet silk, which seemed fit for an emperor's coronation so loaded was it with thread lace, gold and silver trimmings, &c."

"Oh! Oh!" said the custom-house gentlemen, "this is our lawful prize."

"You are a little out there, gentlemen," I said. "And one after the other I drew forth the articles composing an Indian chief's costume; nothing was wanting; silk shirt, capot, and leggings of the finest scarlet cloth, all of them ornamented with expensive trimmings, not forgetting the hat of real beaver also loaded with the most magnificent feathers, I took off my coat, before the custom-house officer's astonished eyes. I was in a moment dressed up in the splendid costume of an opulent Indian chief. Gentlemen," I said, "I am the superintendent of the Indian tribes of North America; if you doubt my word, here is my commission. This splendid costume is the one I wear when I preside at the council of the Huron tribe; and I will now give you the necessary customary address. I then with perfect self-possession proceeded to pronounce a magnificent harangue in the purest dialect of the aborigines; an harangue that they enjoyed immensely if one could judge by the fits of laughter it was greeted with.

"Well take your necessary costume for the opening of the Huron parliament," said the head officer splitting his sides with laughter.

We then went on to the second trunk; in it there was another costume as rich as the first, and only differing in the color of the silk and cloth.

The same objections made, the same masquerading ensued. They bade me take notice that all powerful as was the King of England, yet he always wore the same dress when he opened his parliament, a far more august body than that of the Hurons. I replied that the Hurons had nothing to do with that costume, but that the Iroquois had, and they were a tribe that were very touchy about their national color, which was blue; I also said that there could be no doubt but that if the King of England were to preside at any great Scotch solemnity, he would adopt their costume, the short petticoat included, and even at the risk of catching cold; and thereupon I delivered a splendid address in the Iroquois dialect. British phlegm could not stand this, and at the end of my speech they exclaimed, "Well take your costume for the opening of the Iroquois parliament."

To be brief I succeeded in passing the contents of my four trunks, as being president of the Huron, Iroquois, Abenaquis and Malachite councils. One thing that was of great assistance to me, I think, was that being very dark and speaking the language of the four tribes with great facility, the custom-house officers took me for a full-blooded Indian, and were well enough disposed to be indulgent to a person who had so highly amused them.*

"Now, reverend father," continued Mr. de St. Luc, I must confess that my conscience has sometimes reproached me, although the English acted handsomely by letting me pass my things without paying any duty; and as

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* Mr. de St. Luc spoke four or five Indian dialects with facility.

His Excellency has left it to you to decide on this question in theology, promissing to endorse your decision, I await my sentence."

Father de Bérey, in the heat of discussion, or when taken unswares would often inavertently make use of the second person singular; * he mumbled:

"I did not think thee so quick-witted."

"What do you say, my reverend father?" said Mr. de St. Luc.

"That the devil himself would laugh at it, replied the priest."

This sally excited hilarity of both English and Canadians; and also of general Haldimand himself.

Before finishing this note, I will quote a few passages from a letter of the same Mr. de St. Luc's, that I have taken from the "Family Memoirs" of my good friend and relation Mme. Eliza Ann Baby, widow of the late Honorable Charles E. Casgrain. This letter seems as if written but yesterday, so life-like is it; it shews with what right judgment, and with what a steadfast eye, this remarkable man looked on the affairs of his country.

To Mr. Baby, Quebec, Canada.

"Paris, rue des fosses Montmartre, 20th March, 1775."

"I have received, my dear countryman, the letter you were so good as to write to me.... Accept my thanks for the good news that you give me, and the gratifying details as to the answer returned by government to the demands made by the Canadians. The court here seems to be most favorably disposed to them; and I am fully persuaded that it rests with themselves to obtain a favorable decision. As to the apprehensions you are still under and of which you tell me, if you are all of the same mind, if you have no divisions among yourselves, and if you keep well with your prelate, not only because he is an enlightened man, but also on account of the grace bestowed on his office, you will see that all will go well. My dear fellow countrymen, you should make but one body and one soul, and you should blindly follow the advice of your head pastor...... The history of the Bostonians and of the revolted English colonies is making much noise here; it appears...... that they are getting the upper hand. However that may be, I firmly believe that you have done well, and acted wisely in not taking part with them; always remain neuter, like the Dutch, and thankful for the favors of the government; my maxim is, never to be the first to be in fault, and ingratitude is my aversion; rest assured too that in attaching yourselves to the court of London, you will at least enjoy the same privileges as the inhabitants of New England. Such is my opinion."

CHAPTER XVI.

(a) Some sixty years ago, my mother, one day, went into her dairy. She there found two sailors who were fighting with the mulatto girl and one of whom had a large kettle in his hand and the other an earthenware jug.

"What is the matter, Lisette?" said my mother.

"I have given them some milk," replied she, "now they are making signs that they want some cream: it is too good for such fellows."

"Give them what they ask for," said my mother: "these poor sailors have to undergo much harship during their long voyages, and I always feel for them."

Three months after this, my mother, who was dining at St. Louis castle, perceived that an officer was looking at her, and smiling to himself. Feeling somewhat offended, she said aloud to the lady sitting next her at table.

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* *Tutoyer* as it is called by the French.

"I do not know why that man is looking at me so hard; I suppose it is a specimen of British politeness."

"I must beg you to excuse me, madam," replied the officer in good French; "for I cannot help smiling when I think of the excellent cream that you made the girl give the poor sailors, to heal their chests."

This officer and one of his friends had disguised themselves as sailors in order to play this trick.

(b) Lord Dorchester always did justice to the valor of his former enemies. Far from attributing cowardice to them, as so many others did, he did not hesitate to proclaim his admiration of the heroic resistance they made, notwithstanding their limited resources and the surprise he felt on entering the town of Quebec, to find it a heap of ruins. In fact, my maternal uncle the Honorable Francis Baby, who was one of the defenders of Quebec, often told me, that, at the time of the capitulation, the town was but a pile of rubbish, that one could hardly tell where one was in some of the streets, and that from time to time a canon was fired, in order to make the enemy believe that there was still plenty of ammunition; though, in reality, there was hardly any left. Lord Dorchester never forgot their bravery; I have in my possession one of his letters, dated 13th September 1775, and addressed to my grand-uncle colonel Dominick Emmanuel Lemoine de Longueuil, in which there is the following remarkable passage: "I hope you will beg of those who leave the city to be prudent and not listen to the dictates of their valor; it was doing so that was the loss of poor Perthuis."

CHAPTER XVII.

(a) This extraordinary adventure used to be related by colonel Caldwell a distinguished officer from Detroit, (which place was formerly within the limits of Upper Canada, who in Company with the Indian allies of the English made the campaigns of 1775 and 1812, against the Americans. The author having asked several relations and friends of the colonel what credit might be attached to this anecdote, all agreed in bearing witness to the colonel's veracity, but they also added, that having for a long time made war with the Indians, he had become imbued with their superstitions.

Colonel Caldwell, was married to one of the daughters of the Honorable Jacques Duperon Baby, aunt to the author's wife, and has many descendants in Upper Canada.

(b) This unfortunate swamp used to be the terror of travellers, not only in the spring and autumn but also in dry seasons, for the turf would often take fire through the carelessness of travellers, smokers, and would burn for months together. Every one used to complain, swear and storm at the unfortunate savannah; but though it had many enemies, it had also warm partisans. José (a nickname given to the habitants) was attached to his swamp by many ties: his defunct father had broken his harness there, his defunct grand father had left the two wheels of his "cabrouet" there, and had nearly broken his back; his uncle Baptiste also had thought once that he and his horse would have been burnt alive. However, Mr. Destimauville, the commissioner of roads, met with much opposition when he did his utmost to put an end to this public nuisance. All that was wanted in order to have one of the best roads on the South-Coast, was to open a new one at a few acre's distance. All the lawyers at the Quebec bar, fortunately not very numerous then (otherwise the trial would hardly have been finished now) were employed to plead for or against this delightful swamp; but, one of the judges having nearly broken his neck there one day, common sense gained the day over the lawyers' quibbles and the commissioner's report was adopted. Travellers rejoice, and the land thus brought in, produces excellent crops, but alas! there are no longer any other tales to while away the evenings, except those of accidents which had happened there fifty years previously.

(c) Formerly the habitants' children used not to eat at the same table as their father and mother till after their first communion. In a family in easy circumstances, there was always a little low table for their use; generally, however, the children took their meals on the block: there were always several of these in the kitchen, which room frequently was the habitants only one; these blocks would often make up for the scarcity of chairs, and it was on these also that the meat was cut up and minced to make into pies and pasties for holidays. All that was necessary was to turn over the block, according to what it was wanted for. During their quarrels, elder children would often say to younger ones: "you still only eat on the block," which was a cutting reproach to the little ones.

(d) The account given of this murder by Captain Des Ecors is perfectly correct. A grand nephew of the unfortunate Nadeau lately told the author that the whole family used to believe that General Murray had had the two orphans thrown into the sea, during their passage across the Atlantic, in order to efface every trace of his cruelty, for they had never been heard of since. It is far more probable that Murray loaded them with favors and that they are now the founders of honorable families. The author, in his youth always heard, from those who had known General Murray, and who certainly did not particularly like him, that he was really sorry for what he had done.

CHAPTER XVIII.

(a) The author thinks that a word of advice to his young fellow-countrymen will not be out of place here. In these days, any body may aspire to the rank of gentleman, and even gain it very quickly; but it is one thing to have the station, and another to have the tone and manners of one. There is a longer apprenticeship to be served by any one who has not been accustomed to it from childhood, than one can well believe. Woe to him, who, on entering this new world, shall have the presumption to think he has nothing to learn: with such ideas, he will all his life be a ridiculous being. He will not be able to say a word, or to perform the most ordinary action without laying himself open to observation; it is certain, that, whenever he goes into society, he will be its laughing-stock for some days, on account of his blunders, and he will be pitilessly turned into ridicule; if, on the contrary, he is without pretention and retiring in his manners, he will naturally take notice of the tone and manners of well-bred people and will soon learn the language and manners of good society, which is always indulgent.

It is only coxcombs who will not take this advice in good part.

(b) The Canadians used to dislike tea. The ladies sometimes took it as a sudorific during their illness, giving the preference however to camomile tea.

When the author's mother, who had been brought up in towns, where she frequented English society introduced tea into her father-in-law's family after her marriage, 78 years ago, the old people used to laugh at her, saying that she only took such trash to imitate the English, and could not possibly find any flavor in it.

(c) The author, in his childhood, knew two notaries who used to pass round the country regularly every three months, loaded with their stock of books, &c., placed in a seal-skin bag to preserve them from the rain. These worthy people could well do without fire-proof safes; when there was a case of fire, they just threw the bag and its contents out of the window.

(d) There were, certainly, some very learned notaries in Canada in those days: their acts bear witness to this; but there were some also whose ignorance would put to shame that of a bailiff in our days.

A certain notary of the latter category was drawing up an act for a young lady who was of age. He began the preamble. Present the Miss L.... Esquire!

"Oh!" said the author's father, "a young lady esquire!"

"Then squiress," said the notary thinking he had made a mistake in the gender.

"Bah! my dear sir! do pray scratch that out!"

"Well! Lady squire!" exclaimed the triumphant notary.

(e) Neither their distance from it, nor the severity of the season, used to prevent such Canadians as had the entrée at St. Louis Castle at Quebec from fulfilling this duty; even the poorest gentlemen imposed privations on themselves so as to appear respectably at this solemnity. It is certainly the case that many of these men who had been ruined by the conquest, and were living in the country on land which they often had to cultivate with their own hands, had a somewhat odd appearance when they presented themselves at the castle, girded with their swords, which etiquette obliged them to wear. The wits of the day gave them the sobriquet of "épétiers" (gentlemen with sword): this however did not prevent Lord Dorchester, during all the time he was governor of this colony, from having the same consideration for these poor "épétiers" whose valor he had experienced on the field of battle as he had for those more favored by fortune. This excellent man was often moved even to tears, at the sight of so much misfortune.

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